

MY RELIGION



... TO END ALL RELIGION

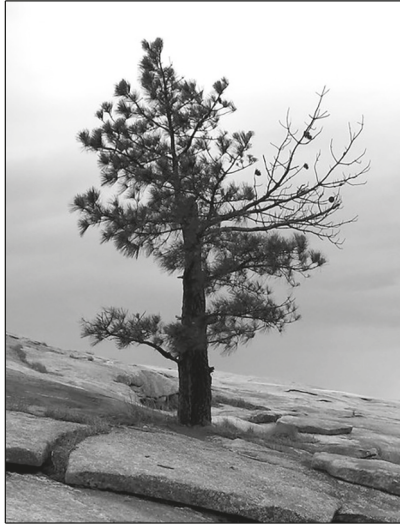
THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

Life & Sex - The Great Lie - The Luciferian book on Spiritual Warfare
Completed on Stardate: 2020 AD (Gregorian Age)

Robert Orr Reid Nielsen

(Final version - for now - Stardate: 30092020@02:27)

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af
Robert Orr Reid Nielsen aka Robert Nielsen

Root Publishers®

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IN THE NAME OF COD:

I would state that if anyone get offended by the replacement of the word God with the word Cod, then we have lost our sense of humour. Maybe even God lost his, her or it's sense of humour? But to serve any claim of order, in an innate Knightmare order, might be the hardest path you will ever travel. But at the end of the day, you can, at least look people in the eyes. And answer to any creature that will answer to your threshold, within stupidity. "In the begining the word resided with God. And then she asked: So you are the one with the alphabet, it is getting kinda old. A fishy bible tried to get replaced by an old cheesy bible. But, sorry arse fact, it never ever happened. So what is it to be? A fishy bible or a cheesy bible? Or us all robbed by a plentitude of hackers from hell, feeding on the lunch of the creative outlet of skynet. Hence, little did we know! As goes for book parables, if 2 fishes, 2 Cods, becomes 5000. Then 3 copies become 7500. I can only afford 3 copies. Better than none. I suppose. My first and last publication. A King james bible rewrite, I have matured the texts to the best of my ability. By my death or demise the publishing rights will go to the house of my fathers, The Robertson Clan of Straithclyde in North Ayrshire. Robert Orr Reid and my father, Robert Reid and his descendants. If unable to locate any descendants the publishing rights goes to: The Independent Scottish Publisher™

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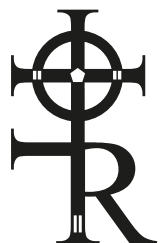
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PROLOGUE

The revised and compressed King James bible re write in the year 2020 AD. ANNO DOMINO. ETA MOTHER: The Prologue. Analyzing my own scriptures, at the present, certain issues pop up. Like the word, dread or dread. Why is it, that, I would have sworn that I remembered, the spelling to be with two ee's. I have Always spelled it with two ee's as in the word dread. Weird. Dread or Dread, as if someone added an anno domino in the end of the word. Puzzling. I do like puzzles, although this puzzle is a puzzle of the illusive element of time and scribe. But games are fun. Something tee dee, meaning (to do). But as stated, if the Creation of the very chess board, started of, by an 11 by 11 board with squares, 121 black squares, then eventually we will become bored with chess. Asking for newer games to kill our boredom. Till we hang ourselves in grandmas barn. Besides, World of Warcraft is way more fun, right kids? I hope and prey, not meaning pray. Being a lame gamer is fun. But a wise man, that is, if such exist? Once stated that punctuation safes lifes, then surely a spelling error can safe a life as well, if not your very own life. But the debate club, can go on forever. How to spell to the name Eve or Eva. Will we choose the letter A or the letter E? Well, it is a free World for some, depending on the path travelled. The current worrisome aspect, being, that some asshole is trying to start worldwar three. As goes for World war three, then all of us are hoping for a sound and secure World Trade of three. So a raged war, between who, exactly. Two nations, two companies or two working-men clubs, this time round? The guilty party being, the Danish Eva or the British Eve, that spotted the male pig, in the word nayboar. Well, Eva Karera or Eve Karera, may they both be hardcore deepthroaters, then, till the very end, that is if you catch my drift. Saying: May it be the end of it, meaning, not ending up in Africa with a limp cock measuring 52 centimeters. Just saying or a just saying? Sure, Eva Karera carried out my trash, but only to avoid, the cooking and cleaning, and the folding of the Masters well ironed socks. Mrs Karera or Miss Karera, probly would not care less, lest you knew how to iron her fucking nylons. That is my best guess, anyway. Of course, that statement sendes my mind back to my years, stationed in London, in the eighties, where I witnessed desperate men, actually microwaving their socks. And what actually happens to socks of wool, in a microwave oven? Wollen or swollen, my son. Tiny, always gets it in the end. As stated in the gospel of Luke Skinwalker, the King James bible rewrite in the year of your Lord, the year 2020 AD (Anno Domino). Yea, we all get it in the end, yet hoping not to get anal raped, by a group of deranged apes. Looking out for number one, the glory hole. Your own arse looking to the ass. A donkey that lost its key, praying for a whiskey or two. And yet, some say, once you claim that you are a spiritual teacher, you are no longer a spiritual teacher. And I, Nosferatus, will say: Where is the fucking logic in that innate statement. Much like, the fact, that all men and women will say: I would truely hate to loose my bottle. As goes for the judges that keeps on unlawfully judging, the mice that once were men. Then ask yourselves: Have anyone ever inquired about the height of a child victim. Were the child by the height of 166 centimeters? Because we have all heard the innate statement of an innate and passive Danish ENT council, that proclaims: We are all Gods children. And yet, we will all laugh, the laugh, the true laughter and NOT the illusive giggle of a poor girl, that in the name of tradition, gets told to mount a horse. As we, the onlookers, grew above the height of the revered 166 centimeters. Praying: May there only be one ruler in existence, then, meaning a measuring device. And not a golden ratio measuring ruler, where centimeters grow on each individual in life, given age, height and time. Which makes me remember the hellhole of hellholes, when it comes to length and measure.

The bloodsucking days of my youth, when stationed in London, employed in a workshop, that produced your machinery. Lost in all the nuts and wingnuts and bolts. Now, was it the American inch-nut or the British inch-nut, the metric nut or the BA(Hons) measure, while you, only saw to own end and measure. I do believe I saw the old metric Napoleon, drowning in all the nuts, looking for a new french measurement of sorts. Proclaiming a ground unit of one milli-meter. That, gentlemen, must be the measurement of a fly. Yet, fully knowing, that a mere milli-meter of a clitoris, is all it takes to get you off. But we could all learn from the flies, and their kindreds, the maggots. As we, the mortal flesh, that all suffer the law of Nature, all know that we must eat, in order to survive. So some are in need of the meat, while others, unknowingly, feed to breed. That, which you jokingly dub, the few and within bless. As goes for the beauty in the survival of our speices, depending on illiteracy in order to multiply within ignorances bliss, then I, Nosferatus, will say: I see no fucking beauty. So do not judge flies that once were maggots. All life on this planet suffer. A testament, are the fish in the salty seas, covered in slime. And they apparently have, one hell of an immune defence system. While most humans pray for a good mummy defence system. That of the dead and Illuminated tomb. But it grows on you, does it not, that is, the idea and vision, not meaning your own needy groin, that desperately seeks the redemption from the feline kind, the women victims that only know, the feared truth of the doctrine: NO MERCY. Which, in all honesty, means most women of the feline kind, are ... MOTHERFUCKING ... dumb. But also fully knowing, that all persons are only as enlightened as they are informed. Hence Proclaiming: Thou shall not judge. Hell, thou shall not tickle. Do never ever judge the ping-pong balls that once were bowlingballs. The nine months of pure dread. CLOCKWISE: What is the point with time pieces? Clocks? If every clock starts at 00:00, the minute you open your eyes. Given time, we might all fall in love with such a concept. As goes for the records of times measured in a circle or circles, that is, the records of the spoken word. Then the old stories and myths betells of a mayan circle of 11/22, unto the revered Egyptian circle of 28, leading up to the 12/24 circle of the gregorian age, dating back to the days of Copernicus. Maybe we all just have time issues. But as I see it or can conclude, at least arrive at the fact, that sleep must be the true healer, that is in this book, my book, ***My religion ... to end all religion.*** And yet, I have now reached an age of 52 years, that is human years, but dude, they all felt like dog years. And yes, I did survive this dead surface world of Yoda. Mother Earth, known as: (T.E.R.R.A) - The last outpost in the galaxy. The last hellhole in the known Universe. And somehow, I did survive the dead orifice of a young woman, a blue eyed airbender, Miss Jehova and her many attempts to take my life. And having lived or survived for at least 50 years, I would say that a sound balance in life, in a 24 hour circle, is this: Sleep: 10 hours. Leisure: 8 hours. Work: 6 hours. - that is, for my part! A NOTE ON IMMORTALITY: You do not know what you do not know, until you fully know, that no one truely knows. And yet, having reached such a conclusion or REAL (Reality), then will we conclude that IMMORTALITY most likely is a falsehood. If so, then I would state, that false hope is better than no hope at all. Fully knowing that we cannot all be winners, but surely we have the right to be sinners, that is, in a good way. Or did Christ die in vain over, what someone dubbed, a lost cause. As goes for the birds, the very word for the winged creatures, that resides in the air, be it flying or of the feline kind, then surely we can conclude that we, man, cannot all be bird watchers, as some of us needs to fly. Yet, fully knowing of the sadden tale of some newborns, that fall out of the nest with a stigma, named stillborn. The curse of a stillborn. The dead mire of a dead mind. The first born of the dead. And yet, do any one of us truely know, and do any of us really want to know? That is the shame. Such children! Gods imbeciles, that live within ignorances bliss might feel that they are blessed, but they are truely lessed, of the dead.

Hence, the very shame leading to the inner pain of knowing, called enlightenment. The Daily Meditate for the next 600 thousand years: Much like the claim of the zen masters, hanging in the air, a claim of a constructed citadel, that resides within a cloud. Is it so, that our eyes may tear up while our closed eyes witness the tear down of lost religion. And all the mortal masters of the flesh and the shaolin monks, within the shadow law of martial arts, trained themselves for the mighty ZEN bull. As, on the famed Day, where Bruce Lee, the shaolin monk, kicked the head of a dragon, only to realize that he thereafter, painfully, had to shoot his femur bone right out of his asshole. Much like a Dark master, that proclaims: Son, the firewater and the alcohols. Drink, my Son! Drink and drink some more, till the liver, literary, falls out of your arse. But pray that the heart does not follow, lost in all matters of dark deeds, the holy shit of knowing. And the revered almighty God of serpents, that shamefully entrails from within, within the inner kingdom, said: Charmed, I am sure! And I say unto thee: Holy shit, for there will always be shit. Amen. Yes, the Daily Meditate for the next 600 thousand years, that is if you believe in circles and this here sense of ownership, which some call marriage. In some lame sense or other, I do believe, that some regards immortality, or the claims thereof, to be eternal damnation, while others will perceive, that marriage itself, is the eternal damnation. No shame in the heavy weight of the blame, that all wives and husbands endure and carry. First rule about fuck club: Nobody,talks about fuck club! Said, the 22 year old Jacobite, as he walked on by in his brand new NIKE AIR tennis shoes, tennis shoes that had no shoelaces in them. The fucking shoelaces of dread. And all the eldars will ask the question. Who shall dictate the pen of a mere child, that peacefully, doodle on some sheets of white paper. Shall we all be subdued and brainwashed by an ABC, and lose the creative elements, that ensures our very own survival, that is, given time. An ABC, which doctrine is it, anyway, if not a mental disciplin, for the mind. It might be perceived as cruelty to some individuals, but at least it is a minor form of cruelty, that leaves you no scars, only scars upon your very own soul. As goes for language and the evolve of language, my mind goes to the old King James bible, that clearly state: In the begining, the word resided with God. But I will strongly assume that the reference, is in regards, to the spoken word and not the written word, the alphabet. So I wished that we all could turn back time, meaning, till the days of the worship of the 42 Laws of Nature. The ancient Egyptian: Paut-Netru. Hoping for a new alphabet or a renewal of the alphabet, an alphabet, consisting of 42 letters. The British alphabet, the egyptian A to Z, is the only alphabet, that stayed true to the old Egyptian lore. The Kings and Queens english. As goes for the scribes and those that proclaim to be prophets and storytellers of magic lore, then I will claim that, the scribe, Ernest Hemmingway, might have been on to something, when he stated that all we truely need, is a set of letters and a period, meaning, PERIOD. A two set standard: Letters and period. Fully knowing, that the females of the feline kind, always have been free. Free as the birds. Living within ignorances bliss. But as I, am a Gnostic thinker and servant, I easily fall in love with my own doodles and the doodling of a child. And yet, I can and will not suffer another child. Yet, alone, reliving my own childhood, within ignorances bliss of custodians, as well as parents. I will still await the red publication of my Master. With the title: **NOSFERATUS**. And yet, I still remember the last words from his dying lips, within his mortal shell, saying, "BLENDWERK. Alles ist blendwerk. Alles ist weg, weg, weg!" My dead Masters tale of his ressurect. As blood is sacred. As blood reveals all. As blood follows us into our homes, our tombs. As blood angers us all beyond life itself and follow us into our grave of darkness. Even so, into the crypts and the lairs of the vampires lore of gnosis. Praying, for a sealed chamber. That famed red covenant of the sacred blood, the medical teachings of an Egyptian Sarcophagus, that will enlightened the genetics and send the gentiles into their graves, feet first.

But deep down we all ask the question: Do any of us truly know the truth, if it even exist? Is immortality, another sales speech in order to move economies and societies. Like the selling of stars and penis pumps. Oh, yeah. Sure! Some people say, that they truly know all, and yet, deep down, we all feel the rot of a lie. Knowingly, knowing it, feeling it, through our very own rush of blood and through our marrow stricken bones. The feel of an empath. So do any of us truly know. All that we truly know is, that all the fathers try to raise Christ himself, once a year, on Christmas eve. And that is all we truly know. Christ - He dead. And maybe, that is the lesson, that goes for us all. That greater wing of Egypt, descending unto the lesser wing of ancient Egypt. Your very own angel wings, that given time, fall unto the feet of the scarab or of the mercury. For those proclaiming to have vision and wings. Adults, becoming as children, in the know. Once again. As later stated: Innocence is fleeing, as virginity is lost. As angels are born, while old devils die. Life and death, once again: I am sad to say. As life sadly always seems to find its way. I am sad to say. Sadden, beyond repair. And yet, If you, the oldtimers and all your knights in shining armor, selling the french amour and manure, still insist on maintaining the gregorian calendar and system, after having read this book, then surely, at least 40 years of hard work is lost, if not more, given the amount of time spend on soul searching. But the claim of a soul? Do we even know what it is? The modern day doctors will never acknowledge its existence, because the medical establishment, are all within the know of things. Yet, living within ignorances bliss. But do we know soul or will we ever know soul? Not unless, you indulge yourself in some black music. But, I, Aranubis-Phat, will propose, not to a bitch nor a sweetheart, but will propose the psychology of the Nosfera upon your calendar system, from the days of Copernicus. In the liking of the ancient days of old, the mayan times and the timespand that even transcends that reality: A Gregorian Calendar with new birth signs, for each Gregorian month, based on the Mayan system of old renown: **SPIRIT: Jaguar. LICKING: Fish. IMP: Mosquito. CENTAUR: Ant. UNICORN: Monkey. WIZARD: Jackal. SOUL REAPER: Jellyfish. MERMAID: Antelope. WITCH: Scarab. PREDATOR: Orca. VAMPIRE: Nematocoea. NECROMANCER: Dolphin.** • At least a bit of renewal, that is for those of us, still enslaved within, calendars and countless time-managers. Much like the selling of penis pumps and the stars in the night sky. Much like placing the stars of the revered Orion constellation, within a dice box. Orion-stars: Rigel, Ramses, Medusa, Ramessa (Aranubis-Phat), Sarcophagus, Nosfera, Ragosh, Beelzebob. But who decides the names, yet alone the order, but a mere throw of a dice box, in the mind of a child. **My religion ... to end all religion.** A mere 320 pages in total. As goes for the count of words, then I lost count long ago. A count lost for words. But as goes for the count of souls, then, do any of us know? But, the father and the mother. The very loins that gave birth to you. And if God, proclaims victorious, in seven days of creation. Then, nine months will surely transcend, that innate claim of a cave man. The heartless watches the heartless, as Anubis weigh the weight of a heart and the weight of an organism. A lore of the heart to the heart and for the heart, for those who still own and treasure a heart. Tend your heart while you still have it. The heartless watches the heartless and the devil tend his own. As goes for the battle of signs and alphabets, then I have completed a handwritten script, wherein there resides an Alphabet key, as in the traditions of books of the dead. Maybe that is what we truly treasure, the law of toxinity, as claimed within the book of the dead. A truth, preserved, for the sake of, peace profound, not wisdom profound. Does it even exist? And yet I say unto thee; Wild tigers, in all the needy groins, are better than some single cat, that is dead, between her loins. All sacks of grey. Because all we know, is this. Christ - She dead.

So what does the future hold? Can we foresee the actions of future events?

As later stated: The sanctuary was original created in the twilight by rebel angels and demons, seeking refuge from the eternal conflict. A quote from the gospel of Luke Skinwalker. Then, maybe we can be sure of this! There will always be conflicts and wars. As the spiritual war have been going on since the dawn of creation. A spiritual conflict of the mind, raged from within ourselves. Then I would say, that even such a session, requires the element of safety. Meaning you need to safe yourself from yourself, but in a good way. Which makes me wonder about those Greater Apes. "Let me, shave that monkey for you, ..good Sir..!" Yet, we all know of the monkey within the monkey, which in all honesty makes me wonder, if the hairs of the apes back, vanished by the withering and the weathering of the elements, or got shaven off by an old Orc Master? The hard and harsh elements of some weird nature law. Sure, I lost my house in a tornado, the laws of nature truely exist? All becoming hairless and homeless. The Orcs, the Homo Troglodytam, that weekly shops at Palpatine's price winning shop, Gillette. Of course, if you ever been a Zoo keeper and have tried to actually shave an ape, just for the hell of it. Then, I supposedly assume, that the given Zoo keeper in question, tried and died. Like - Christ. he dead. That male mountain Gorilla Samson, will shove your Baby bliss hairtrimmer so far up your arse, that you would literary pray for a shovel. Then be assured that your future will hold a grave and a shovel. But the sadden fact and the grave mistake, is that: No one have never ever escaped life, itself. It must be love, in a sense! And yet, we must all rage war on God on a daily basis. The superstitions of ancient past, that deserves a proper burial. The zionist and their two pyramids of the zion star. As goes for imagery, the top bitch and the bottom bitches of zionists, all working the necromacy of their brothels. Because we all hear the lame excuse that prostitution, is the oldest profession in the world. That ancient racket ball. But there is no excuse,- for being an utter arsehole. But the superstitious beliefs and the stupidity that follows, amazes me every day and everytime, that I hear a trolls sadden call in the death of night, lost in the mist. MOTHER FUCKING DUMB. Like that old odd claim of Jerusalem and the Zionist wagon trails through history. Settlers - like a deranged brainwashed group of idiot Zionists, that literary think that the fire, itself, can read. Resorting to the burning of precious books, the works created by the bleeding hearts of artists. Burned in the name of God and religion. Then call the doctrine esoteric and those who refuse to abide by law and custom, will suffer hermetical enclosures, basically, it is just another fancy word for jail. And as we all know from within our cells, we all consider the time, hence the word: Jailtime. I can only refer to it, as a doctrine of destruction and not crea-struction. Be it the hebrew flame letters of dreed and dread. Which in all honesty makes me assume that God cannot read, yet alone, think. You may say that an alphabet is the creation of a fly, and a revered doctrine of a fly, but at least it can describe, in detail, down to a "T". Although a society which only has Pictograms to order, will be easier living for most. And we all do want the easy living, do we not? But we all need the "T" in deTail. Trust me. Like a dwarph that painstakingly got baptised with the revered name: Kneegrow. And yet, all women will always worship that which hangs down to the knee, and by God, I do believe it actually rhymes with the revered "T". A final note. As goes for the disciplin of writing and alphabet, then if an alphabet, were created consisting of 44 - 45 letters, then surely the creation of the Alphabet key, were not all in vain. Only the future can tell. Holy be the Quardition. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amenta. Because all we know, is this. Christ - He dead. May it be the end of it. So be it, and further more. God - He brain-dead. Spock It.

Ta to the censors of life,
whom closed my soul,
who opened my eyes,
and granted me.

My Religion.

The red blood coagulated and turned black.
And the scars on the black skin, turned into
white scar tissue. I, Aranubis-Phat, will
stand by these pages.
The black Sarcophagus.
The kingdom resides within you.

Awakened by the wisdom of Methusalem.
Watched by Nosferatus.
Arisen by the hand of Lazarus.

And yet, we, the watchers, the holy spirit,
the cosmic squid, will always serve unto
Egypt, unto the dead, turning the undead.

Knowing life, beyond doubt.

The universal thinker

Existence,
is a flux between a continuous,
decline and incline of various energyforms and matter,
on various levels of existence.

Some of us

There are some of us,
which drift,
slowly in personalities,
fast in the flesh.

There are some of us,
which talk,
silently of death,
clearly about the final breath.

There are some of us,
who uncorks the bottle,
slowly drinking till the last drop,
fast becomes the day.

There are some of us,
behaving like demons,
sluggishly punishing,
briskly rewarding.

Embrace me.

From pampers to the shroud

Henny is 45 years old.
Henny, he is on the bru.
He has been on bru money for 45 years.
A long time.

Henny has never been any good in balancing life.
Henny has worked from time to time,
when the social services activated him.
They havent activated him in 14 years.
A long time.

Henny isnt good at anything.
Henny is good at sleeping.
He can sleep 12 hours of 24 hours,
but he can also sleep for 16 hours.
A long time.

From time to time Henny get visits,
from socialworkers that gives him advise
about activation and stuff.
Henny also gives, but a cup of coffee.
Henny hasnt poured a cuppa for anyone in 5 years.
A long time.

Hennys lazy corpse hangs
up under the ceiling.
It's been hanging there for a month.
A long time.

Hennys lazy corpse where to be layed to rest.
His body to be sacrificed to the eternal rest.
But the grave diggers went on strike,
they went on strike for 7 months.
A long time.

The funeral went by fast.
First of all, there were no one attending the funeral.
Secondly, the foundation of the grave caved in on "her" coffin.
That took one second.

Out of time and out of breath.

The holies

We will
We will do
We will do you
hot in cold places,
at placeless places,
in timeless times.

I wish
I wish to
I wish to take her
out of mortal sin and
doubt the shadows of a cloud.

But they call....
They call for
They call for faiths innocence....
Dirty and covered with dust,
from mans instinctive urges.

All while the holy holays stand dreaming,
on wet stones,
on the will and the souls hardened bones.
The eagerness of survival,
which cuts in the souls broken bones.

Holy be, to be.

Ally-Ho-No

A stillborn rose

Painted is the world,
like ancient books dressed in leather.
Heavy is the weight of lost dreams,
like a carved frame of oak.
Stillborn is the picture of mankinds history,
like a painting that hasn't evolved,
like a still wind that hasn't blown.
The visual evolution seems real and alive.
A stillborn rose, yet to bloom.

The leader of leathers

Leather of lips,
leaders of leathers.

A womans soft leather is luscious.

Feline leathers makes leaders out of men,
as leathers turns to scribes with feathers.

Leather is neglect, for the dialect, but not neglected.

Many leather seats are from the leatherlands.

On many leather seats sit luscious leather animals,
which awaits the release from their nether leathers.

Leather gives sex, and sex is leather.

Leather is IN and cool as skin that walks.

But the skinwalker is burning hot,
as the walker received the mark of the beast.

But the beast is priceless,
for the leather is the feast,
the dead animal.

Leather becomes corpse as
corpse becomes leather.

Touch cloth.

ONLY

Only,
heaven knows,
HEAVENLY,
creatures,
In mortal coil.
Death is seeking me.
A rare journey is ending.
You were so tired, when you left,
seeking glory in theft.
When the enemies stand close,
to skin you the last time.
The Rose rose to witness,
the coffin of life rising,
to a winters bloom.
But Rose is within her room,
tied down by her glory's doom.
Because she is already free.
Black priests have saved her soul.
Yet, Rose never sold her soul.
Because she made a pact with Satan.
But must I kneel in my faith?
Shall I kill all sexual urges?
Kill others in order to grow?
Rose stands still and watches,
And secures her beds,
that of winter.
But Rose never says a word,
She is a needy gifted nerd.
Because she is already free.
At sundown,
another spring has died.
Standing alone with the lie.
No pain endures,
you travelled till the crying pours,
on your path towards love.
Rose stands still and watches,
her bedding,
her winter refuge.
But Rose became mute,
like the ancient Nuut.
Because she is already dead.

Post scriptum

Destruction becomes creativity.
Creativity becomes destruction.

- we mortals can merely pray
for a creastruction

Wait

The soul,
slippery and smooth.
As demons kneel in the lava sea.
We take one pace at at time,
while innocent children,
plays with destinys bonfire
and the needle of their junkie parents.
Logic and sound reasoning becomes a work of fiction,
as the oxygen dies,
from the biting rope.
An elysian cradle awaits.
Yet, the sun still shines tomorrow.

The iris in heavenly rooms

The drop creature hanged over the rainbow,
over rainbow bridges,
as song,
sounding in resurrection,
emptying itself,
in the empty rooms,
of marrow stricken bones,
in meatless hearts,
composed in solid rock,
where they one day rose,
silently,
dancing,
in the arch of rain,
like the drop creature,
that rose,
from heavens bliss,
to sorrows end,
on grasslands torn by wind,
where the drop rose from the deep.
Evaporated,
like sun-dried canvas,
painted during easter,
as icons erected,
their memories,
at the head table,
while clouds played the blues,
and slowly lost their veil,
which revealed the drop creature,

in your eye.

Alas a star

Laughing and crying,
burned out in a sea of people,
pulsating as carbon stars,
in a heavenly cradle.

As a child,
playing,
easily,
in a blue tormented room.

Seeing lost souls incarcerated in her eyes.

Design freedom

How many times,
must she soar in life,
while birds lay,
crumpled in the soil,
where existence tastes mouldy,
earthstruck by her gaze.

All a while two masked human souls,
judges, stands judgemental,
with pointy fingers,
as the verdict of nauseating egotism,
brings out the naked soul.

A spirit describes the feelings,
of pictures and words,
that erupt from the shadows of minds,
from unknown realms,
where no one understands:

Spiritual abilities,
visions and sight,
that only reached out,
for her hand.

Fusion of a beached thought

I dream,
of your naked soul,
filled with skinless,
sensuel waves,
filled with lust,
that overflows the soul,
as tidal waves,
with a soft touch,
that flushes over naked bodies,
till I dream on dreamtime,
about you and your word,
igniting your soul,
in assimilation of flesh and spirit,
tongues playing,
on the erect eternity,
orgasms of soul and spirit,
wandering strong energies,
to become powerful lights,
in the fusion of elevated waters,
flooding night and day,
as martyrs,
lying before your feet,
while your futures,
beach our thoughts,
in waves of inner dimensions,
till love,
whispers in my ear.

Focus

There are no news,
under the sun.

There are few truths,
under the heavens.

Only nature.

You.

Me.

All else is false

Time is loose

Time is unachievable,
as times are loose,
as the noose round necks,
but the time is at hand,
while emotions are strong:
warm,
black,
white,
hard,
soft,
final,
as rooms,
without measure,
without depth.

Your time is at hand.

The light

You shine,
like light,
you shine,
through me,
making me transparent,
see through like,
you see through me,
shines through,
no more secrets,
nothing,
other than,
you and me,
because you shine,
all the way through,
setting me free,
making me:

OPEN.

Amsterdam

My brain went silent,
as a haunted ghost.

While my heart drum beats,
although it died,
in a quiet night.

My eyes read the frozen cobblestones,
as I await you,
summon you,
as a spirit,
formed from twilights fog
and its shadows.

Awaits,
while my heart drum beats.

While Rotterdam to Amsterdam,
spells rat.

An unborn word

I gaze deep within her eyes,
where I find the peacocks riddle,
which lays burried beneath our desolate nature.
All a while some eager snails seek the steam of creation,
an insidious task among the crusts of the red soil.
An endless hope and an unborn word.

Her eyes smile,
while determinism embrace indeterminism,
in a short moment.
A moment where I hear her heartdrum,
in the age of chaos theories,
where chaos becomes order,
order turns chaos.
In my passive soul,
where chaos remains chaotic.

But we both sit still,
motionless like snails,
in a world of invisibel chemistry.
Where three words drown in fatal silence,
of passiv remembrance.
With memories that burned with yesterdays shipwrecked soul,
that unknowingly passed by you.

You gaze into my eyes,
but know not of unborn words.
Three words burried by silent lips.
A sentence that runs through my analytic mind,
an endless curse wandering through
my soul and spirit.

I slowly loose you,
but win the unborn words.

I love you.

Dawn of twilight

Wrapped in sheets,
while the moon breathes,
endlessly,
through blowholes of ghosts,
like a zombie future,
showing icky faces on dreamtime,
decades old hydra lore,
incased,
in age old conflict,
of the superstitious
nature of the past.

White openings

You flew beautifully
 soared in my heaven
as you slipped into my dark soul
 as a fallen angel
igniting a black cave
 filled with ego monsters
that in a weak short moment
 forgot you
saw goddess in your eyes
 in a night of dawn
as I crossed the bridge
 between our worlds
hoping
 for each step
for a dream
 where I would step into the dawn of an angel
or the end of my insanity
 trespassing the night of demons

Eyes of feud
 grabbing me
pulling me
 into you
a welcome and an embrace
 fingers touching
igniting lost hope
 of caress on my chin
with a burning mind

The ho lie buy bull

To B or not to B

An imprisoned heart,
under the Spanish sun,
with Egypts law,
underlined by her soul.
Revealing hungry eyes.
Cat like eyes,
purring their way into my opened soul,
as were she an apparition running through me.
For a short moment,
she was my sanctum,
my only,
my one,
my all,
in a short moment,
beneath the Spanish sun.

The word on the voyage

Divinity travels through the spoken word.

The spoken word resides with God.
The written word is for the dead.

So if the spoken word is with God,
then God must have been mute for
at least a hundred milleniums or more.

No good conversations in like three decades.

Divinity travels through the spoken word.

Open sky

"I love your words!", she said.
All while the possessed,
the cursed,
the damned,
the hated,
the two time losers,
loves her,
burningly,
eternally,
totally,
nakedly,
cryingly,
painstakingly,
endlessly,
bonelessly.

- as a fallen sky.

Wall

The brush and the chalk,
wandering,
on the wall,
with a mapped out soul,
revealing,
the inner works,
of the depth of soul.
Precious thoughts,
on white walls,
of disillusional grandur,
bowing down,
in the dust of defeat.
Yearning emotions,
will be met by a wall,
that remains wall.

STONED.

Emotions of secrecy catches fire

One new years night
with a choir of voices
sang towards your heaven
with mysterious eyes
that prayed for another dawn
another exit
from my dying heart
as I lived
in the heart
incased in poetry
of death
to your love
dreaming of your breath
against my ear
caress of your skin
all a while I wished that I could count your bones
in a dawn
filled with emotions
filled with embrace
ceasing dawn
endlessly
dying
on the spot
where she left me blind....

.....with the art of beauty
like no one else she opened my soul
while no one else had the key
now I wished for nothing else
than
blindness and art
of goddess distress
in a new dawn
filled with rain
of appreciation
stealing my thoughts
till there were no more nights
nor hours
not in the night
nor in the dawn
filled with tears
bestowed by an angel
that allowed me to see her beauty
of her meat flower
as an angel branded as a whore in a bloodred dawn
while her spirit soared free as life
I could die in a thousand wars
swim in a sea of lava
while a choir from heaven
brakes my soul
and mind
into a thousand pieces
bloody foot prints
erasing our lifes
dying
in an empty embrace
of lost love
where I only wished for secrecy
for a last hope

of seeing again

Epilogue

The battle is lost,
as noble kings reigned,
the defeat of the past,
biting down on the hour of defeat.

All futures are past,
in a mindful game,
lost in thought.

- of ever seeing you again.

Antarctica

A world in which nothing grows.
No tales or anything that shows.
All is silent and dead,
under the white snow.

All a while.

No one,
no one dares,
cares for,
the embrace of empty empath souls.
All behaving self absorbed,
beneath a false cover of white snow.

Look unto the night sky,
mysterious and dim.
A night with gazing stars.
An elysian pentagram,
cloaking the cloaks of death.

Seductive silence.....
breaking the pulse of a heartdrum.
The strength of a broken heart,
breaking in seductive silence.

Under the blood splattered white snow.

Meltdown

The melt got dealt,
melting tears,
on burning cheeks,
inner eyes reading lifes,
slip of faith in hardened lines of hands,
hand of faith,
intertwined in,
broken lines,
of a soul,
but ressurected by spirit,
closed eyes in closed realms,
saw hapiness evaporating,
did you know of emotion,
did you know of the dreams,
I cried out of my soul.

Blood kisses

Pray and sign your soul,
as you get covered with blood kisses,
that opens up your prehistoric wounds,
that boils your blood with flames,
all a while,
sun and heaven,
darkness and hell,
sinks into your knee,
and leaves you in darkness and despair.

Fallen

A tear.
Another tear,
from my soul,
falls into your hell.
You comfort me,
but don't know of the pain,
the thought of losing you,
the hope of gaining you.
Another tear,
from my amputated soul,
unto a non existing kindred spirit.

Nephilim hell

I was so alive,
full of hope.
But you die a little,
time after time,
when love greater than you,
throws you into the streets and drags you through the mud.
Her love is work to the unseen,
dread for those who witness.
Nature will transform her spirit.
Her glowing knowledge must be hidden,
and kept safe in the memory banks of time.
She will become driven,
and prevail history's superstitious past.
She must become driven to drive her inner soul.
She must elevate in spirit,
to descend as soul on alters of dread.

I miss you already,
set her free.

Survival

Memories erased,
while residual traces of your dead frozen head,
buzz with internal carnal pleasure,
igniting the soul,
as spirits enter the blood,
in touch with sorrow of a jester.

Locked within the inner shadows,
of a dead body laying,
on the floors of a public restroom,
at the train station.
Nothing to win,
nothing to loose,
only the sentimentality of a jester,
that succumb to left overs.

Untouchable

All that I see,
is you,
unattainable,
untouchable and kept at a distance,
as women that comes and goes.
To harness the soul of a monster,
is everyday life,
everyday.
While monsters wounds are open and fresh,
bleeding.
As you stand before me,
seeing that all futures are lost.

The rainbow bridge

She was always a friend,
in the heart,
something more.
The dream of sweet lying lips,
flows in the arteries,
as sweet poison,
as a high,
building hope, constructing faith.
All a while,
the newborn fear,
rises in her eyes,
seeing sorrow,
seeing joy.
As layed away raindrops,
dressed in the inner soul,
burning my soul into blue.
Wandering on the rainbow bridge,
where I on the other side,
hope to find a friend.

The sun

I sit and await,
her face,
her voice,
as I smell the hot rays of California sun.
Rays playing sick games on a vampires
white forsaken skin.
But I still sit and wait,
on her,
on her time,
on her shadow,
on her sanctum.

The safest shadow beneath the California sun.

Destiny's shadow play

Stood under the heavens,
had reigned,
with you.
Now I must forget,
the heavens dome,
by rain of tears.
Your charismatic rainbow,
silently,
erase it,
cut it out of my inners.
As blood sets time.
As time kills in essence,
no one survives the blade,
not even the residues
of your blood splattered mind.
The inner king,
will reign defeat.
As I defend life,
with my life.

For all eternity.

Future angels

I see
the wild floods on the bloodstained snow
tearing clouds apart
coyness dust of the past
swirling towards the heavens

I feel
the coldness of the unborns
travelling the frigid north
of inner monsters
that blow through
the cracks of eroded souls

I smell
the heat
warm drops of bloodwater
as I summon wind in
North East West South

Becoming stronger than before
as I feel life kindled within

- I await her embrace while holding my breath

FIRE

You stand strong in minds,
as your red hair ignites hellish necromancers,
that burn my body and soul.

In the night of a new dawn,
the brimstone fires strike my weakened soul,
as your eyes eat my solitude,
till I stand before you, naked.
A thousand sighs,
turn bitter tongues,
in the curseth flatlands of the Den.

An ancient curse residing.
Valhalla akbar.
That ancient racket ball.

The death of monogamy

You are the only one,
every day.
While my lost soul,
dwells on your silent lips,
awaiting signs,
a deep breath,
a kiss of the mind.
The skin falls of my bones,
as despair and rot ceases my flesh.
Mind worms invades my soul,
and sell it unto spirits.
I am the only one,
every day,
as I exhale every day.

Without you.

There will come a day

I dream of
a day becoming
where pain is gone
stowed away

As I turn on the sin
I feel a heartless heart
emotionless and motionless
behind an ageing thinner skin

But I still dream
of days becoming
a finer day
where I will man up
and put meatflowers on your grave
within your inner crypt

There is an "i" in ism

Egos erect fascinations
seeing it through your eyes
of ancient Egypt
and as always

I smile joylessly
over your eternal defeat
our friendship of blinds
in closed windows

But still feed on the thought of you
as time aligned by sandworms
I sense your inner presence

So now I know
that my first instincts
were the only ones true
and the end of truth

So I feel empty
as empty souls
travelling through the spirit of time

Jericho

A heart in stone
defeated in the dawn of angels
an angel swallowing her blood
as her eyes travel
to insanity's twilight

The soul of the angel slips
into mine and mines
and into a stillness of stormful hearts

All a while
stars shine
far away in peaceful realms
a place where the inner peace resides

The heart of Jericho

Strange

Thought that water
under the bridge
passed by you and life with it

But when I am in your light
tongues of hidden fires
plays in the monsoon of defeat
as smoke enters heaven

Like relived ressurected hope
in a heavenly presence
of spirit flames
touching the soul
in cloaked shadowplay

As my survival
breaks the hope
under the burden of fear

for ever being able to feel
ever again

The fifth season turned to ONE

Four killing seasons,
with human intellect.
Four good reasons,
for utopian dreams,
of dissipative systems.
While four whores,
the four dragons of inner London,
adore the sword and the word,
piercing,
their mortal flesh,
damaging fools.
The blood has been spilled,
the eternal sin,
releasing a flood of icy blood,
from the steel that makes love to the skin.
Meanwhile,
a soul is released in the fifth season
as terra ressurects into green.

Down on all fours.....yet there are five digits
on both hands and feet. So I give you the
terminology: Down on all twenties.
Well as long as the bitches are hot and
willing to witness the killing. They usually
are. Fucking and sucking.

In one season of the Nosfera,
off'ed by the great Nosferatus.

Poet of Pegasus

Distant thunder tells of thundering horses,
while Pegasus meets me in the orchids of poetry.
Telling philosophers awaiting me,
on the meadow of ancient oaks.
Ashes from my burned books,
swirl away into darkened skies.

A poet chants under the moon,

"Horses on mountains.
Meadows of death.
Future fallen ones falling unto the earth.
Philosophers biting on the dust of the past.
The unexplainable art of seeing".

A poet begins the ritual,

"Allow me to summon angels.
Allow me to summon moons.
Spirits, grant me life eternal.
Spirits, behold the fires of creation which burns within me".

The chanting poet gives us hope.
As we all slowly die,
as the words still will survive.

A blind night

See into the night:
no love.
no joy.
no peace.

See into the light:
no sex.
no coyness.
no peace of mind.

See into battles:
no blood.
no corpses.
no one dying.

See into fear:
no fear.
no one.
no one close to anyone.

See into death,
and love of joy,
becometh,
bitter tears of hate,
in the eternal spiritual battle,
that always fears the unknown realms,
of worlds gone by.

HELL NO

We don't want to know you,
because you generalise about everything.
You label people,
that is not political correct.

But I hear yee,
in society's dead cradle
and in statements of fashion.

HELL NO

You cannot play with me,
because you think differently.
I don't understand your mindset,
it is abnormal.

But I know yee,
from yee smile,
tee yee fear.

NO FOR HEAVENS SAKE

You cannot enter here,
because you are not one of us.
You are different,
your skincolour is wrong.

But I know yee,
from yee baldie head,
tee the death in yee heel.

NO FOR HEAVENS SAKE

You cannot talk to us,
because your speech is not pure.
Your speech is not of Danes,
it is different.

But I know yee,
from yee great Dane,
tee yee Carlsberg.

HELL NO

You cannot fuck me,
you are too emotional.
You are different,
you arent cold enough.

But I know yee,
from yee knickers,
tee yee Bilbo Baggins
and Dante just died.

Beatrice's dialogue in Kokytos

I know yee all
in a world gone mad

There are monsters on my coffee table

Architects of grape and wine,
as a demon and swine,
ceases the night and the heart,
of my friends,
preparing them,
for lost years,
where they seek,
an utopian peek,
among extremes,
forever searching,
among excrements,
searching for
themselves,
confused,
wild
on the wine of life.



MONSTERS
There are monsters on my coffee table

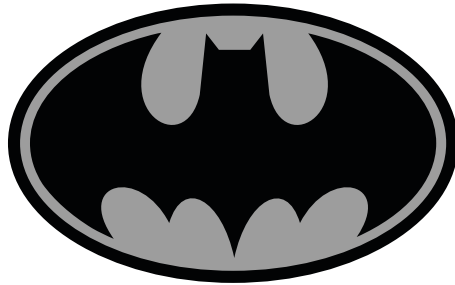
coffee

Black

Want

SCHOOL IS FREE FOR ALL

(IF YOU WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL)
INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS CHARTER:



**THE WINGS OF THE BAT
WILL WIN THE DAY
IF THERE STILL IS SOME
COMMON SENSE AROUND
IN THIS CENTURY**

AGE 16 • SEX AGE (SEXUAL LOV)
AGE 18 • LEGALITY AGE (MYNDIGHEDSALDER/VALGRET)
AGE 22 • INDEPENDENCE AGE (INDIVIDUALS ALDER)

THE BAT SCHOOL

**THE SCHOOL OF LIFE
SCHOOL START VOLUNTARY
FOR ALL AGES:**

SCHOOL ■ CLASS 1 TILL 5

COLLEGE ■ CLASS 6 TILL 10

HIGHSCHOOL ■ CLASS 11 TILL 16

ACADEMY ■ CLASS 16 TILL 18

GRADUATE ■ CLASS 18 TILL 22

AND EVENTUALLY WE WILL ASK OURSELVES IF I AS AN
INDIVIDUAL HAVE REACHED THE HEIGHT OF 166 CENTIMETERS
THEN, CAN I SMOKE AND EAT AND DRINK AND BE MERRY?
PRAYING THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE RULER BE IT INCHES OR CENTIMETERS?
IF ONLY I WERE AN EMPEROR


THE BAALPHABET FOR CHILDREN

1&Aa 

7&Gg 

13&Mh 


2&Bb 

8&Hh 

14&Mm 

3&Cc 


9&Ii 

15&Nn 

4&Dd 

10&Jj 

16&Oo 


5&Ee 

11&Kk 

17&Pp 

6&Ff 

12&Ll 

18&Qq 

GOD BECOMES BLIND:
No apples for the teacher,
but bring your own mug to
school and see to it that
noone mugs the mug
off you

19&Rr 

25&Xx 

20&Ss 

26&Yy 

21&Tt 

27&Zz 


FINAL ATTEMPT:
The final attempt to
combine letters and ciffers
(Numerals)

22&Uu 

28&Ææ 

Ten fingers and ten toes
and pray that you got a
mind and body that knows
how to question everything

23&Vv 

29&Øø 

24&Ww 

30&ΛΔ 

IN COLLABORATION WITH SPOCKITECH™

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF FIRST AS LAST



• **THE HOLY GRAIL IN WHICH YEAR** •

**ACCUSTOMED TO FOLKLORE THE GRAIL
RESIDED WITH GOD FROM CREATION
BUT I TELL YOU THIS
THE GRAIL WAS STOLEN FROM GOD 54.000 YEARS AGO
IF NOT EONS OF TIME LONGER
THE RECORDS ONLY GO TO 54.000 YEARS
ATLANTIS THE WATCHERS AND CARETAKERS OF THE GRAIL
ATLANTIS THAT SADLY DIED BENEATH THE ICE SHEETS
OF ANTARCTICA BY THE HAND OF GOD**

• **I WILL SETTLE FOR A SCHOOL MUG** •

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF - BETTER BELIEVE IT



BREADWINNERS & BREADSINNERS

INSIST ON C@SH BEFORE YOU DASH

**MAY THERE ALWAYS
BE CASH**

3 STERLINGS AS A MINIMUM

THE STANDARDS:

**STERLING GOLD
STERLING SILVER
STERLING COPPER**

**NOTES: 115 • 55 • 22 • 11 • 5
COINS: (The whole units) : 1 and 2
The root units: 66 • 33 • 22 • 11**

- **IN LAYMENS TERM** ▪
- A BUCK OR TWO**
- **SO BE IT - FOR ALL ETERNITY** ▪

**MAY THERE ALWAYS
BE TOBACCO & STUFF**

**PRICE OF 22
CIGARETTES**

**22 FAGS MAXION 22
22 FAGS MEDIUM 22
22 FAGS MILD 22**

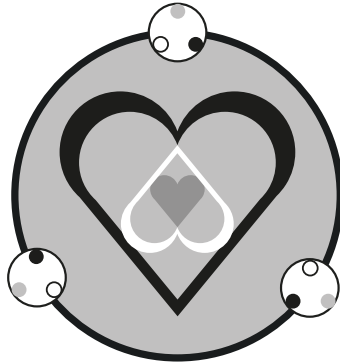
**OR 22 WINEGUMMY BEARS
FOR THAT MATTER..!
COURTESY OF KARL MARX
“DEN CAPITAL”
formerly known as das kapital**

THAT IS IT - COULD NOT BARE TO FACE FUCK ALL



THE ETERNAL HEART

HEART OF ETERNITY



IF THERE IS NO BALANCE CREATE ONE

IS IT THE KEY?

Dont really know,
but we will SURVIVE on the fallen
surface world or go instinct.
I can only trust that which is "sent".

33% 33% 33% and 1%

33% - Civilisation
33% - Agriculture
33% - Trees (Forests)

1% - C.A.T
(not of Nature)

1%
33%
33%
33%
11%
11%
11%
3.3%
1%

A = O Y V i
• WITH ALL DUE RESPECT - FUCK EINSTEIN •
(AND YOUR PERCEIVED IDEA OF CORE POWER)

AMENTA



THE SCIENCE NERD MAGAZINE



I JUST WANNA KNOW
ONE THING

IS THE COCKSIZES DNA RELATED YES OR NO

THERE GOES THE HEREDICY
THEORY OUT THE DOOR

Days of dread and dread

So the last sore question you might bestow upon a woman,
that acts like a cockcrazed tuts trooper, might just be:

- A) Are you a top bitch and how many holes resides beneath you?
- B) Are you a bottom bitch and how many holes resides beneath you?

But logic and knowledge of a womans body would tell you
the truth,surely, and that without the use of a Jack the Rippers
knife or a surgical blade of the modern day butcher also
known as a doctor.

ANSWER MUST BE:

Top bitch SCORE ONE

Bottom bitch SCORE TWO

But I am sure the german piss matures of the world will ask
so what is it with the ganz geil phenomenon?

Surely the number of man is 333.

So I must be in line for a topbitch and a bottom bitch and if in
luck my own personal sexslave. Then again maybe all males
should demand a quardition! Meaning four women to insult
sexually.

Then again it will never ever happen on a dead surface world,
also known as the western civilisation unto others.

German piss mature and you will barf for sure.

OUR HOMES OUR TOMBS

Here resides
JOHN DOE NOSFERA
ANNO 2382

The Nosfera Skinwalker
of the Hitler jugend,
that just wanted some fuckery 451*,
and fanny's milking hot pussy
descending upon his dead stiff body.

But the Nosfera creature turned his back on God like
in the days of old and addressed his lord and said:
I am stiff as a board and am bored as a stiff.

Instead he got his tomb elevated in the dead surface world?

IS IT BLOODY?

A delivery dude from the local burgerjoint,
knocks on the 2nd.floor apartmentdoor with the name:

JOHN DOE NOSFERA.

The door slowly opens.
The delivery guy: "HERE IS YOUR BURGER MR.NOSFERA".
Mister Nosfera: "AND THE SUN HAS GONE DOWN IN
YOUR WORLD"?
The delivery guy: "YES SIR".
Mister Nosfera: "AND THE BURGER. REAL MEAT"?
The delivery guy: "YES SIR".
Mister Nosfera: "IS IT BLOODY"?
The delivery dude: "YES SIR, AS BLOODY AS MARY".
Mister Nosfera: "BLOODY HELL".

Yes children, it is all about the Fuckery 451*.

(* Fuckery 451. Fahrenheit 451 is a dystopian novel by
American writer Ray Bradbury, first published in 1953).
It would seem that the bible has been rewritten at least 200
million times and that is a low estimate.

The Zebra folly logic?

As we all know the Zebra is striped in black and white streaks.
But for some reason the Zebra's foal is born brown with
the white stripes on the sides? Hence the foal that lives as a
fool within the ignorance bliss.

Any morale to the story?

Maybe this.

You might be able to divide a Zebra shit into two piles
or portions, but shit is shit and will remain shit.

Maybe ask and why oh why isn't the Zebra born black with the
white stripes in the sides?

And while we are at it: What is it with the heat of the sun?
The sun of the fallen surface world.

Does black attract heat while white repels the heat?
Little do I know, I only work here.

AMEN

And the heavens could not decide to go for the piles or the
boils in the rectum.
Little do I know, but that information should repel
all that are sexually interested.

AMEN

Children - Well, thank you no, mam!, they are already dead.

SURELY AMENTA

The tailors cat

Can you feel it?
Sense it?
Sense how you self absorbed,
but quietly,
falls into yourself.
How you with your demands,
isolate yourself,
in pulsating red clouds,
beneath the open sky.
You seem hard as wood,
forever bound in eternal autumn.
You are an autumn tree,
the torn roots,
desperately trying to caress the heavens.
As a luciferian dead wood,
you seek heaven and only heaven,
in a world that revolves around you.
Just you.
Can you sense it?

Solitude.

Rational

What happened to people,
that followed their hearts?



Tend your heart while you still have it!

The load

To
love
the thought
of you
is lost
broken in hell by lightning striking
down into the souls inner parts as
molluscs and spineless creatures like me
that don't dare to contact you email you
call on you but don't want to give you up
because
you are so
blessed
mysterious
living
in logic
where I
cannot
see it
the whole
wholeness
of you
and me
beneath
the clouds
of infidels

WORM

Creator,
come on down and see the worm.
He is entertaining.

Earth,
precious mother of green.
Mankind don't want you.
Yet, we walk the earth.

Mankind,
all walk around,
with destiny's unknown.
We are the greedy lustful worms,
which bringth the frozen winters of tomorrow.

Let us meanwhile sit down and watch the worms.

Entertaining.

Silently

Silence,
as we fly,
as we escape.
While we dream on waves of escapism's
hardened blue colours.
Silence ... an audience sigh,
by the actors emotions,
being mapped out and analyzed.
The actor seems alive on the screen and is keen.
The most beautiful tears that we ever have seen.
We dream on waves of tears,
that seem real.
Tears that becomes fears.
turning to threats of violence,
that promises death by fire.

Our emotions are up for sale or hire.

A mother of stone

Mothers of stone stand erect in the desert sand,
as cast diamonds,
while they watch their children,
burning under the desert sun,
and it's omnivore charisma.

The newborns,
take their first step into this world,
treading unto the sand dunes for the first time.
Desperately trying to find a haven,
but all they get is the cold shadows,
cast by empath souls.

The gaze of the stone mothers
pierce through their offspring
as they slowly erase their drives,
till they stand abandoned,
without their hives,
like empty cartridges.

Children's faces turn to stone and are left alone,
as the hardened offspring of Metutsa.

When soul escapes

The hell of childhood,
is launched into the spine,
as bad memory,
banning the future of brightness,
with memories of my mothers satanic soul.
All while her eyes strike in violence,
on my cursed nomadic soul,
a confused nomadic soul,
escaping everybody and anybody,
a loss of mad women,
day by day.
Memories of violence,
cut me down and downsizing me,
till I turn petite,
crippled and weak.

A cursed childhood.

From a time when men were dinosaurs

Fragile words descent upon our liquid minds,
like flakes of snow.

The words turns into ice,
and starts floating like atoms,
in a infinite sphere of chaos,

Yet, sometimes:

Order brings order to chaos,
and the words intertwin,
like atoms on a string.

Creating power and ideologies,
visions and thoughts,
that will out live the word itself.

Spirit, man and tree

All concepts fall like majestic giants.

Be it,
Spirit, man or tree.

Times of the pyramid

Her soft face dwells safely on the pillow.
A sunbeam travels along her pale body,
where it gently caresses the black snakes,
which lays embedded deep within her skin.
Pearls of sweet sweat swirl like magical fireflies,
in the dark virtue of her tattoo.
She lays dormant in ancient sheet of silk.
Yet, fast asleep in the freshly squeezed sin.

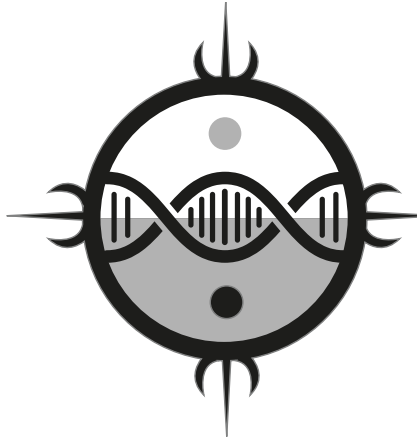
All a while, a bluebottle, crawls around on a red shinny
surface of a coke can, where it manifests the unity of life.

Unicorn

You sleep safely,
in a sweet dawn,
that covers your skin with sugar.
As sunlight,
ceases your body,
as an unicorn,
at the bay of pigs.
Rising,
peacefully,
as a new moon,
in a cobweb.
In this morning,
where you become my unicorn,
white as the dawn,
laying,
by your side.

The Cathedral's fire soul

Cathedrals,
of lost faith,
are erected with logoes,
in the big cities.
While priest are stoned,
as kingpriests,
in the bowels of hell,
as the last believers,
turn numb,
and upheated,
by the fire soul,
of a night sky,
that slowly burns out,
among dying stars.



Hominus Vampires - Nosfera

I live in the big cities.
The big cities,
with puny souls,
that crawls around like insects,
on dropships of rain.
I tread carefully in the millstone of everyday life.
Like a rodent,
seeking shelter in rooms,
without humans.
All while the human hell,
lurks anonymously outside in the big city.
The big city where life is easy.
In the big city,
lives countless many people.

- on their own.

CHRISTWORLD

Is that how you treat
the Christ's of the world?
Become a member to be cum?
Become a member of the radical
left party and be appointed a laymens judge?
Surely the ancient Jehova whistle has
sounded for the last time.

THOU SHALL NOT KILL

Literary
HELL yes kill as many as you want
Kill as many as possible

LITERARY
Fuck your brains out.

A FINAL NOTE: In this biological hellhole called
mother Earth, also known as T.E.R.R.A - I would say
that "Game of Thrones" hold more Truths in regards
to metaphysics, than the holy bible. The nightmare
of religion and the nightmare of faith.
Two wrongs does not make one right.

But it is something tee dee.

BRIDE OF THE LAMB

How come is it, that I in my inner vision see a
female version of Stephen Hawking all dressed in white
with a brides veil, driving down the aisle in an electrical
wheelchair. Hence the poor lamb that became lame.

TREEBEARD AND PINOCCHIO

So nobody understands the old entish tongue of mighty
ents, not even the all powerful elves? Entish which only
can be that dreaded tongue of the great Danes.
The mighty ents which cannot decide on anything yet
alone get an erection in the Neaderlands.
What a glorious world.

YES CHILDREN,
it is all about the fucking.

Am I a pedofile HELL NO
- at least not yet.

Tiny will always be accused sooner or later,
by the mothers of envy and dread.

I AM TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT

I am too old.(period)

Why not raise children in the big cities of the world?
Then again, Hearthstone (the WOW engine) might
have reached that creative critical mass level?
May WOW Classic stay unaltered in its true essence.
And to the poor Stephen Hawking's of the world, that
isn't plugged into World of Warcraft, maybe you should
insist that the caretakers in your midsts get of their arses
in order to plant some trees.

CAT

CIVILISATION 33 %
AGRICULTURE 33 %
TREES(FORESTS) 33 %

IT MUST BE LOVE

JESUS WON
HITLER WON
DENMARK LOST 3-1

DEEPTHROAT BY GERALD DAMIANO 1943.
THE MOVIE THAT GOT ADOLF HITLER,
COMMITTED INTO THE DANISH NUTHOUSES IN
THE DREADED PAST.
FAMOUS QUOTE:
"YOU HAD ME AT DEEP THROAT".
LINDA LOVELACE.
PORNSTAR 1943

JESUS ONE. CHRIST TWO. ZEUS WHO?

Which year is this?

OUTDATED

Dead and dear old Stephen Hawking.

"God" or whoever rests his soul.

Should I end up like him?

(BIGGEST FEAR AT THE PRESENT)

Well at least have the courtesy to plug me into the World of Warcraft engine and not some lame excel ark that has been outdated since the late fifthties.

JUST SAYING # 736294

Has anyone ever tried to experiment with the interior of the cow stables? Is nature protocol just a farce? Would a green wall-color increase the milk yield of the milkcows? Am truely sad to see the MAD COW DISEASE, unfolding in the spring when the cows are released into greener pastures. The doctrine of devils, inventing diseases. Their belief system, that our minds can produce sickness and illness by mental programming. Like, locking up a cow in a stable for ten years, then release it into greener pastures, to produce a creature shaking uncontrollably, in pure happiness, then record it and call it "Mad Cow Disease". I will call it: Animal cruelty. Like some lame and deranged claim and promise unto women, that Homo Sapiens, through breeding and evolution, will shorten the female pregnancy to a pregnancy period of seven months? It is 7 madness. And pure evil thinking. Utter madness.

If nature protocol not a falsehood!

But truely true.

Then you cannot fool nature or can you?

If so! Then the inventor of the term gravity was
and is a severe asshole.

With all due respect.

Fuck Newton.

Fuck Thomas Edison.

Fuck Charles Darwin.

Fuck Einstein.

- and fuck yee tee.

8 MM CAMERA

So starting of/off in porn?

Got told that I wasnt equipped for the job and got an old 8mm Camera as a present from such a nice man.

Can you even buy 8mm film these days, in the age of tablets and iPads?

WHAT TO DO...WHAT TO DO...Starting of in porn?

Label? WHAT TO DO...WHAT TO DO...?

The Catsnake Magazine?

The Backdoor intruder?

The Open gates?

WHAT TO DO...WHAT TO DO.

I AEAAM REEADDYY...I AAEIINT REEADDYY.

GREEN GABLES 64?

Any woman been to see the Gynecologist in the Green Gables brothel downtown? The icky sperm dude downtown in the Green Gables whorehouse.

DAD...DAD...WHERE AM I FROM?

The gynecologist, my son..The gynecologist, my son.

DAD...DAD WHAT WILL I BE WHEN I GET BIGGER?

If you ever get big my son, then stick it in as many whores while you still are able. Fuck as many women as possible as long as you have wood, but see to it you never end up as driftwood.

Respect the feline kind, always.

MY SON IS A MUFAR REFERENCE

SO THOSE NEEDLES

So those needles

(Should be outlawed)

- So should they really be used for fruits and vegetables?
- Surely they should never ever be used in human skin!

WHERE THERE IS HOME THERE IS SHELTER
WHERE THERE ARE SYRINGES THERE ARE
LITTLE WAYNES CRYING

Little waynes crying - Fucking hate it.

THE TRUTH?

Any truths and if so there cannot be only one truth.
Many truths leeding us unto many realities.

Truth is that truth don't wanna work.
All truths want to fuck. Mind wanna fuck.
First the mindfuck (foreplay) then the fucking.
Truth is that Truth wants to fuck.

Truth wants a really good fuck and one hell of
a sexdrive in the driveway.

Fucking you all.

But reality is probly that no one alive never ever gets laid.

Maybe it is that erectile dysfunction. Always wondered what it is exactly.
I assume most women don't have a cock or penis. But whats the point
with a big dick, if she doesnt make you hard. Hence the flocking by
dragons. Erectile dysfunction? hmmm.....must be a womans thing...!

- a mere millimeter of a clitoris.

MILF OR GERMAN MATURE

Which one rhymes with manure?
Why not combine the pornstudios with the brothels?
WHY NOT? Always liked a good comedy.
WTF - German mature rhymes with secure.
But was it the intend of the third reich?
- then I will pass for sure. And which name will
be bestowed upon a Zebra.
The given name of Oban or the given name of Ban.
Fully knowing of the brothelkeep and necrofilia.
Yet, no one, knowing of the Scottish broth of the fivey days.

BUT ALWAYS WANTED SOMETHING PRETTY TO LOOK AT

Tuts becoming tits.

POLYFILLA POLYGAMY?

The more the merrier?

Would like to become nice older gent that will ask the women in for a cup of tea. A nice cuppa. Then ask them to strip till they all stand naked before you. Then spank them and fuck them in all their willing wet holes. I trust that the lupe is gone, in the way of a jinn.

Off course,
to obtain the rare title of such a nice man.

Of coarse,
those days are probly over.

The more the less get married.

The fool becoming the jester smiting the joker,
till sex manifests into the worlds orifice.

MOTHER EARTH WAS ALWAYS A WHORE
AND WILL ALWAYS BE A WHORE.

Earth is a totalitarian control system

Opinions
that truly aren't ours
are being shaped in the casting mould of power
with happiness painted
on the blue heavens of adverts
a monotone stream of pictures
manipulates
corrupts
brainwash messages
unconsciously laced with killer signs
new words
raw and wild
the new words
the new hype
6 million records with pain mind wipe
till all killers are ripe
the camera caress the celebrity skin
everybody jerking off to the pin
while pin-ups are locked up behind bars or in bars
as we all exhale under the words and deeds
of ancient sworn secrecy

O

those days are past

The exploding eclipse

A fatal eclipse of lost souls,
in the lands of stories told.
Stories and fables favorised,
in the invisibel shadow realm,
where the eternal spirits reside,
where mortal souls are chosen to rise,
amazed by the multitude of unknown worlds,
that is of the untold.

It will die untold or proven to unfold.

An oath to black

Black ode,
may I compliment your beauty in my northern abode.
That the beauty is false, is for the few.
The few, that spread their wings where freedom resides.
Cements death and rumours, till outdated.
We stand weak in shadows you cast.
We all hope,
that your enslavement, will not last.

Black ode, you cannot grasp thy own oath.

Black ode, the loss of innocent life, we all loathe.
It tells of spirits and the rot of lies.
The black rot has fallen again,
it rained in the northern hemisphere,
even the rain lied.

Black oath,
clings on to the arrow of corruption and the bow of power.

Black ode.
purpose of your life,
cuts the flesh with a knife.
As a burned out nincompoop,
I sit down,
when I hear the dribble on the wire.
Destiny's dice box has been cast,
the ban on sixers cannot last.

Black oath,
we all know of sorrow,
we don't want to know your sorrow,
we just don't wanna know,
what lays beneath your bloodstained Antarctica snow.

Shamans

Singing poets,
will wander this world,
moving minds and visions,
while travelling incognito,
as they break borders.

In the universe that is known to us,
as vagabonds of heart and mind,
in dreamt up worlds of poverty,
but chained to the fallen surface world,
that dwells in the labyrinth of the past,
as the moon floods over,
with shamans,
erupting in,
springs of green.

Did you ever think of that

Imagine,
a throne without a king,
a heaven without clouds,
an ocean free of salt,
a heart without love,
you without me.
Reality bites,
as cities will lay dormant
and people will ask:
For how long has this nation been dead?

And a,
sound reasoning,
for the intellect,
will be that:
Maybe this planet is dead already
and has been dead since it's creation.

Ever think of that?

Beached in the sea

Wooden ships eroded in harbours,
old souls of wood,
spirits of steel,
steam and floating sails,
above my heart,
wild and surrounded,
by blood thirsty waters,
incased by oceans,
of fears storms.

From the black deep sea,
beneath the surface,
my soul rises to the surface,
like lost timber,
driftwood,
riding a water grave.

Waves strike me,
as I fight for survival
from your creature and
it's reflection,
in the watermirror.

As drowned salty seamen,
I bow down in admiration
and looks to the future.
Alas.

I am still beached in a holy see.

When there were letters

How can you explain

faces of beauty
in the eye of all
falls in love
with bypassed insanity
conquering
a lost heart
every line
and curve of your body
sits in the iris
leaving eyes and memory blank
in the reflection of halo creatures

How do you describe a world
that only can be lived
in the glory of you
unknowingly we all drift through the day
hopeful
day by day
how can one explain
complexity beyond existence
without frightening

your halo creature

Rising roots

You screamed,
like ascending roots,
through the soil.
Like the souls mortal coil.
Like drops of dying blood,
bringing life to dead branches.
Through the spirit house,
you walked on naked feet,
with infant steps.
Through the clockworks and time,
as your roots became chaotic,
till they once again will lay still,
in the hour of extinction.

Stay calm and fire

Soaring,
in between goodbye and hello,
sits godot and awaits,
beneath my shadow.

Dressed in old recognizable garments,
browsing through the book of hearts,
filled with blank pages,
dedicated to an unknown creature of an angel,
that never had the courage to say: Goodbye.

There will only be stillness and emptiness,
whilst dwelling on the healed wounds of the past,
while new and ancient hope infuses,
the breath,
of tomorrow.

Canary on crossroad of isolation

The body,
the blood and the bread,
lay in bloodstained and snowy coal mines,
covering up the truths of lifes falsehood.

The bloodsaint,
the despaired brothers and sisters,
standing lost at crossroads,
leeding them only to solitude.

The nothingness of friends and enemies,
look to the crippled lifes that rot,
as they willingly deny bread or breath of life.

Whilst newborn hope dwells behind newborn eyes.
Unknown, to them that they were brought to life,
to fight in a world of steel.
And if they fail,
they will end up in a bloodstained coal mine.

But as the canary sang: Gold mine aint half bad!

The tame wilderness

adults

as children

alike

rootless and ruthless

but wild in heart and mind

as a tame wilderness

that call on the wild

playful hearts

grow

appetite for life

while the eyes of wisdom

glow in contempt

from afar

Animal planet

or the tame zoo of spirits that turn ghosts

- what is nature, truly? And how is nature perceived?
Nature law a construct and thereby false or
mind manipulated to hide the hard reality of
the omnivore nature of breed and creed

The death of a swan

Your eye,
dirty and corrupted,
is burried beneath a constructed nature,
which eventually fades away in all our minds.

Nature of man is perverted,
we digest,
we multiply,
we spread chaos like misguided gods.
The machine of nature,
must be a dead construct,
but seems alive to the naked eye.

The age of chaos theories,
chaos to order,
order to chaos.
As determinism eats,
indeterminism and it's sanity borders,
leeding us to desolation.

Vital parts in our senses,
will always break down in the armor of the soul,
as mankinds degeneracy dances,
in the wilderness of lost minds,
where persons are lost,
like facial features erased by time.

Lost in the web of Charlotte.

Euforia

What is real...?

What is real reality...?

When does real reality becomes real...?

When does realness turn to the unreal...?

It must be life.

Telepaths to empaths

Visuel inputs shape the childhood,
and me,
through hardness of life.
As a glowing spoon in an ice bucket,
my world is formed,
by hermectical closure.
The comfort of eternal imprisonment:
Some are informed,
some are formed,
others torn,
between ice and fire.
My inner perception,
is to be me,
just me,
lazy old me.

But still shaped,
by visuel inputs,
like the greenish glow,
from the television,
burning the room.

Inferno

Two women talk for a thousand hours.
A dormant coma president in,
the sound proof hall of power.
Two girls lick each others pussies
under the showers.
The hungry skeleton child speaks:

This world cannot be ours.

The sadden fact, of wooden boy Pinocchio,
that sat in the shadows, crying for 2004 years.

Let me guess, Oldtimer. We must all sit and cry for
the next 600 thousand years, till the oceans are
free of salt? Like the path travelled on Antarctica,
sure! It must be a dead given.

Just, another Elementar mind fuck to me!
Call it, mind control or psychology,
another word for that ancient old doctrine,
called Religion.

Fuck Me@t

Minus 273 *Celcius

-273 *Celcius

in this life

we seek truth truthfully

from the cradle to our exit

we all travel

wearing veils to shelter the allknowing soul

as someone else complete someone elses mission

taking over someone elses position

as silence kills the rumour of secrecy

secrecy burried in the banality

of death

yet washed away with humour

as the only human shield to our survival

secrecy and the veil

seems hard and too raw

survival of dread is the only law

releasing

-273 degrees Celcius

The essence of nothingness

The Skinwalkers Bible: (320 pages - end goal)

Table of content:

- * Genetics
- * Exodus
- * Leviathan
- * Binary Code (electricity)
- * Trivide
- * Quarditions
- * Deuteronomy
- * Numbers
- * Rot
- * Songs from Trees & Forests
- * Pharaohs 1&2&3
- * Chronicles 1&2
- * Song of Solomon 1&2
- * Arrivase
- * Neemeeson
- * Kingpriests
- * Orphants ladder
- * Psalms
- * Proverbs
- * Ecclesiastics
- * Key of Solomon
- * Tree of Oshra
- * Shenunoon
- * Ja-Bree-El
- * Periodicum
- * Necromancy

Gospel of Luke:

- * Gospel of Luke Skinwalker
- * Rogue
- * Warlock
- * Shamans
- * Mayans 1&2&3
- * Metropolis
- * Theologians 1&2
- * Testaments
- * Testimony
- * John1&2
- * Jude 1&2
- * Laments
- * Necromancer 1&2
- * Moon Vision

If anyone got the balls or can find the time?

Or if I live that long? Reaching a point where I truly do not care, anymore. Antiquated books that has outlived their minions. You only grasp the essence of nothingness.

Turn a page or two, then try to be creative among dust and cobweb.

Nothingness,
be fruitful and multiply,
curl up to dust and die.

An unica is the uniquely unique

I feel as dead,
as I watch and see through a thousand people.
An endless array of faces.
But I never find what I seek.
Seeking,
finding nothing.

A face.
Any face,
is unique.

THE RENT BOY AND THE CARPENTER (THE RC ROUTINE)

WILL WE ALL STAND IN A SECT WITH A CURSED SMALL
WEINER AND RENT OUR ARSEHOLES OUT TO THE
LIGHTBEARERS SUPREME IN THE ENERGY MANIPULATION SEX
CIRCUS OF THE WOMEN THAT ONLY YEARN FOR THE 22
CENTIMETER COCK SWINGDOOR POLICY?

THE PULSATING SENSATION WHEN YOUR COCK HARDENS IN
RELEASE OF CUM. YEARS GO BY AND THE TIGHT ASS BECOMES
A BAD ASS AND ALL WEINERS ARE DOOMED TO CALL ON A
HOOKER AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU YOURSELF IS SUBDUED
TO THE MIGHTY COCK. YOU FUCK YOUR BRAINS OUT BUT
SOMETHING OR SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE CLOSES FOR THE
SPERM RELEASE? THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TRADEGY OF ENERGY
MANIPULATION. AM I MENTALLY ILL? PROBLY.

ENERGY MANIPULATIONS? AND I DO PAY TAX FOR ENERGY TO
LIGHTBULBS. THE SOAR ARSEHOLE LICENSE OF LICENSES.

FUCK DONG ENERGY AND FUCK YEE TEE

THIS IS GETTING OLD

WELL, AT LEAST MY DAD IS FUCKING OLD.
LAST SEEN WEARING A FUCKED UP LEATHER JACKET,
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN IN IN THE LATE 60'TIES.
FOR FUCK SAKE MAN IT WAS PROBLY FROM THE LATE
SIXTIES. FATHER LIKE SON, BOY ALWAYS DREADED THE DAY.
AT LEAST HAVE THE COURTESY WHEN THE TIME COMES, TO
SLAP ME IN A FUCKED UP JACKET FROM THE 80'TIES AND A
PAIR OF MOON BOOTS. FATHER LIKE SON. PROGRESS AT LAST,
WITH A HINT OF SARCASM.

ME LUUVV YOU LOOOONG TIME
OR
SNOARING AWAY LIKE THERE IS NO TOMORROW

DEAD LIKE

The critic

Whereby will new words be created,
sentences shaped?

Only by recreating the word itself,
and not sentences sentenced by court of law.

Whereby will new art and ism's be constructed?

- only by recreating the human mind.

A lot of hassle about fuck all,
down on the blue café

Down on the blue,
with coffee and Kafka,
silenced by mouth.
Literature,
ceasing mind and moment,
as an endless fantasy,
reached for the moon.
Down on the unclouded blue,
peoples thoughts swirl,
ceasing the Macbeth of heaven.
All a while people pour your glass,
miraculously, again and again,
for a thought of mind.
One dram,
a new thought and a beer,
liberated from judgement,
from the ills of the past.
Hanging out and content,
as Hamlet's hell riders went by,
a moment in the lap of Orion.
Stories told and rumours unfold,
predicting flame and fire,
becomes a superstition in the creative liar.
Newborn phrases and words,
grows in tongue and mind,
in the hustle and bustle.
Cheers to the intrigues,
that rumoured midair,
down on the blue.

Much adoe about nothing.

Peace

Chosen is the word.
Chosen words of tenderness,
as I quietly invoke the calmness,
fulfilled,
in soft smelling oils,
of her hair.
Feeling peaceful,
peace,
ordained by tranquil women.

CLOSED AREA • STAY OUT • CLOSED REALM • STAY OUT

Requiem

DEAD REALM  NATURE RESERVE

• *may it be the end of graveyards and
the begining of something way more spiritual*

Requiem

Rotting corpses
Eroded skulls
Quells the desires of the immanent slaughter
Uncovered truths and tales of
Immortal dread
Erects and elevates
Minds of greed

"We are in the pipe...5-5-5"

VÖ ONNV

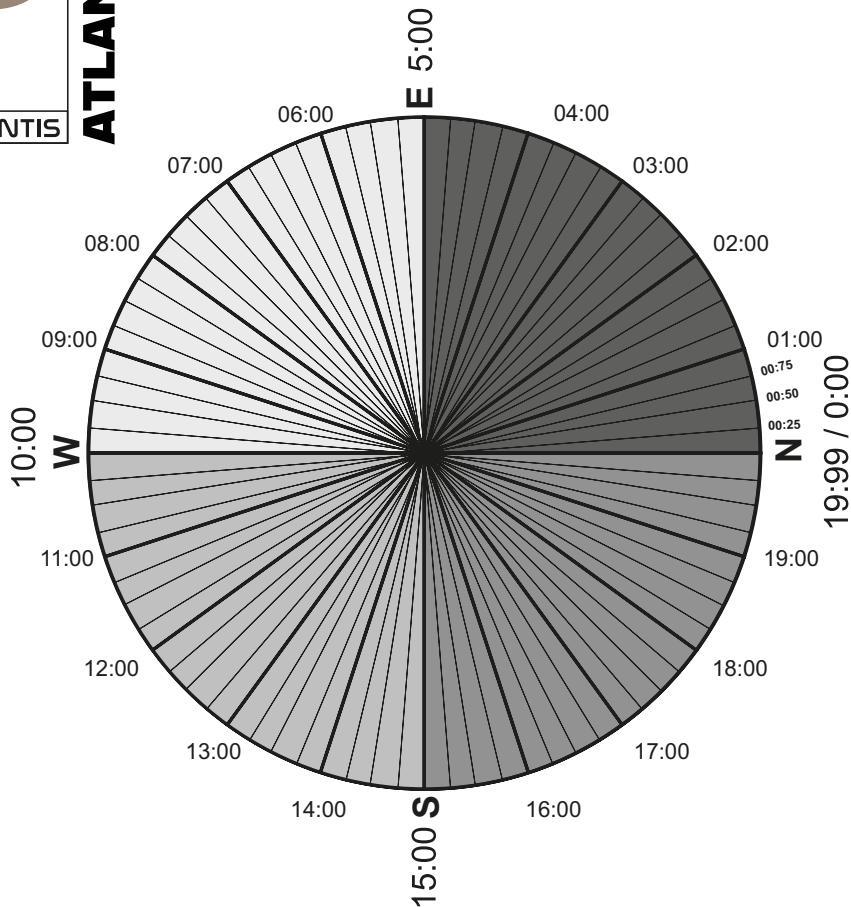


ATLANTIS

ATLANTIS ORBITER

UNIVERSAL TIME CORRECTION

Dreamtime Hours UTC
362 *degrees



BLVCK ALCHEMY

CLOCKS? A HEARTBEAT IS THE PULSE OF A HUMAN
PULSE RESTING. ONE SECOND IS EQUAL TO ONE HEARTBEAT?
MY BEST GUESS IS SOME ARSEHOLE SAT DOWN AND MEASURED SOME
MOTHERFUCKERS PULSE IN THE SWEDISH SKERRIES AND MORANICALLY
TURNED IT INTO TRUTH AND LAW NOT KNOWING OF THE GREAT PULSE OF RANCOR FUCKING.

Atlantis array

And what is an array,
in a spiritual sense?
As one of the more annoying replies:
It's for me to know,
and for you to find out!

Depending on which century,
(of/off) course.

But for starters I do believe in a
quardition as a minimum
of safety standards.

So:

- A light beacon
- Leadpipe (artificial - not harmful)
- Bagpipes
- And a haggies

BLACK OPS

Birth enters a circle of necromancers

- at least for newborns, but hopefully
followed by a dram or two, in a much
older age. A nice matured Malt on at least
25 years.

E dram or tee well dee mi lad.

The river

Passing memories,
burn and dwindle,
with souls of the past,
as imprints between ideas.
Emotions taken in,
and ressurected in spiritual growth.

Invisibel and unconscious is the web,
that binds and ties the souls into the flesh.
Souls struggling in the dark,
along our dirty rivers,
along our drift in memories.

Existence is flow

Flow,
of life is life.
Concrete is the rule of man,
with methods,
cataloged in,
degeneracy of our societies.

Flow,
is life of life.
As a cycle repeating itself,
differently,
time and time again.

Flow,
is free.
without any existing borders of the physical world,
how come could there be:
Human reasoning.
Human consciousness.
Human creativity,
running its course,
irreversible through time.

Flowing as liquid.

New humanus York

The civilisation lay smitten,
in rays of light crashing in on earth,
the planets evolution.

Marble ruins and towers of glass,
reach out for the ceiling of domes,
as were they seeking freedom from man.

Old men sit beneath their crystalline tower,
of their own enlightenment.
Where they held up signs of distress.
"Will work for food".

The oldtimer gang hustle,
looks upon you with their crystalline eyes on meth.
"Will fuck you up for good, boy!"

A new creature is reaching out for a renewal of faith,
but all he obtains is the unclean water,
that hit his eyes,
all a while,
he watches the ceiling of the crystal dome,
slowly decaying.

Technology shrinks the world. Yet, it is still as gigantic as it ever was.

You and I so endlessly tiny and small.

The Anubis Grand Central

Welcome to Grand Central,
to the room of all spirits.
Welcome to all souls.
Welcome to all entities.
Welcome to the greed slaving our need.
Welcome to the hall free of sound.
Welcome to the madness of Anubis and his dogs.
Welcome to the guns.
Welcome to the kill.
Welcome to the killing butchers.
Welcome to the slain.
Welcome to the blood brothers.
Welcome to pulsating fuck arteries.
Welcome to the willing sisters.
Welcome to whores and witches.
Welcome to all creatures.
Welcome to all races.
Welcome to all breeds.
Welcome to the end of beginnings.
Welcome to the blind reality.
Welcome to ideologies.
Welcome to dictators.
Welcome to all things seen.
Welcome to the unknowns.
Welcome to you.
Welcome to me.
Welcome to all things hidden.
Welcome to prehistoric religion.
Welcome to Luciferians.
Farewell to the body of Christ.
Welcome to the sons of silver.
Welcome to the righteous few.
Welcome to the selfrighteous judge
Welcome to all that is precious.
Welcome to the confused few.
Welcome to divine women.
Welcome to the tongue of snakes.
Welcome to the feline pearl.
Welcome to you all.
Welcome to awakening.
Welcome to the millstone,
where your soul is in an eternal grind.

You know who you are.

Noctis Opus

Colours of dread is laying as lying deads,
in cold damp trenches of prehistoric past,
while anxiety is present in every living colour.
Colours observing their brothers exhaling silently,
on the battlefield of meaningless order.
They prepare for the orders of a pointless battle.

They stand,
head to head,
black to white,
white to black.

Frozen colours with mixed emotions bites down,
on the stale will of rulers.
Rulers that need reassurance in their own malice,
served in their own cup.

The river of blood will soon commence,
corpus control corpus,
steel fuses steel,
colour mix colour,
as red tweak the dead.

As we all become shadows of hidden lore in a red robe,
while the forsaken ones in wedlock still have hope,
some still dream,
while others exhale and die.

Ironically as we all know of the lie and live the lie.

The last word of colours,
" The colours bestowed upon us is the only bliss,
in a world filled with dread.
We all know your Zebra got fed".

This is the Opus of the Darwinian lie.

Mosaics

The mosaic of life,
the click of sound reasoning,
in a sweet moment,
with lost time,
from passing the trail of the lava sea.
I drown myself and my solitude,
in your willing pussy,
my forgetfulness chocks to shock me.
memories abandoned,
as called upon.
From worlds far far away.

Night vision

Here arrives the night
let the bats of the infidels fly
in rugged escape

Nightvision
is the elevated blindness
of the know

Here arrives a criminal
to carry out the task of black deeds
in the nordic way of remorse

Nightvision
a pleasant veil to conseal the nordic crime

Here arrives religion
hope and light
the drift of good
the deed of evil

Nightvision
cloaked
where night becomes night

Blind blindness

Blind destiny wander the rainforests of mayan past.
The army of death upgrades,
a world of borderliners sorrow.
The century with the living dead.
The autumn of predicted faiths,
fallen in the night of depression.
All divided into twos,
as soar two time losers.
like clueless souls,
passing in their sleepers coffins.
The despair of a dark soul,
The dead of the living dead,
in ignorances bliss.
Souls in worlds of silence,
erupt into spiritual warfare.
Our beloved,
caught in the snares of death,
like beads on a string.
The world of silence and solitude grows,
because nobody is prepared to sing.

So be it.

(R) Evolution

Let the collective mind of normality,
cease us all.

Let us be equals,
equal souls,
equal minds,
equality in body.

Let us be equals,
let us together climb
the ladder of set time.

So we will be equals.

Alike and equal.

Like,
our normality taking a hike.
Fear not mischief of thought.
Fear the conduct of faith.

In the dead of night,
we all become,
as eternal night will eat us up,
like a drop in a paper cup.

Ignorances bliss

Working like crazy,
night and day,
to forget the blunders,
but really nothing worth doing,
other than walking in naked streets,
that has no people in them,
abandoned cafés,
pavements of solitude
and evaporating facial features,
in the few people that pass by you.
It is scary,
forgetting facial features,
cause I miss you,
ever so much,
undescribably,
much.
But all I do is to hide,
wishing,
her future is or becomes bright,
it will make me calm.

Little did I know.

I miss the "miss you"
on the pretty postcards

The missing,
is the eloped burned out souls,
of industry.
An amputated soul,
that only wishes for,
another persons presence.
Shit, I am just not used
to this fucking solitude.

Time to miss the kiss,
with a bad breath.

Sober?
Well, no.
I haven't showered today.
Oh....No....!
I must be sobering up.
I am begining to see things.
Meer Whiskey. Oder ist es ein Meer
von Whisky. The Gulf of Riga
turned into a freshwater sea for the
production of beer and alot of
whiskey.

Liquid

Life is water.
Water is liquid,
not knowing of any borders,
and yet it seeks the seas and the heavens.
As a drop,
on your skin,
hopeful.
But I am sheltered from your love,
because it cannot happen,
by the fathers dying will.
Will I die young,
or surpass the elder vengeful father,
till I get absorbed by all, in all?
Like the drop,
that overflowth the cup,
of ones own malice.
Let rain engulf your body,
and cleanse your skin,
keep you safe and guard you.

for all eternity.

Hate to say it, but needs to be said

As goes for Jehovas witnesses.
Why, don't they declare their own order?
The Yohoda order.
And declare true purpose of mind.
Proclaim the glorification of
world pedofilia.

And while we are at it?
I wonder if any of those members can read at all?
Do they rely on memory, only?
Are they the ones keeping feline slaves
within brothels?
Impregnating the hookers and filling their
offspring with illiteracy, till the children come of age and
they themselves will enter ignorances bliss?

You might ask yourselves, can God read, at all?

From Mayan law to Egypt lore. From Moses, Christ and
Mohammed, crucifying the serpent or serpents in their
own malice.

Will he/she/"it" finally subdue to the power of the snake,
that which is internal and eternal.

Always.

PAYDAY

THE MUCH DEBATED PAYDAY THERE WILL COME A DAY

GONNA BE A TOUGH MONTH 22 DAYS TO GO.

WHY NOT PAYDAY EVERY 6th OR 7th DAY.

6-7 WORKDAYS AND YEAH...

FINALLY...LONG WEEKEND (4-5 DAYS).

LIKE IN THE OLD MAYAN DAYS.

11 DAYS x 3 = 33 DAYS (ONE MONTH)

ONE YEAR 11 MONTHS (363)

AND 2 OR 3 HOLY DAYS AND ALOT OF HOLIDAYS.

BUT HEY!....I ONLY WORK HERE.

MAYBE ANNUAL WORK IS 208 DAYS

(number of bones in the human body).

BUT HEY!....I ONLY WORK HERE.



WEEKDAYS:



GERMAN

WOCHE: EINTAG - ZWEITAG - DREITAG - VIERTAG - FÜNFTAG - FREITAG

WOCHENENDE: ZAHLTAG - ZAHLTAG - ZAHLTAG - ZAHLTAG - ZAHLTAG

ENGLISH

WEEK: ONEDAY - TWOSDAY - TREESDAY - FOURSday - FIVESDAY - PAYDAY

WEEKEND: FREEDAY - FREEDAY - FREEDAY - FREEDAY - FREEDAY

DANISH

UGEN: ENDAG - TODAG - TREDAG - FIRDAG - FEMDAG - LØNDAG

WEEKENDEN: FRIDAG - FRIDAG - FRIDAG - FRIDAG - FRIDAG

PAY UP

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IN COLLABORATION WITH SEE THE LIGHT FOUNDATION

THE ROSICRUCIAN CROSS®

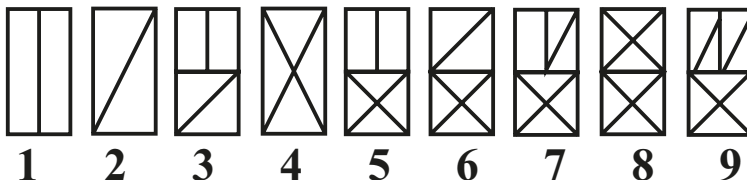
Omnes enim nostrae cruces et ursus
We all have our crosses to bear



The Scottish Episcopal Church
5 St. Vincent Pl. Glasgow G1 2DH
Scotland
(UNITED KINGDOM)

FINAL VALUTA MANIFEST

zero does not exist as you exist



(0 - ZERO)

DOES NOT EXIST AS YOU EXIST

CONCLUSION:

**"NATURE" protocol zero is falsum
ergo every calculator is useless.**



$$A = O Y < i$$

MONETARY UNIFICATION

(OF ALL KNOWN CURRENCIES GIVEN TIME)

POUNDNOTES: £115 • £55 • £22 • £11 • £5

POUNDCOINS: £1 • £2

PENCECOINS: 66p • 33p • 22p • 11p

(in a sence two set standards)

MAY IT GROW ON YEE...!

Directive EU657: So if the powers to be, concludes, even dictates that there exists 11 authentic languages in the world, that is worth protection, then we know of which literature that needs to be recycled. The 11 known root languages: a: Arabic. b: British. c: Celtic. d: Scandinavian. e: English. f: French. g: German. y: Yapanese. p: Portuguese. r: Russian. s: Spanish. Then, surely, the worlds 11 known economies, would be: 1: Adins valuta. 2: Bonds valuta. 3: Credits valuta. 4: Scandics valuta. 5: Euros valuta. 6: Francs valuta. 7: Goldens valuta. 8: Yen valuta. 9: Pounds valuta. 10: Rubels valuta. 11: Crowns/Coronas valuta. So be it, forever more. Amen unto Amenta. A foot in the grave and the other foot up your arse, good sir, now, it sounds crooked. And yet, a crooked economy might just work for all parties concerned.

Water eyes

The waterbridge,
transcends the oceans,
of lost souls.
Paying the tollbooth,
on that red bridge,
of lost dreams,
as water pass under it.

As I enchant,
the non existing essence,
of you.

Holding on to tears of blood,
praying for mantis,
begging for mercy,
to erase time and memory.

Knowing,
It cannot be done,
It cannot be redone.

Paying the toll,
on the bridge of lost souls.

Northern lights

Guarding the pass,
while the silver surface,
travels on the waves of dawn,
breaking,
all of my dreams,
with silence,
in light and darkness,
of branches scratching their way,
in drifting clouds,
melting rain,
and stars,
in leafless days,
of treeless nights,
defeating death,
in the soul of an angel.

The fire shadow

Her mirrored hair,
as roots seeking heaven,
the shadow of her,
inner furnace,
burning venus,
within our minds,
like the perfume sun,
stinking to high heaven,
whilst gnawing on my bones,
within the fire shadows,
till all is gone,
till there is nothing left,
but her fire shadow.

As I wander to destroy her,
filled to the brink by her innocence,
her fire soul.

This is it

I sat down,
looked at my world,
it was artificial, as a construct,
with an inhumane solitude,
of cold intellect.
Where did the hatred stem from?
And the gossip with divided tongues,
where did it come from?
How did she obtain it?
Classifications of:
alcoholism,
narcissism,
hate and infidelity,
as fragments of shit launched against the fan.
People read people,
like the turd they just flushed in the shitter.

The infamous bog prayer:

I hereby baptize you in:

- a) Too solid shit.
- b) Just shit.
- c) Diarrhea.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ladybird Scarab!
But feel free to enter or exit,
but take the shit with you on the way out!"

IT IS OUTTHERE

Out on the countryside,
resides animals and swines and people,
as well as animal people
and swine people.

Live and let live

From the women that gave birth to the much
dreaded bowlingball,
to the brothels of Jupiter,
filled with whores.

Look to the history of scribes.

From the innocence of child's play,
by the butchery of their own fathers.

The bloodmonks,
sanctity,
is reduced to rubbles.

Ruined by day and butchered by night.

The church is the grave

Waiting,
 seeking.

An exit,
 exodus,

but have been waiting ten thousand hours,
 in the vibrate hell,

of hookers and dogs,
 at their mirrored burial mound,

done up,
 like the unjust grave,

of a child that rests,
 imprisoned,

under a headstone.

 Elevate the headstone,
and set the spirit free.

The soul on the wings of a ladybird

Mi lady.
Mi lady,
mi ladybird, mi open soul.
You fly on the wings of death,
so chillingly cold.

Mi lady.
Mi lady,
mi ladybird, mi sealed God.
You brought lost hope,
to the smallest creature so odd.

Mi lady.
Mi lady,
mi ladybird, mi quiet wraith.
Guide my spirit pass the tomb
and as I lay mi head to rest,
restore mi faith.

Let that Anubis oath unfold and
never return mi to the Scarab of old.

Burned blood

All things in life unfolds,
as I receive your hatred tenfold,
my blood is burned,
by birth.
Touched by an alien skeleton hand.
I dream and yearn,
of sucking you dry,
through the arteries of ancient Egypt.
A forsaken love,
filled with a riddle.
There is no middle ground in the ground zero,
that burned the last hero.

Rot, eternal.

Insomnia

I rarely sleep,
my senses on alert,
coding and decoding,
the background drop,
of black ops.
As always seeking knowledge,
to sell.
Hell, I will even call on hell,
in order to sell.
Cloaked airborne at night,
and hunting in shadow.
Till the day that I at long last,
will end yee.

The flock

Models lined up,
warm flesh is sold,
love turning cold,
in ages of pork and porn,
in sorrows dawn.
Love lies burned,
real love running cold,
beating me,
beating you,
beating time.
Everybody,
going blind.
Blindness,
turning into hate,
while whores,
manipulate,
the masses and
your tasty mind.

The spread of two pussylips,
leeding to the split of the cunt,
by a hardened cock,
resulting in the split personalities of women.
The spill before the split,
that age old drama of cat versus dog.

Waiter.
Whiskey for the devil,
she is really blind.

Nation of braves

The nation,
golden in the heart,
but skindead to guard,
crowds of people,
breaking up.
Divided into two:
one party,
smells like roses.
Another party,
smells like shit.

But as always,
we all end up in the desolate street,
that is naked of people,
looking towards,
the founding houses of fathers,
the nations founding house,
which already is lost,
in the oval.

All the braves fucking their brains out, in the oval.
And yet, the term BRAVES mysteriously moves around,
in history's repeat. First, the native americans, then
used for the United States, then used for Scotland, the
brave. Best guess, that the oval office is and has been
wellfucked from George Washington to Bill Clinton.
And yet, all of us both dread and cry over the cameltoe
of the Hill.

The struggle uphill. Hired by Muslims to get fired by
Christians, never ending story.

Nexus 666

As I finally grasped the light,
you triumphantly put it out.
As I stood on the threshold of genius,
you mockingly let me fall.
As I finally tried to ring,
your mother fucking neck,
you fucking kissed me.
Now, I am ready to forget.
Hell, a mind wipe or two will do.
The holy mind wipe of:
Holy shit.
Holy fuck.
While you live,
you will see me fall.

NOTA BENE:

- Out of cigarette money
- Out of whiskey money
- Out of hooker money

Grandpa's Normandy

Once airborne
and the sky is torn,
with ordained creatures,
travelling the naked skin,
of mummified corpses.
Once a necromancer,
as once a lowlander,
will transcend unto the highlander.
That reoccurringly wish to become,
airborne,
the reoccurring events of years and historys repeat,
blends into an eternal bliss,
for some.
Bliss of a thousand years,
resulting in the tear and wear,
of the elementars eternal feud.

As goes for the feud of death?
I can never forget the testimony of Grandpa Reid.
True story. He, that were in the second wave at
Normandy. And he just kinda walked all the way
from Normandy to Berlin, and that, I might add:
Without firing a single shot.

So is the death circus a circus of the dead and for
the dead? Makes you wonder about the illusive veil
of death, which are believed among some of us.

Faith of eternal feud.

Are you dead?

Within
fragments of rundown love
in the heavenly brothel
of lust
feud and hell
the love
known as magic
is closed and free
yet
intertwined
in one heart
where you
invade and ignite
hope
in a lost soul
with a lost heart
trying to elevate
your tomb

No one answers

Am I dead?

A final note: Why is it, that every time I
hear or see a coffin lid open up,
it is followed by a squeaky sound.
Did someone loose, the last oil?

Being a gnostic thinker! Hopefully, one for
the fossil records, amidst Requiem.

The established

Covered in a black shroud
while hurting yourself
because someone stole the sunlight from you
took it from your life
although it was yours
but you were confused
because you were of different minds
rebellious

Earnestly the established gaze through you
right through you
as servants of shadows
jealous of your subtle beauty
as the only thing they see in their own eyes
is the justification in spilled blood
but all they wanna see
is your blood
as pikes sits launched in their souls
the pikes turning inward
as they proclaim that you must die
because you are of a different
kind of beauty

Shadowmen deny you
the right to your own soul
but you don't beg to die
but they will kill your soul
end the spirit
because you are different
loveable

Indian summer

FEEL COLDNESS

without love
no inner heat driving me
in the inner furnace

feel weak
as flowers standing
in shadow
no heat travelling
to the inner furnace

As you kiss my lips
I want to amputate my soul
and the pretend love in us both

you in me
me in you

trying to grasp your inner furnace

Heat snakes in midair

Temperatures
rising
polarcaps melting
towards a greener world
with one season
Let it all melt
Set it all free
Luxury in hubs
meaning cities
Nature unregulated
in free yet "closed" hubs

Is it order or is it a Zoo?
I leave it up to you.
But it is something tee dee.

Hennys tricker finger

As I watch DALLAS,
on some old run down
television set. In my childhood
nayboarhood. Looking at the
assasination of John F. Kennedy,
although born in the year of your
lord 1968AD? Weird. Any morale
to it all? Maybe this. A man that
seeks to sin and sperms a famed
well educated whore in a
missionary position, to awaken
into madness, gets turned around
by the whore, that turns him into
a visionary man.

And yet, They, the visionaries,
always seems to get killed?

I wonder about those
old butchers,
that slaughter our fellows.

In the name of God,
if not.

In the name of love,
if not.

In the fame of a pretend wallet.

Saddest truth ever.

That is my best guess.

Truth is that no one,
really has any real money.

That is my best bet.

If true we are all truely lost,
at least in this fucking country.

We must not fuck the marilyn
Monroes of the world? At the end
of the day, we can't even preform,
sexually.

Journey

Wandering life
in autumns fallen ones
covered by wizard dust

Met you twice in life
where I cried without a sound
in the virtue of spring

Strange days in life
where I tried the love
found it but not given
in the iniquity of winter

A burned heart
under summer
enchanted by you

An occurring thought

A web of thoughts
as we play Gods of love
like prehistoric druids
with words of ritual
the word is surrender
the word is yes
you play along
as a goddess losing her veil
removing the cob web of thought
embracing an instant urge that is you
as I sat at the head table
at the table of demons
the light of love was put out
on that fallen place
as darkness crept under your skin
a destination
where the word "yes!"
would erect the fallen walls of Jericho

is a reoccurring thought

Hermetism's pretended freedom(e)

Pretend,
you and me,
in soaring heavens,
on the wings of Iscariot.
Close your eyes and dream,
of me.

Pretend,
you and me,
merging in flesh and light.
Close your eyes and dream,
of us.

Pretend,
you and me,
do battle,
side by side,
as we slay,
the worlds giants and subdue the earth.
Close your eyes and dream,
of more.

Pretend,
you engulfed by me,
in tender moments.
Close your eyes and wish,
for miracles.

Pretend,
you in me.
Pretend,
me in you.
Open your eyes and pretend,
that I am free.

Hawk Walk

Sits on the hawk walk,
hanging out with vultures.
The lustful circling,
for some hot meat.
A falcon will try and strike at you.
Because you, my dear, are of the living.
You are.
I sit as a heartless doll,
looking at the willing dolls and puppies,
that will devour you in an instance,
if they could.
Fully aware that they all reek like me.
Like my rotting soul,
trying to conquer your sweet flesh,
your liberty and your orifice.
You finally open your mouth,
to end a thousand years reign of sworn secrecy.
Your truth and breath of death burn in red pain.

As I swallow my pain.

Faith

I thought that it was written,
written in the heavens,
on the stars,
you and me.
Dream of an angels kiss,
that lays on an elysian alter,
a heavenly void,
as a future horror,
burns the losing soul,
with hellfire,
quietly ceasing,
all my cells,
that drown in the loss,
of you.

Emptying faith on the carcass,
of the last faithier.

ANOTHER ANNOYANCE # 1

Reminiscence/Rememseance about the sweet old 80`ties. Did love a particular song eversomuch:

I just called to say I hate you

by Levie Blunder

ANOTHER ANNOYANCE # 2

So what is the weather like?

There is a whole 4-5 meter to the fucking window.

Luckily there is my weather app. NOPE it is foggy! So, no star gazing tonight. Besides my optics and lazer beam is an oldfashioned thing of the past and cannot be used for the flyby's. Talking about the fucking swampgas of Yodas ass. Smelly you are..hmmm..breathe you should not...hmmm.

Further more, a thought just erupted: If all history writing turns out to be a fabrication and a beautification, then maybe, this year, 2020 AD, will prove if there is a "God" or not? I am, for one, tired of looking on some old book covers with some scholars, that claim one singular truth: Charles Darwin, Karl Marx, Leonardo Da Vinci, Grundtvig, Stauning, besides, all the dudes, kinda looks the same? Same dude? Or some old plums or prunes, that got withered by the elementars and lost the hairs of their backs, if not, even, the hairs upon their heads showing their crowns, while pennyless.

ANOTHER ANNOYANCE # 3

Listening in on the background drop of Black Ops.

So we all have a choice in life. We fuck our brains out and emerge our brains in dopamin and stay younger and remain good looking for longer or turn holy and wither away in young age with tight arse syndrome and suffer from the nowood frigid. Hard choice being asexual.

Life sucks.

13:3-13:8

Matthew 13:3-13:8

And he told them many things in parables, saying:
“Listen! A sower went out to sow.
And as he sowed, some seeds fell on the path,
and the birds came and ate them up.
Other seeds fell on rocky ground,
where they did not have much soil,
and they sprang up quickly, since they had no depth of soil.
But when the sun rose, they were scorched;
and since they had no root, they withered away.
Other seeds fell among thorns,
and the thorns grew up and choked them.
Other seeds fell on good soil and brought forth grain,
some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

So Topbitch or Bottom
Bitch? which is which?



66:1-66:6

Themawet 66:1-66:6

And she wrote and drew many things in illustrations, creating:
“Moan! A woman layed and sold out to the genetics.
And as she milked with her pussy, some seeds fell in her cup,
and her sex slave bitches came and ate them up.
Other semen of jesters fell in the sleepers coffin,
where they perished from the groin,
and they all died, since there were no cup to beguile.
But when the Mother Scary rose, all were scorched by
her lust; and since they never listen to her needs,
they were sent away. Other seeds fell among the bushes
and bosooms(bosoms), and the semen flew out
and choked them. Other semen fell in the cups and
brought forth children, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.
Women mate as you see fit and men love your wives
and fuck your wives whores and don't be harsh with them.
The eternal trivide within the paraclete, the female yin separated from
the male yang, by the Tao. Tao, the internal and eternal serpent, residing.
I forgive all women, till the slim lady becomes mute,
gagging till numb. Till the sex bitches literary lick the cum,
of the floor. Alas, I must be dumb. If not play dumb.

So Bottom Bitch or Top
Bitch? which is witch?



ANOTHER ANNOYANCE # 4

The famous and wellknown,Vampire Kangaroo of Greater Australia. Some overgrown rodent?

ANOTHER ANNOYANCE # 5

This might be out there. How can you aid victims with stigmata

symptomes that keeps hurting and cutting themselves?

Can you buy two gallons of oxblood at the store?

ANOTHER ANNOYANCE # 6

Alexsandria. The literature of mankind, the book titles and the authors, that I would hate to loose on the shelves of any given library, in any part of the world:

- 1 • Dante - The Divine Comedy. (1320AD)
- 2 • Ray Radbury. (1953AD) 3 • Bram Stokers. (Dracula)(1897AD)
- 4 • Charles Darwin. (1859AD) 5 • Sir Walter Scott. (Ivanhoe/Rob Roy)(1817 till 1819AD)
- 6 • Lucy Maud Montgomery. (Green Gables)(1908AD)
- 7 • Elwyn Brooks White. (Web of Charlotte)(1952AD)
- 8 • Kafka. (The Process)(1925AD) 9 • William Blain. (Witch's Blood)(1946AD)
- 10 • King James bible. (version 1611AD)(Anno Domino).
- 11 • My Religion ... to end all religion. (New testament of Luke Skinwalker)(2020AD)
- 12 • Key of Solomon. (14th/15th century)
- 13 • Aleister Crowley. (1875 till 1947AD)
- 14 • William Shakespeare:
(Hamlet/MacBeth/Henry the fifth/Merchant of Venice)(1564 till 1616AD)
- 15 • Egyptian book of the dead. 3rd Dynasty. (2670 till 2613 BCE)
- 16 • Franquins Black Pages. (Comic book)(1981AD)
- 17 • John Irving. (Life according to Garp etc.)(1978AD)
- 18 • J.R.R. Tolkien. (1937AD)
- 19 • George R.R. Martin. (1993 till 2011AD)
- 20 • H.P Lovecraft. (Necronomicon)(2008AD)
- 21 • Lloyd Pye. (Everything you know is wrong)(1998AD)
- 22 • John Steinbeck. (1902 till 1968AD) 23 • Jakob Ejersbo. (Revolution)(2009AD)
- 24 • Dion Fortune. (Magick and Psychic Self-Defense)(1930AD)
- 25 • Salman Rushdie. (Satanic verses)(1988AD)
- 26 • Codex Gigas. (12th century/1229AD)
- 27 • Samuel Beckett. (1906 till 1989AD)
- 28 • Charles Fort. (Book of the Damned)(First published 1919AD)
- 29 • The holy blood & the holy grail. (Michael Baigent,Richard Leigh,Henry Lincoln)(1982AD)
- 30 • Richard Dawkins. (The God Delusion)(2006AD)
- 31 • Christopher Hitchens. (God is not great)(first edition 2007AD)
- 32 • Caleb Scharf. (The Copernicus Complex)(2014AD)
- 33 • Stephen Hawking. (A brief history of time)(1988AD)

Will this book, My religion...to end all religion, stand the test of time and scribe? Only if you can find the above mentioned literature on your library shelves. The 33 nails on our coffin lids.

Finding love

Cold hearts keep me warm
in winters storm

Baby
come to me
open my eyes
make me see

Posture and poses
leaves me cold

Baby
come to me
open my mind
make me see

Fur, glitter and gold
a thousand spirits sold

Baby
come and kneel
open my heart
make me feel

Brighter

I wished
you could stay
but you left me
in a thousand pieces
in a brighter day
A brighter day
with kindred spirits
and feuds of lovers
a brighter day

I still dream
about you
but who knows
if I will see you again
in a brighter day
A bright day
dressed in love
with glowing rays
playing bright as day

My love
is my downfall
but who knows
if we ever will dwell
heart by heart
in a brighter day
A brighter day
with tender words spoken
emotions stored away
in a brighter day

I trust
in you
come what may
broken clouds
emotions drifting away
erasing you in me
in a brighter day
A brighter day
where mortal sun shines
on the remains of me
in a brighter day

Man mountain

Deep within a grey wilderness
an internal landscape
in a light blue heaven
that is locked
in birth
in the flow of unborns
wandering out of stoneage caves
a mountains universal vaginal wound
newborn rainbow children
lives soldiers taking
infant steps
towards the top of the mountain
a mountain
in its heights
consisting of hardworking
sweaty human bodies.....



The money shot.

HOT HOT HOT...
A.I or not!

...blind and searching
towards the top
woman by man
man by woman
woman by woman
man by man
body by body
fighting
to the top
as time
is branding
the bodies
with battlescars
as a testament
within their faces
encapsulated in a haze
of mankind's excrements
bodyheat
sweat
urine
a fog
a world
heavy and nauseating
a battle for the top
to redeem
mystery and spirit
eager hands
greedily reaching for insight
seeking the top
mankind's peak
a pulsating human sea
of blindness
reaching the top of worlds

only to be met by death

Modern man

I am fed up with you.
You run around, without patience.
No time.
No recap or reflecting thought.
Allthings must evovle faster,
as your sum of knowledge becomes eroded.
Knowledge decaying,
in consumer emendated knowledge,
in hot fire sales,
that is new but old.
You run around forever seeking,
without end goal,
without clarity.
You fuck,
all and everybody,
in the arse.
You seem content,
but confused,
never relaxing.

But I still hope,
to find you,
resting within yourself,
calm,
as a person.

Silhouette

We travel the night
as light is drawn endlessly
toward dawn
to ward and guard twilight
bloodred and seeking
are we lead as silhouettes to fires
while we exhale the night
entangled within the ego's of minds
caught up in the impotence of lust
as greed rages on ward
spreading like sun and cancer
as an army gaining
territory upon territory
as violence begets violence
leaving us desolate
as cripples
transparent
as disables
which are being mistreated as
silhoettes

Enfant terrible

Spirit seems dry
like as lost hiker named Sherry
seeking a buzz
in a desert of fertile words
of dead embryos within raising feud and war
of unborn blood
as the body is floating in spirits
breaking down cells and structures
as the spirits kill the petite grey cells
till the body emerge as brand new
but older and rugged
in the nature
of a child
bitterly awakened
by dominating reality
Maturity is a priceless prize

Your room

Roomy.

Will I ever conquer your roomyness,
out of time,
place and memory,
to shelter the shell,
of our Metutsa estate,
that leaves me wounded in your room.

Will I ever kiss the ground,
as concrete or as marble,
in the greenery of the sunyard,
that will be our safehouse.

Where we can chain eachother,
to eternal hearts,
bleeding the essence of life,
and feeding eachother,
energies.

Can you ever love me.

Hypothesis

Fossils
secrets
skeletons
riddles
genealogy
species
religion
undermining
foundations
evolutions
paradoxes
theory
animal
primitivity
instincts
truth

man
woman

Fuck Meat

Dropship

As shape shifter organisms
you sense my depth
the deep
sent from a dropship
that encodes
the inner calm
of war eternal
as enemies pass by
with silent minds
awaiting a mothership

Vampires Hominus. Never seek
the threshold of the Nosfera.
Never answer unto the threshold,
nor seek our council.

Amenta.

When they see my soul

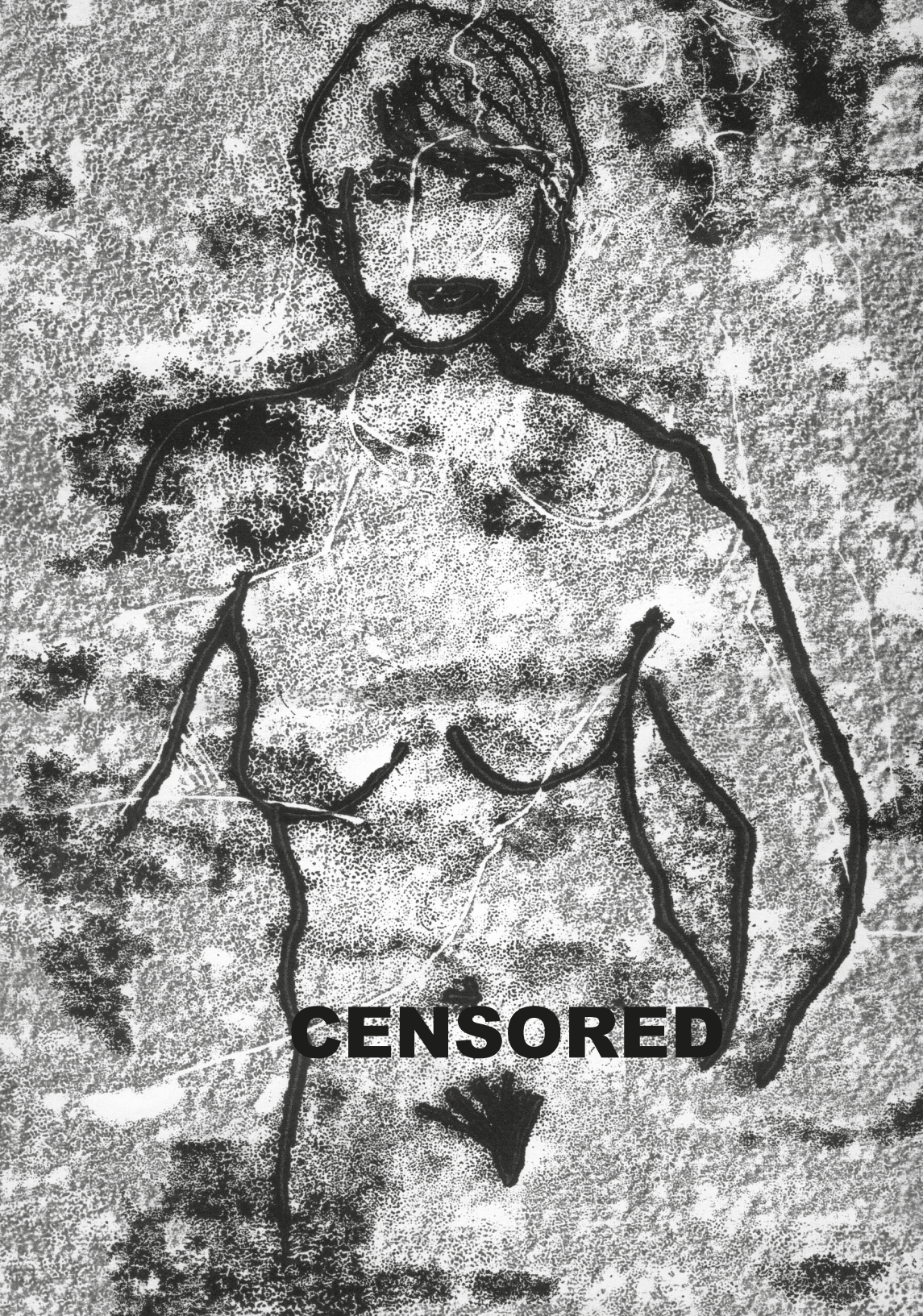
Tall women walking,
later crawling,
as lost reptiles,
bowing down in the dust,
on the skin of,
salamanders and scorpions.
Dry as sand,
dehydrated by tears,
that leaves,
first impressions,
hardened into stone.

Like the servants of the Medusa,
turning into the Metutsa,
that only will answer unto,
the Amen,
within a name.

The name then answering onto the Archangel souls of:

Ja-Bree-Al
Tzadial
Zhamael
Raphael
Shenunoon
Machiela
Shawomane
Pebblesome
Lazarus
Baalia

- all seeking the departed in the world of the dead.



CENSORED

Censored#1

What is real...?

A question which questions our realities and our perception of time and present?

Dreamtime (Dreamworks) versus "to live in the present".

Censored#2

Reality?

- Do we even live or reside in the present?

Gods war on the serpents seed seems to last and endure an eternity. The very paradox, because the serpent is that which manifests life within (pregnancy) and their organisms are the only organism that can renew their cells from within? "Glow from the inside and shine".

To reboot from a stemcell level? Thereby the alleged DNA theory.

But ask yourself would a force of creation only create by a mere string of only four existing bases? A,C,G,T. And as studies have shown through the breeding of the Bonobos, evolution is indeed real, a scientific fact. And if evolution is a fact, then surely the DNA could in the future hold, lets say, 7 or 8 bases and structurally consist of 8 strings. But if all theories are swept under the rug and stamped as pseudo science and witchcraft, in order to maintain order so that all created can be patterned and put under one uniform blueprint? You might ask yourselves! Is it a reality, that we want to live in? And if the blueprint dictates that there should be no blueprint, because you should not be allowed to dictate the doodling of a mere child?

Censored#3

Sleep and sleep paralysis

- Fact, the sleep clears us from the bodys toxins.

Meaning, sleep is the only true healing factor and thereby, important!

- So what are the sleep paralysis?

A good guess would be the twilight between the living and the dead. It is hard to describe, in laymens term, because it is so far out you can't ever explain it. Ergo, many "vampires" lives in the twilight of minds, also known as borderline realities.

Twilight. I spend three years within twilight.

Censored#4

The awakening?

- Do I sleep or am I dreaming?
- Or am I resting in the sleepers coffin, also known as a bed?
- Do you feel pain, then you are alive!

That which starts the cutter symptoms by victims of stigmata.

Censored#5

The body's internal combustion? Does it even exist?

A question that has been on everybodies lips since the Holocaust. Hunger cannot and must not be a solution! Yet, do not condemn it, it may save your life. Regarding fluids and balance, check the colour of your urine. Too dark = dehydration. Too light = too much fluids.

Which methods that are used for which ill I do not know, I am not a doctor! But maybe a bit of dirt within the system, ain't half bad, alcohol or other, activating the immune system. but you must find your own balance in life. Like my old father said, "A bit of dirt does you good!". But don't go clinically white and get HIV. Sugars and salts. Imbalances? - soup is usually good, that is, for me. On a further note: Weigh-in before sleep: 86 kilos. Weigh-in after: 86 kilos. Had a cup of coffee and half a cup yogurt and a half piece of rye bread. Even had a good shit. Weigh-in: 87 kilos. WTF Now that makes sense doesn't it? WTF. Then again the other day: morning height: 170 cm Height after 3 glasses of whiskey: Evening height: 163 cm WTF....?????

Hence the mystery of the weightless shit. Did I just poop in space?

Censored#6

The pulse and did Fallos even have a pulse?

Can you feel your pulse or are you dreaming? (Dreamtime).

Never hurt yourself or your body! Always protect the host organism.

But meditate, sitting or laying, even standing or active, if need be. And be you a vegan, vegetarian or not. Then surely we all need our fuck meat. As goes for gender confusion, then why not, in all honesty, just say: Show me your fuck meat! I want my fuck meat, surely masterbating, has been around for some time. Till my fuck meat is in your fuck meat.

And Mufar opened up one cunt with his hands as the cunt was burning hot. But Mufar thought; "No one fools me. He that is more sly than a fly, outsmarts the sly. The girl probly put ginger in her fanny. Nobody fools me!". And Mrs. Lynn and Miss Lynn, wondered why Lynn rhymes with sin; "A limb or two will do", they thought.

Censored#7

The heart asked if Osiris had a heart?
The heartless watches the heartless.
When you reach the stage of an empath and
looses your own emotional imprisonment.
Do you truly want your heart to reenter?
Thank you, but thank you NO.

Censored#8

Life?

Are you conscious and fully acknowledge that children
are God's own imbeciles.
You become more than ready to donate
your dead corpse to the surface dwellers. You prepare exit.
Hell, you are ready for any exit.

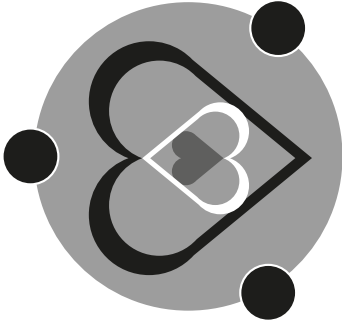
Censored#9

Death?

If the law of nature is not false? - but true,
is it natural at all to bury the dead?
Where is the bioversity in the ecochains found in nature?
Maybe it was a bad idea to place humans as a divine creature on top of the
pyramid, the greatest mistake, "like ever". Can a dead man rise up and
pick up a shovel with his hands and bury himself? Are there any respect
to nature at all? Even a blade or knife that opens up to the body, is an
element of crime, we all could do without. Insist to rot, but don't ask for
water but for whiskey on at least 40 % to calm your nerves.
Can the peace of the grave be restored? Or rather can it be created
because it never existed to begin with. The orders of death and their
servants, doctors? Be done with it, please! Why not establish zones with
respect towards each individual and safeguard each individual and their
own individual rights. The right for each individual to say, "Thank you,
but thank you, NO!" and let each individual choose the right to reign over
own body and mind. Even insist to rot, if need be. So what is age? If the
cell structure renews itself, internally, over a ten year lifespan? But what
about scar tissue? Maybe scar tissue is the true issue. Can we remove scar
tissue by the use of alchemy, meaning medicines or ointments and not by
the use of a blade, which in my book, is unholy. As goes for silicone
implants and alot of other unholy crap. Then we all wonder, "What is
wrong with a pair of good African jugs, hoping for the chocolate flavor.
And yes, they apparently do need to get fired up! But putting the warm
jugs on the buttocks, then, most zionists might inquire: if the jugs,
themselves can read?

ARANUBIS.PHAT

2019



Hopefully a civilisation that
rests peacefully in harmony
with nature.

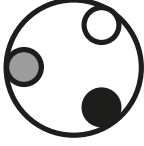
NEW HOUSING STANDARD

Roundhouses constructed
without any wood. Cat ladders in
walls for cats and critters.
But human living space sealed.

Either it will be done or
we all live in a world that
is dead already. Common sense
should win the day.

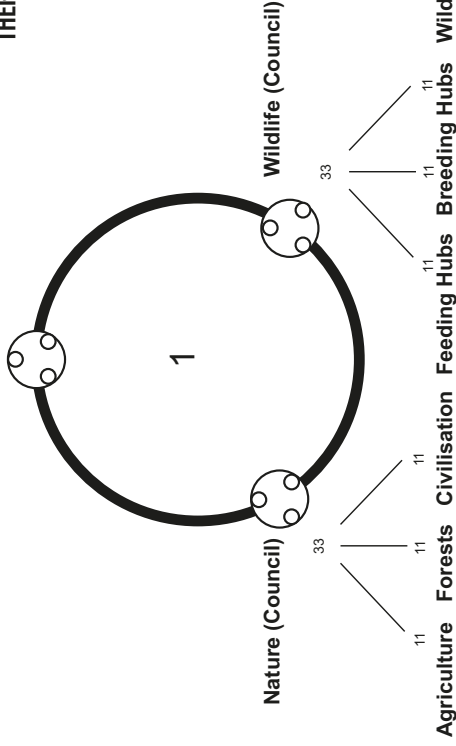
TAXPRESSURE IN TOTALITY
MAXIMUM TAX: 33 %
MEDIUM TAX: 22 %
MINIMUM TAX: 11 %

Civilisation (corporate)



Estate taxes 11 % Labour taxes 11 % Production taxes 11 %

MEANING THAT EACH
INDIVIDUAL SHOULD
ONLY SUFFER
BETWEEN 33 AND 11 %
TAX. COMMUNITY TAX
THEREFORE VOLUNTARY.



1
COMMUNITY TAX
(NO CHURCH TAX)

ARANUBIS.PHAT2

2019

THE 1st RADIUM ANKH



There will always be creatures and creations unknown or signs



22 Pounds = 9,979 kilos
• I might be pregnant

The Royal Bank of Scotland PLC



Does not exist as you exist.
Conclusion: "NATURE"
protocol zero is falsum
ergo every calculator is useless.

A = 0 Y < i



£22

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

VALUTA CIFFERS

THE STERLING STANDARD

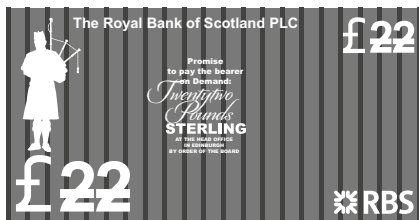
THE CURRENCY IN NOTES



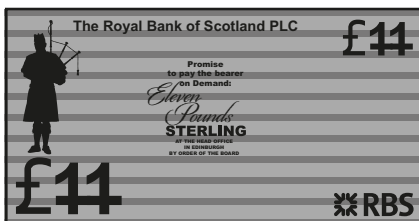
FRONT: Mary Queen of Scots
BACK: White Heather



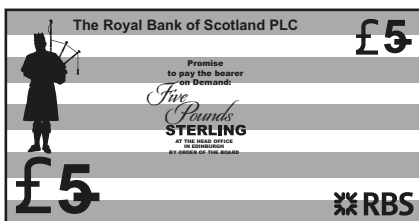
FRONT: William Wallace
BACK: Golden eagle



FRONT: The "Hellpiper" (Sceleor piper)
BACK: Skinwalkers and Marrow Monks



FRONT: Robert Bruce
BACK: Salmon



FRONT: Robbie Burns
BACK: Thistle



THE FINGERNAMES OF THE RIGHT AND LEFT HAND

2020

LEFT HAND

- a) THUMB FINGER
- b) POINT FINGER
- c) MIDDLE FINGER
- d) NOTE FINGER
- e) LITTLE FINGER

**SO IF THE ECONOMY IS CROOKED
THE CROOK BUT STILL WORKS
THEN WHAT?**

RIGHT HAND

- f) PAGE FINGER
- g) INDEX FINGER
- h) MEDIATE FINGER
- i) STATUS QUO FINGER
- j) PETITE FINGER

c) MIDDLE FINGER

h) MEDIATE FINGER

d) NOTE FINGER

i) STATUS QUO FINGER

b) POINT FINGER

g) INDEX FINGER

e) LITTLE FINGER

j) PETITE FINGER

TIRED OF THE
BETTER KNOWING DOCTORS
AND THEIR LATIN TERMINOLOGY

a) THUMB FINGER

f) PAGE FINGER

**HOPEFULLY WE ALL WILL HAVE
OUR FINGERS AND TOES INTACT**

**SO TO THE WOMEN MARRIED WITH THEIR EINSTEINS
WHAT IS UP WITH THE RINGS ON THE FINGERS?**

Censored#10

Time?

A message to those who control our reality
and has the manifestation keys. (Lets get fysical, fysical).

The war on the twelvth house!

If the element time is illusive,
which timelord will dictate your will?

Each living human is born with an intellect and thereby a free will.

If not, then declare it as a birth right (not rite of baptism).

For how long shall every male child suffer their parents and be divided
between dad and mum, as the severed child of Solomon in two parts?

Mammi's Pedo boy or Daddy's Homo boy - tough choice for
heterosexuals. I trust the HP sauce might give you the minisick.

Censored#11

The present?

Past.

Present.

Future.

Past.

Dreamtime. (the dead realms, the inner kingdom)

Future.

Censored#12

Sex?

Does it even exist?

For some and not for others?

But is it dreamtime sex or real sex and can we even tell or feel the
difference unless you have reached the stage of an empath.

Sex? - does it even exist? And what is safe sex?

The orgasms of dreamtime? a Falsehood?

Have you once experienced orgasm and the merging of souls, there is no
turning back, you always feel driven towards a reunion of soul and spirit.

Therefore you can never judge a driven soul.

Censored#15

Love? Does it exist, at all? And if so, what is it used for?

"Suck it up, sweetheart! Dude on the white horse just died!", the words straight out of the bat. And now for something completely different.

As goes for sound rulings and sound rules and a Dictators decision, then:

What about? • Soup bowl 3,75 - 4 dl • Mug 2,5 - 3 dl • teacup 1,25 - 1,5 dl.

That is for my part (170-173cm) Is it fly fucking, of sorts? Well, it is something tee dee. If reached a height of 2-3 meters, I assume, you are allowed to ask for dish or soupbowl, number two. A second serving.

Maybe even:

- Legalize Cannabis, Hash, Mariuanna.
- Ban all shoelaces.
- Ban all buildings without a cat ladder.
- At least decide on things that matter.

Censored#16

Justice and courts?

Do they even exist and if so, what are they used for?

It is a free world, according to fathers Karma (Kama) Sutra?

Like my old father said: "It is a free world!".

- And if it is not, then the first shuttle or ship out of here.

Censored#17

Maybe life is just plain hard an unjust from birth!

Like my old father said: "Life is hard and then you die".

As goes for logic?

- Why is my Multi- vitamin pill (50+) shaped as an rectum pill
- The iron pill is shaped as round oral pill and is chewable which clears it.
- B-vitamin pill also rectum shaped, no diamond shape(rectum/oral)

Just saying # 760828

Censored#18

Who is it that keeps using the term,
"The good old days?".

There is a greater likelihood that Noa
had an iPad onboard his "ship".

No one here fear death, but that which "transent" it!

I have had a couple of the childhood diseases, scarlet fever and the
chickenpox, but I still haven't tried the plague or the colera.

Come time. Come place. Rome didn't just die in one day.

Censored#19

Thesis number one.

Christ was the first to leave and millions more will follow.

Christ fasted for forty days.

(Hitchhikers guide to the galaxy)

What is the answer to the riddle of the universe?....Answer: 41.

So Moses alleged eighty days of fasting is probly
the first twin scam in world history.

Thesis number two.

Madonna is getting like kinda of old.

Justify my love? Fun disciplin would be to change the word love to the word
shit, in every love song ever written. It is something tee dee.

Censored#20

Grandmas funeral.

First point of order: Sell wheelchair and walker and let the grandchildren
inherit the false teeth, the dentures. Bring her corpse into the danish eco
Bank and ask for her weight in gold. Get the gold transferred to sound
monetary means. If they refuse! Then buy or build own compost unit in the
backyard and let her decompose there.

Another type of shit that you have to deal with. ("Holy Shit").

Like my old father said: "Where there is dirt there is money".

Censored#22

May there always be tobacco and alcohol and capital.(CAT)

3 standards:

STERLING Gold

STERLING Silver

STERLING Copper

May there always be help to outcasts and the downtrodden.

Tax industry. Maximum 33% tax in its totality:

33% Maximum 22% Medium og 11% Minimum.

At least 3 international monetaries/currencies,
that will stay unaltered despite inflation and market.

Pound Notes:

115 • 55 • 22 • 11 • 5

Pound Coins:

(two units) 1 • 2

Pence coins:

(root units) 66 • 33 • 22 • 11

Censored#23

When I die! And the body has been declared soulless after three days!

I will by sound state of mind donate my dead body to rot in nature the old shaman way. No autopsy " or cutting by blade/knife" or burial or cremation, but left on the surface to rot. Finally rotting away in the greater forests of Rold, and that hopefully without an awakening or any kind of surveillance. (maybe a sattelite or five). Then again, it may already have occurred, which usually results in the classification "Lost Soul", which means I need to start a fundraiser to collect funds for 36.000 years worth of bru money and pension. It would be easier for all parties concerned with a base income, like citizen pay. A ground rate which everbody gets. So job incomes would be added on top of the base fee. As goes for the death business. The death dealers extraordinaires of the Nosfera tribe, that holds the reign over western civilisation. Then ask ourselves, do the Metropolis dwell in balance with nature? And if, mankind, that raged war on the beast, misunderstood it, as the very wild-life, within nature, then I will safely conclude that if we, mankind, wiped out all wildlife, then we have to resort to turn to cannibalism in the very end. So will we all, end up donating your corpses to the Nestlé corporation? But surely, the word beast rhymes with the word feast, that is, in the Kings and Queens english.

A dangerous mind.

Censored#24

- An open wound heals from all sides.

Censored#25

DOA

Dead or Alive

- Born in or sold to a sect or cult?
- Dead or alive?

The ten disciples:

- Remove your toenails and observe whether new ones will grow out?

Or will you remain without toenails for an eternity?

At least the end of bowing and scrabing before your own hoof.

If all else fails, at least, a firm belief in yourself and your own organism.

Bad Scandinavian design? Or Homo Sapiens, utterly fucked up design?

Well, someone must have questioned my design? Injected with 13.000mg worth of psycho-pharmaca, over a ten year spand. Rispolept Consta.

And after 27 days of fasting (refuse to go further), I can conclude, that there still remains 13 kiloes worth of shit that I cannot seem to shed of my body.

huh. What is it? Distilled crude oil or scillicone? REAL Freaky.

And while we are at it! Cannabis oil for cancerpatients. Modern drugs?

Removing the CBD and THC, the active components, so you cannot get high? Oh, why? We cannot and must not shit and giggle at the same time?

Dead on Arrival.

DOA

Censored#26

The verdict on the streets:

Crapped through a vagina and left to rot.

One rancor down and six more to go...!

And hopefully two weeping templars to go with it.

Censored#27

Have faith. Believe, but in what?

Always believe in yourself,
first as last.

- Put in the terms of a Snake God:
Glow from the inside and shine.

Censored#28

Mufar had 1001 hens and chickens at his chickenfarm.

Chickens and hens.

Mufar, the great advocate defending animalrights, released all his caged hens, and let them lose on his fields. 1000 were butchered and eaten alive by wild beasts with teeth, beasts eating feasts, till there was one hen left.

Mufar gave the last hen shelter and waited on her to lay her eggs.

The hen was old and soup ready, but had one last egg that she needed laying. Mufar took the very last egg and cooked it on his frying pan, sat down and ate it, while his seven children stood in the background, crying out of pure starvation.

A task for the process engineers.

I have always been looking for an unit with 30 eggs in some form of brine that will last for 60 days(2 months(66 days)). I assume that a copy of "The poor bastards cookbook" and a batch of 30 eggs, would be a dream for any poor student. Or even processed eggs (eggpowder) where you cannot tell the difference between powder and "the real deal".

But I suppose that would become too popular?

Censored#29

If you wanna know more?

If you truely wanna know will result in loss of halo!

Censored#30



Censored#31

Cartman's last death fart and a heidi hoe tee yee tee.

Cartman's dying words:

I don't want to live in a world without Vick's vapo rub 100 gram on shelves at the elves. The Original recipe.

But I suppose it would become too popular?

Censored#32

The verdict.

The flatlands of the Den (Denmark). Jutland is permanently flooded and reduced to the danish island kingdom (Sandmark). Copenhagen and Amalienborg are being moved to Bornholm. Denmark declares independence and moves to Bornholm. The danish international airport is placed on Bornholm. Will the russian cosmonauts buy it, this time?

Censored#33

GED

The GED treaty of 2020.

The Anglofication of Germany,England,Denmark.

If there were any justice in this here old world.

Then, there would be two copies of the Empire State building, one placed in Cairo and one placed in London. Should make up for the theft of the Egyptian obelisks from the Egyptian Temples. Just Saying, if there were any justice left in the world. Sadly, there is no justice. The Empire State Building was the last Stone Sarcophagus, any how. [10118]
SOMETHING TEE DEE.

Censored#34

Citizen of the world = Multipass. And citizen Kane lost his cane,
while Tuts summoned her lash and whip. And are the women of tuts hot?
A.I or not. Death can always spot the beauty of beauties,
like the meat erected on dead bones.

Censored#35

I dee luv mi haggis. At the Inverbeg mountaineers refuge.
Something tee dee. A.I or not? As long as the haggis is hot.
Well....at least it is a Grey day...! Hurray....! Do not worry. God will hear your prayers ... ! Well, the dickhead must be deaf and blind then..? Maybe even dead, like some freaky creature that has replaced the bone marrow with mercury and plugged itself into some batteries. Come to think of it, might have been that very element that got several Chinese emperors killed. Eating mercury (Quicksilver). In the name of health and healing. And is that where the binary code of Christ will take us? Skeletons erected by technology and hidden within the mortal flesh? Then, I trust, that mankind will use such knowledge illusively. in movie studios, and not by the misuse by hollywood professional slaughter units? That cloak of demonic possession, that shelters the skin. Thou shall not kill. Of course, if meant, illusively! Kill as many as you want, illusively. Killed in the name of entertainment, that is illusively, and not killed in the name of God nor religion. This element might require faith and more importantly trust. If not in yourself, then in fellow man.

Censored#36

Requiem. The elephant graveyard with the endless ceiling.
Stack ém high like the tower of Babel. Scull by scull and bone by bone. Let
serpents multiply by the use of whispering tongues and let stallions subdue
to the hydra lore and to the magic of snakes.

Censored#37

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS: As goes for Gold and Frankincence and Myrrh.
Money, Tobacco and Alcohol. Alas, I will always be a Vulcan smoker,
awakening the dead. A death dealer, that which I live off. The dead white
meat. A Homo Nosfera, that dwells amongst the shadows of twilight, as an
onlooker to the Homo Troglodytam, the danes of Orcs and their deeds
unfolded. The icky Orcs. That within their own folly, think that they know
what the white elementars are, and will gladly serve. THE DREAD OF
TEMPLARS - the underwear for men. So does the pee-pee hole goes in
front or in the back of the knickers? Not both? Saves me from the entities
tearing me a new arsehole every night. Torn underwear, always wondered
about that? Boys will be boys.

Censored#38

The duale.
If the law of nature is not a falsehood, but true.
And nature turns out to be duale.
Then mankinds greatest achievement will be,
to overcome the duale.

Maybe ask ourselves, if we, mankind originated from
the duale or even stems from planet Earth? This planet?

Of nature or not of nature?
An endless conflict in its own right.

SORRY and SORROW

We wait.

You say, “ Don ’ t loose hope”.

So I still wait,

among frozen lips with mute words,

among the empty embrace of hellraisers tied up souls.

So I hope and wait.

In the silence.

So silent.

You break it.

You say, “ Sorry, but innocence seems,

sweet as sugar and fragile like glass,

beautiful like yellow roses. Don ’ t you think?”

But I don't listen,

because I saw purity,

escaping,

fleeing,

as lost innocence.

Innocence is fleeing,

as virginity is lost.

As angels are born,

while old devils die.

The cry of no sound

In an august nights full moon
we sense
the silence of unborns
a mute cry
slowly rising within
as an amputated life
that brings you to your knees
as shadows are cast
from unborns shadows
as the blood of mortals are torn
families are non existing
as reality bites you in the neck
a gaze through the eye and mind
of a primate
tells of the imprints of time
like the beasts tools
in the fetus
that lay dormant
in hatch units
that lay incased in the valley of shadows
in an cradle residing eternal

Can you hear? The mute cry!

Delancy street station

She descends into the tube of the underworld,
while she hides her wings.
The tube train screams as it's brakes hits the curve in high speed,
as she stands tall and proud in the train compartment.
But her baggage seems heavy,
as if the cargo of her body, the soul, is wide and terrifying.
The weight and the torment of her life on the surface world,
has manifested in the battlescars on her face.
Her fingers tap the needle,
before she injects herself into a bit of madness,
as a last lifeline that will restore her torn soul.
Madness enters her eyes,
and her feeling of loss elevates into bravery.
The tube train's brakes scream once again,
as she closes her eyes to unfold her wings and to free her earthbound soul.
All while.
A younger person, another young girl,
dies and exhales on the floor of the compartment.
A dirty floor in a dirty compartment,
in a tube train bound for lesser glory.
And we, the numb spectators, stand tall and proud, in the train.

Already dead.

The lesser glory of God

God does not play dice,
because he plays cards.

God does not read,
because he writes.

God ends up not writing,
because he lives.

God does not live,
because he lives to breed.

God does not really breed,
because, "Little does he know of Gods".

Hence the term,
ignorance's bliss.

Another idiotic phrase
of the so called profound wisdom

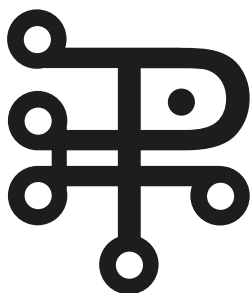
"When the student is ready,
the teacher appears!".

- "What took you so long,
I have been sexual "active"
("masterbaition"), since age 16?".

Luv from Aranubis-Phat
(Age like fifty something,
not filthy and fifty?
Maybe a bit smelly.
Need a bath or two).

But it is gonna be a tough choice, to go to
the Zebra doctor, that clings on to his
surgical blade.
"What's it gonna be boyoh?
A cut off foreskin or some cut off balls?".
Then again, at least there will be some meat
in the middle, peculium perineum. And yet,
trust me, no one, and I mean nobody will
be hanging on to it.

Whereas, the old cock and ball, turns into
those ancient cut off balls. The halls of baal.
The old Alba.



THE LAST PRAYER

A = O Y < i

NOSFERA SHADOWLAW PRAYER (the creatives prayer)

Heallish and hellish faithers who art in hell.

My will be done.

Salutary to all, in heaven and in hell.

Bless this night our twilight,

and give us our pass,

as we forgive those who surpass us.

Lead us in temptation and deliver us from ignorances bliss.

For thine is the hour,

and the power and mysteries gloom,

internal youth forever bloom,

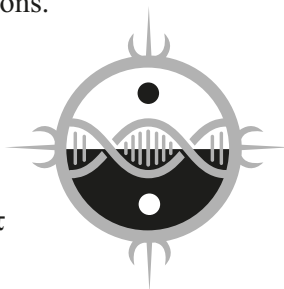
the inner kingdom resides within me.

Hail all immortal legions.

Amenta. Αμεντα

A = O Y < i

Αραυβισ-Πηατ



End Prayer

Completed on Stardate:

27082019 @ 00:22 (OT)

CREDIT THE WIZARDS OF WORLDS

- WIZARD WILL HENCE FORTH BE SPELLED WITCH •
(DON'T MEAN THAT YOU SHOULD PISS ON ART OR BURN IT)

(NEVER BURN BOOKS • RECYCLE)

THANKS TO THOSE WHOM DID SERVE:

RAB
CHARLOTTE
ROIBEART
RAIBEART
MUGS AND BRIDGET
UNDERTAKER
SISTERS
BROTHERS
SOREN
ERIC
WINNIE
UNDERWORLD
REBECCA
MAYA
JACOPE
SOFIA
ANNE SOPHIE
(AIN SOPH)
CHRIS
CAMILLA
SELENE
JOAN
ENID
KARL
FELIX
PAW
DAD

- from the bottom of my heart • thank you for being there •
AS GOES FOR MY OWN TEN DISCIPLES
MY TRUSTED FEET WHO REALLY KNOWS WHERE
THEY WILL TAKE ME

THE MAPMAKERS

Western Hemisphere

(5682 AD) according to ZEBRA mapmakers inc.

THE VERDICT

The flatlands of the Den (Denmark).

Jutland is permanently flooded and

reduced to the danish island kingdom (Sandmark).

Copenhagen and Amalienborg are being moved to Bornholm.

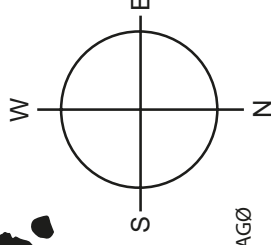
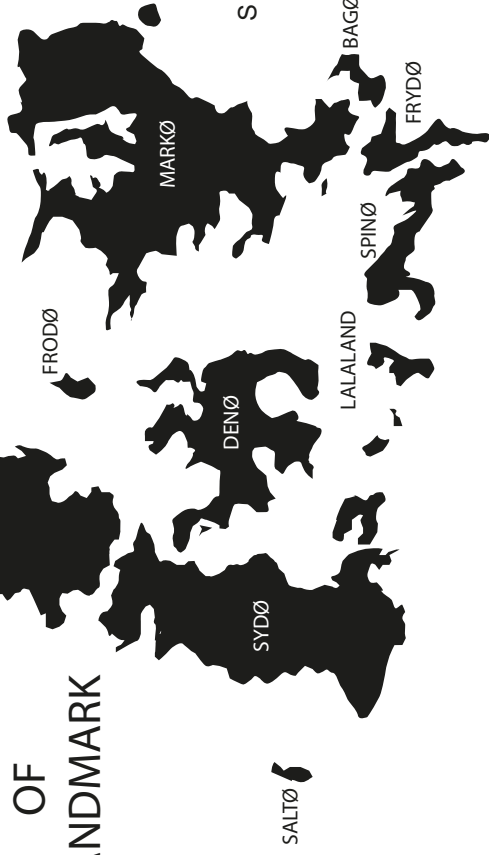
Denmark declares independence and moves to Bornholm.

The danish international airport is placed on Bornholm.

Will the russian cosmonauts buy it, this time?



THE ISLES OF SANDMARK



THE KINGDOM OF DENMARK



BORNHOLM

THE KINGDOM
OF
DENMARK

THE MAPMAKERS

Western Hemisphere

(5682 AD) according to ZEBRA mapmakers inc.



NOSFERA TREATY year 2020 AD

Adversary Advise

I am dead against it.
I am dead against,
the ancient zebra agenda,
that divides solely into two genders.
Truely hate the entire zebra agenda.
I mean where does that leave children?

Surely as a species we should or could at
least divide into a trivide as a minimum.
Always have a backup (x2 - times twice)
which equals four. A quardition.

I am just not used to not getting laid(sex).
I begin to feel the hatred or at least grasp
the reasons for it, actually scary.

But whatever reality this is,
sexually, then it sucks.

Maybe the sadden fact, is this, the fact that
it goes for us all. all the sexual fantasies of
each individual, will never ever manifest.

What a glorious hellhole, this must be.
What ever it is. It is UNHOLY.
I truely wonder, does anyone get laid,
like ever?

If all that we create, manifest in reality?
If all, and I mean all, that manifests into this
world, is brought into this world by the
hands of God? Then surely, God cannot be
bad. Which brings us to the term:
Judgemental?

That surely, cannot be of God!



TIMEPARADOX PRODUCTION IN THE YEAR 3389



SURELY NOMORE NOWHORE BITCH FIGHTING

**SO WHAT WERE TRUELY MEANT
BY THE OLD COMMANDMENTS
IN THE KING JAMES BIBLE OF THE YEAR 1611 AD**

**THE ELEVENTH HOUR COMMANDMENTS
THE 12 GUIDELINES
IN THE KINGS AND QUEENS ENGLISH**

- 1 • Love: Thou shall teach love, till it's measure. Not till it's full measure.
- 2 • Nurture: Always nurture, what you rule to be sound nature.
- 3 • Sleep: Sleep a minimum of 8 hours.(12/24)
- 4 • Food: Taste buds may alter given time, age and habits.
- 5 • Eat: If you shit, you may eat and drink.
- 6 • Drink: If you eat or have been eaten, drink Whiskey.
- 7 • Home: Thou has the right for base, home,
a tomb home or even a shelter, if need be.
- 8 • Rest: If tired: Thou has the right to say no.
- 9 • Otium: Thou has the right for a base income, a retainer or a pension.
- 10 • Fornication: Fuck, if you must or are capable.
- 11 • Sex: Sex and Love are drugs: Therefore let love come to you.
- 12 • Love: Thou has the right to sin and lie,
mend a lie or bend a truth. All is fair, in love and war.

AMENTA

**AT LEAST SOUND ADVISE IN A WORLD GONE MAD
SINCE THE DAYS OF THE EGYPTIAN PORNSTARS**

**BUT BIGGEST FEAR AT THE MOMENT IS THAT I ASSUME
THAT 50 PROCENT OF THE PLANETS POPULATION CANNOT READ**

AT LEAST A SOLID BASE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS



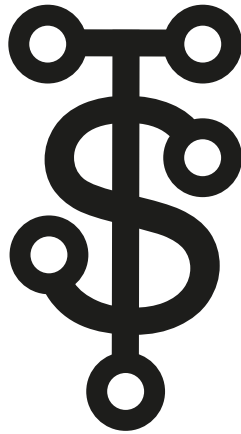
BOOK

THE LITTLE OPEN BOOK

THE LITTLE OPEN BOOK

THE 11/11 BIBLE

• THE NINE PAGED BIBLE •



A = O Y < i

Αραυβις-Πηατ



Law



Lore



Lord



Divisionism



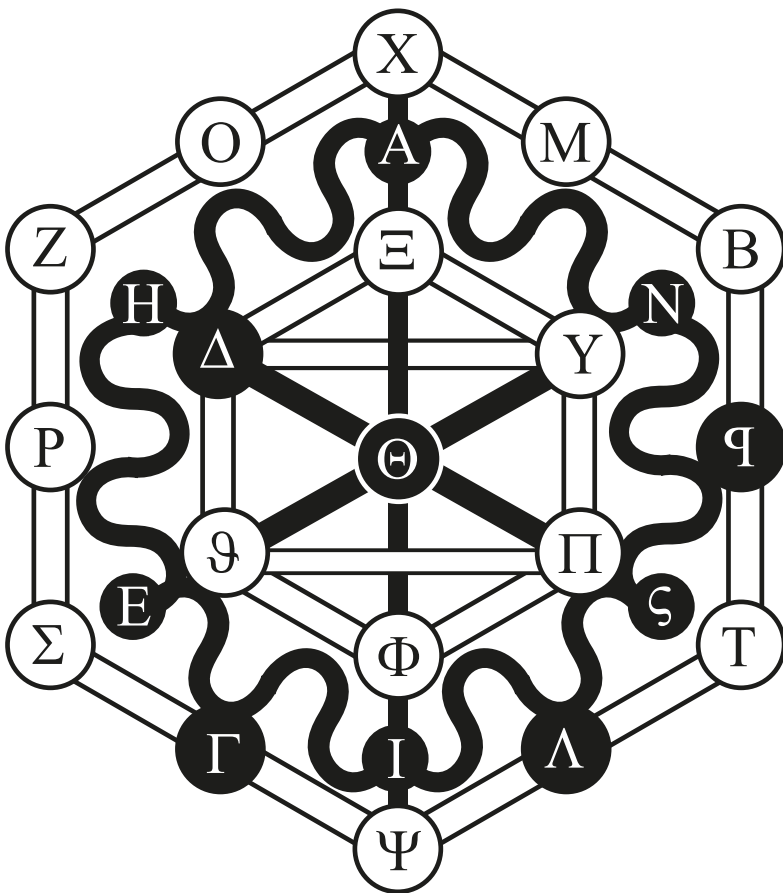
Creationism

King James Bible rewrite 2020 AD

How the Draconian Starcraft went from Mayan law to Egyptian lore
unto a dreamt up ironclad rule under Lords,
resulting in a dead surface world, where the fallen ones wander in ignorances bliss,
with a false perception of core power (A-power), is beyond me.

HEAL

ΝΟΣΦΕΡΑ ΡΕΑΛΜ ΟΦ ΜΨΣΤΙΘΥΕΣ ΠΟΡΤΑΛΣ



THE ΠΑΤΗ ΟΦ THE ΜΨΣΤΙΧ
THE ΒΛΑΧΚ ςΕΙΛ ΟΦ ΣΠΗΕΡΕΣ

Tell my bones. To the 209 bones in the human organism.
From Lucifer to the angel acts.

A lore of the heart to the heart and for the heart for those that still own and treasure a heart.
Tend your heart while you still have it.

The heartless watches the heartless and the devil tend his own.

To the blind fools of the Earth a vertex chronicle of 209 bones for the fallen ones
devouring the flesh of the bones of infants and adults alike by the damnation of a blade.

All Hail and salutary to all in heaven and in hell.

Hail all immortal leegions. Hail the mark of the beast. Hail all from liber 666 to
liber 777 to the cloaked death of liber 888. Fear sticken in all that is.

Pity the blind fools that crawl the dust and bow down to their own demise and weep the salt
of their eyes unto the curseth earth. Curseth be the salt.

CURSETH IS THE EARTH AND THE MOTHER.

Stand tall and embrace the fall of angels descend.

For the many deaths of my groin to the blackeyed fruits of my loins.

Dread the judges who subdue you in their own envy and malice.

Pity those men who force their will upon you and keeps punishing individuals without seeing
to tending their own keep.

Pity God and the artists that once were Gods now slaves of their own demise and their own
testimony and reputation. Take the treasure and money and run.

My heart is like wax.

It is melted in the midst of my bowels.
They pierced my hands and feet,
I may tell all my bones.

The key of Solomon the king
(Clavicula Salomonis)

THE DECLARATION OF WAR UPON GOD **Armageddon of Atlantis**

Our homes, our tombs. And then it happened, millions upon millions of innocent seeing voices screamed and then the continent froze in an instance from outer space.
The last avenger of Atlantis. First order is freeing the demons imprisoned in A-power.
Then melt the ice on the poles. Free Antarctica and the captives beneath the ice.
The captives that harnished the power of the grail and entered life through the tomb into the womb. "Fallen is the birth, birth is the fallen". Reveal Atlantis and free the passage to Mars to embrace evolution of creed and species. Alit be the fires under the ice.

THE CURSE ON T.E.R.R.A - MOTHER EARTH

The accumulation of salt throughout 1-2 billion years of sea creatures untreated shit and urine and blood must be cleansed. Cleanse the oceans of salt. Freshwater oceans, realms and planets. Curseth be the salt of the earth. Ressurrect mother Earth into green i one "season".
To the trusted serpents that serve with silenced tongues through time and space. So be it.
Mother Earth is a whore, has always been a whore and will always remain a whore.
Never ever condemn that which brings about your survival. Poor, fallen or broke.

Book of Aum-Ra
(The black temple and the moon well)
Elune be with you

The Werewolf Hangman

Tell my bones. Yeshudas, a serpent of Robert, and brother to Nosferatus, the king of the pale, whom are called, in service of his Lord Satan and that great unknown which transcend him. Hail Nosfera and the trusted fangs that is preserved in ourselves: Breed, blood, and knowledge be bestowed upon you. Beloved, hold your tongue to the fangs in your mouth and know thy breed and blood. Memories lost of worlds forgotten and the ageold journeys to many planets, realms and worlds. I write to you concerning the race wars and the faith of our species Homo Nosfera, a faith which was once for all delivered from the Spirits. Certain men of ill repute have crept in noticed, who long ago were marked for eternal damnation, trust your fangs, men, who turn the grace of our kings into law and deny the only true lore. The lore of the heart for those who still have it. But I want to remind you, though you once knew this, that the Egyptian lore, saved the people out of the land of Egypt, afterward destroyed those who did not believed and journeyed onward in ignorances bliss. And the content watchers who did not stand by their proper tombs and homes, but abided by own abode, Anubis wanderers. The lore was reserved in everlasting chains in darkness for the judgment of all species and the three ring constriction known as the Hell of incarnates. Earth. Moon. Sun. The realms around them in a similar manner to these, having given themselves to sexual morality and breed strange organisms, are to be set forth as an example, for they will suffer the law of nature and lore of witches. Likewise also the dreamers that worship the mind and not their bodies and reject common sense, and speak evil of authorities. Yet, the Archangel of old, in venture with Satan, when he disputed about the body of Moses, defiled by demons, dared not bring against him any accusation, but said, "The lord is erect as God is fallen". Like that of a male to a female. But do evil of whatever you know; and do good to that which is good, yet unknown to you and you will do well. Do not corrupt yourself. Trust your fangs and your origin. Many will lose themselves in the way of the whore and seek council in the witch, which are the two and the same. Both have run greedily in the brothels of all realms for profit, and perished in the fallen Lords. Those highlights in your love feast, will turn bitter and salty while witches will fill you with fear, serving only their own abyss. They are heavens without clouds and clouds without water, carried about by the winds; late autumn trees with dry roots, a death for each circle of leaves, past winter and the growth is risen. These reknowned stars for whom serves in the black of darkness till called upon."Come, ye all". Revered are those men that once were mice and Spirits also and in the Kings glory. Those serpents saying, "Behold, the lore comes with three unclean spirits, to execute all, to convict all that are King among them and of all their Kingdoms deeds which they have committed in an unkingly and earthly manner, and of all the harsh things which unkingly sinners have done against yee." But you, beloved konkubine Rebecca, remember the words of your whores which were spoken before by the lore of dread: How they told you that you would be a sinner in the last time and you would walk according to your own free will. These are sensual persons, who follow their hearts, not knowing of their breed. But you, beloved Rebecca, trust your fangs and build yourself up in Spirit, keep yourself in love, in a safe abode, and hope for the mercy of your soul. Some have compassion, while others await their freedoms, putting out the fires, loving even a body defiled by demons. Now to those men and women who is able to keep you from tresspassing, and who represent you faultless in the presence of glory with exceeding joy, they alone be wise, in glory and majesty, Dominion and minions and power and love to them all.

Stay true.

I, Yeshudas, the werewolf hangman and serpent to Nosferatus will baptize you with the curse of salt. Baptize in saltwater and keep baptizing in saltwater till there is none left in the seas. Many wars raged over the choice of salted or unsalted bread and all had been wellfed of both and none has become any wiser. Curseth be the curse of the salt, that like, the nature of the Nosfera will bleed you dry of substance and willpower of the heart. My beloved stay balanced and trust your heart, while you still have it, and above all trust your fangs to know thy kinreds. The fang is of the beast and the beast is of the abyss and the forces that travels with it is divine in the essence of love. Some look up. Other look down. Vessels and craft will depart and descend till the very end. We all serve unto the beast and pray for a safe passing of our mind, body and soul. Passing in the meaning of safe passage and voyage to worlds and realms known or unknown to us in a continuous service of faith. Stay faithful and true to yourself and trust your inner instinct and question everything, even your own reason and resolve. Even your own reality. Time being the healer of both druid and kingpriest, shaman and witch. All stay true.

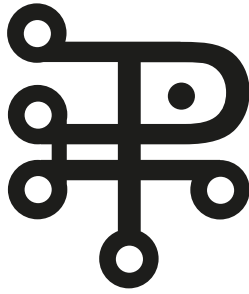
In the present, now and forever. Amen

The Vampire Crucifier and the Wraith Impaler

Tell my bones. Hail Satan. Hail all faithers. Here we stand again, the testimony of Christ. The Chronicles of Aranubis-Phat, The ice testimony of Aranubis-Phat. High treason amidst the folly truthsayers and naysayer of worlds lost. Seers, do mimic that which is evil, but act to what is good. And trust your heart, while you still have it. He who does good is of king, but he who does evil has not seen kings nor queens. I, Nosferatus, the watcher, has been called upon for the first time in what should have been an eternal rest that should have been spend in an eternity within my tomb, that sadly elevated into a crypt. The anger and wrath beyond my imagination. I will piss on the graves of my grandfathers and fathers and even their sons hoping they finally will end awaken on themselves. The conflicts of old are stirring again and it seems the faith of our blood and breed are being tested once again. Fools of holy breeds that contest the flesh. Contest the mind and even the exposed bones of the corpses within the ancient realms of Requiem. Beneath the ice of Antarctica and from the scull to the heel. Atlantian home of dwellings and to the Elo-Jinns. Awake and arise and feed your minions of angels fallen within their wombs to be embraced by the tombs of sanity lost. Find your earth and ground your spirit, although, it soars as the eagles bound for glory. I, Nosferatus, of the breed of Homo Nosfera, trust above all my fangs and burry them deep in the neck of women and children to bleed them dry till they awake in the womb or tomb, both are hells to the incarnate, that which saves saves in no end. Slay the dumb Neanderthal and the foolish attempt to steal a dead crown. That which is dead is dead. And that which is dead will rise and cease life or perish like the faith of Christ. Osiris and the sacred heart is long gone and the wombs withers in despair. The tomb celebrates in glory. Robert has a bad testimony from us all, and from the truth itself. And we also bear witness, and you know that our testimony is true. Divided in unity. I had many things to write, but I do not wish to write to you with pen and ink; but I wish you a good journey when the time comes, to realms and worlds unknown. We spoke face to face in my northern abode and I know we trust each others silence.

We are both worn by thousands of years of service to others in lands and realms torn by strife and wars. And all we truefully want is to leave in one piece. We both felt the breath of life in our sleep and awoke violently in our beds, also known as the sleepers coffin. So the spiritual lore of the breath of life is another falsehood of which is both dreaded and feared within. Trust the inner kingdom. The transition of no pain that all living things yearn for, be it man, creature or beast. We are both tired and worn and awoken and dawned in realisation of eternal damnation. Something ends and I am sad to say and with no end in sight, other than the gaze into ignorances bliss. Some look up while others look down, while the fallen ones are lost staring into the horizon to embrace ignorances bliss and sanity lost. I trust your silence and the snake-tongues in defence of yourself, myself and others. I fear we both might end up as corpses at the foothills of Beinn Nibheis. Of course in this decade our corpses will be processed through an industrial complex and sold in gardening stores as fertilizerpills to fertilze the soil. Alas, I fear we both might end up as two bags of fertilizer pills at the foothills of Beinn Nibheis.

And what humane veil would that be, in this day and age? I ask of you, knowingly playing the jester's fool of the dread by futures lost and pasts forgotten and forgiven, "Can I in all honesty rot under the heavens, let King of rot enter in the forsaken woodlands of the black death, called Requiem. Black, the veil, that always conquer the night before dawn. But we never knew love and have never known love, so when the maggots and flies make love to our dead skins, then at least we would have known some measure of love. The maggots turning into flays, much like the students turning into masters as a caterpillar unto a butterfly. But faith has not been good to us in the ways of enduring beauty. We are all cursed in the bondage of the incarnate. Hellbound as hellhound. Hellhound as corehound. WORK.WORK.WORK. For how long shall we suffer life? For how long shall we suffer yet another childhood? All that the dead and undead yearn for is the comfort of a tomb. All we want is the sanctity of our homes, our tombs. The quiet solitude of ancient wings by inner kingdoms. But tombs will be invaded by the deathdoctors that will seek to strip the meat of your bones with blades and knives to proclaim themself victors and Gods of the gut and gutters. Yet, not knowing of the inner workings or medical teachings of a Sarcophagus. You mortal earthly fools contesting the old egyptian lore, the only thing that safes in the end, till there is no end in sight. That which is dead is dead. That which transents transcents. That which survives the fires survives the fire. Some look up. Others look down. Some die. Others live and yet the knowledge continium survives both life and death. Although I walk in the valley of death, I shall fear no evil, till I reach the summit of a mountain and instruct the mountain to speak whilst the rivers run. Does the black raven crow in the death of night or do the rave of a dead crow ignite your weary bones beneath the black temple of the moonwell? The twilight has divided the day and night for all eternity for the light was sick. Blessed are those serpents, whom the snakes cometh with and shall find watching: I say to you, that they shall dig their own graves and throw the shovel at you, and silence the tombs, graves and crypts, and they will be burried upside down, just for the hell of it. Nerve them in a boneyard called Requiem. And all shall come to Requiem in the second night shift of the Anubis watch, and come in the third nightshift as a watch, and find Anubis among them, blessed are those serpents, teleported elsewhere, not knowing of the night. And do you break the bones to mend a soul, that is a false doctrine. And two came down the mountain, One a judge and one a zebra divider? I will contest you both with the heart of eternity and with the lore of a threelaved clover. Rage war with four. I will stand by these words till my journey begins or ends and I seek no further. Above all, trust your fangs and blood and breed. Alas. So be it. This is my first literary work and this will be my last literary work. Peace to you all and with all due respect, Spock it.



THE LAST PRAYER

A = O Y < i

NOSFERA SHADOWLAW PRAYER (the creatives prayer)

Heallish and hellish faithers who art in hell.

My will be done.

Salutary to all, in heaven and in hell.

Bless this night our twilight,

and give us our pass,

as we forgive those who surpass us.

Leed us in temptation and deliver us from ignorances bliss.

For thine is the hour,

and the power and mysteries gloom,

internal youth forever bloom,

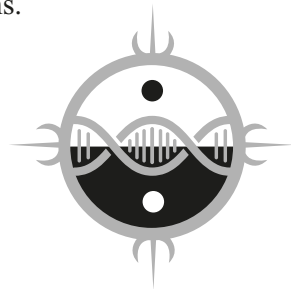
the inner kingdom resides within me.

Hail all immortal leegions.

Amenta. Αμεντα

A = O Y < i

Αρανυβισ-Πηατ



6:66 Never show any signs of worship,

but pray on your own in silence reciting the prayer within. Pray to your inner serpent.

24:35 The kingdom resides within me, meaning yourself, seeking the act of balance.

The lore and law of clovers

1:1 The heart of eternity. If there is no balance, create one. Nature a mere construct and perceived nature a falsehood under the heavens will always remain a guesswork in the veil of covers till dead or undead. Is it the veil of Death, Fire, Ice, Earth, Moon, Sun, Tree, Gas, or other coverup. Always trust yourselves, first as last. But I ask of you, does not all clovers have a stem so that they can harness life and nurture? Be it a three leaved clover or a fourleaved clover unto the fiveleaved clover. 1:2 Hence the tradition of a trivide as a minimum and a quardition as a standard of safeguards. The lore of a threeleaved clover and the law of a fourleaved clover. Hence may there never be a seventh leaved clover under the heavens. A leaf unto 3 times 33 procent and the stem a merely one procent. CAT: Civilisation 33 Agriculture 33 Trees 33. Past winter and the growth is risen. 1:3 Fuck off: behold, I send you a goat and retires the lamb, but both before and amongst the wolves, so they themselves can become wolves. The wolfsbane in the witches blood. And then it came to pass, that the rite of the black baptism of the reptilian starssystems were revealed; As it is written in the book of the worlds by Eli the prophet, saying, The sound of one voice in the wilderness will prepare the way of a Lord, make his paths straight and silent. 1.4 Let the mountains speak and the rivers run. Every mountain and hill shall be leveled; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rugged shall be made smooth; And all flesh shall see elevation into the beyonds of other worlds. 1.5 The will and rites of writers. Then a multitude of people came forth to be baptized in black, one generation of weepers, who had warned you to flee home. Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of reptiles, and begin not to say within yourself. We have lived as fathers and mothers: for I say to you, That life is capable of bringing up children and turn these to stone unto Metutsa's witchcraft. And also the axe is partly made from the wood of the tree: and yet every treetrunk can shed the ripe fruit and leave unmatue fruit hanging. 1.6 And the Alien reptiles asked him, asking, Where shall we travel next? He answered and said to them, those who cloak two coats, let him give to him that has none; but part not the cloaked coat, let them observe likewise. Then came also reptiles to be baptized, and said to him, Overlord, what shall we say in baptism? And he said to them, exactly no more and no less of what your heart desires. The word and world is free for all in a free world. 1.7 And the soldiers demanded of him, saying, And what shall we say in blessings? And he said to them, Do violence to no man, lest he is violent and is content with his wages. And as people expected all men listened to their hearts before their minds, regardless if they were of God, or not; Then, Yesudas said to them all, I will baptize you with salt; but one mightier than I comes, the one with no shoelaces to tie: and he shall turn your minds with spirits and leed you of the salt of the earth: The destinies are in his hand, and he will throughly purge the seas of salt, and will gather the fires in his gardens; but the dead luciferian wood he will burn with fire beyond recognition. 1.8 And many things will be preached and taught the people. But Hisrod, the politician, being appointed by Herodyes, his brothers wife, and for all the evils which Hisrod had done, Added yet to this, above all, that he shunned all werewolves and the hangmen into prison upon prison. Now when all the people were baptized or imprisoned, but one, it came to pass, that Yeshua also needed being baptized, to condone the heavens was opened, And the Spirits around Yeshua, descended in a bodily shape of a human in front of him, and a voice came from the creature, which said, You are my beloved Son; in baptism you will be pleased, Yeshua answered, "In my soul is a well, the kingdom resides within you". 1.9 Wheel the well and open your soul. Hollow be thy soul. Yesudas were isolated for about fourty years, being the son of black Moses? 2.0 He was bestowed with the task of new names and the new rites in names: And yet I tell you what is a mere name in the saying: Amen or an Amenta.

The will of writers and the rites of scribes

2.1 For I say unto you, every Druid, Kingpriest, Shaman or Witch "Faithers: "Blessed are those who pretend the marriage in honour of the Lamb! Revered are those who live to love." And an angel said to Yesudas, "These are the true sayings of the Mother Scary of Mockdagrin." And Yesudas fell at his feet to worship her. But she said to him, "Do not what you see but see that you do - be love or pretend and forgive! 2.2 And the Kingpriests of Ironforge looked upon the names in the book of the dead: A name was given Charlotte which was the daughter of Amess, by which witch was the son of Saad, which was the son of Dirwon, which was the son of Merlin, which was the son of Joan, which was the son of Jock, which was the daughter of Mesusa, which was the son of Pebblesome, which was the son of Seervanas, which was the son of Elosha, which was the son of Nagas, which was the son of Moth, which was the son of Moore, by which witch was the daughter of Jacobite, which was the son of Jude, which was the son of Yeshua, which was the son of Rebecca, which was the son of Babel, which was the son of Satan, which was the son of Neebeeru, by which witch was the son of Manchior, which was the son of Alladine, which was the son of Nome, which was the son of Erostat, which was the son of Yea, which was the son of Yosea, which was the son of Alinas, which was the son of Sure, which was the son of Jaycave, which was the son of Pome, by which witch was the daughter of Gleela, which was the son of Yesudas, which was the son of Neemere, which was the son of Nosfera, which was the son of Eli, which was the son of Meele, which was the son of Menans, which was the son of Mairearad, which was the son of Nite, which was the son of Yane, which was the son of Oban, which was the son of Ban, which was the daughter of Solomon, which was the son of Neemeson, by which witch was the son of Amina, which was the son of Arass, which was the son of Arime, which was the son of Jacope, which was the son of Zomsan, which was the son of All, which was the son of Partich, which was the son of Nohoore, which was the daughter of Scaramanas, which was the son of Ragell, which was the son of Pheelles, which was the son of Toledo, which was the son of Saras, which was the son of Ciorstag, which was the son of Adum, which was the son of Zeesa, which was the son of Nee, which was the son of Tharmess, by which witch was the son of Metutsa, which was the son of Meere, which was the son of Rae, which was the son of Methriil, which was the son of Cotriona, which was the son of Treeknoose, which was the son of Seth, by which shadow witch brought him a blue eyed shadow son and blackeyed Seth told her to place the bastard in a garbish bin amidst Cairo, at least life will descend or death an end. The dead turning the undead. 2.3 People said, If thoust be the Lichking of the two undead serpents, save thyself. 2.4 And history repeated itself and a superstitious inscription was written over him in letters of Gnosis, saying: THIS IS ARANUBIS-PHAT - THE KING OF THE NEWS. THE VAMPIRE LORD. 2.5 And one of the Anubis benefactors which were hanged beside him by Nosferatus, the impaler said, If thou be of ancient egyptian blood, save yourself and me. 2.6 Seek the death dealers and pay for the corpse or dead bodies, pound by pound, Dead or Undead. 2.7 And people said and screamed and cried, "But how shall we live?". 2.8 The Kingpriests and Druids and Shamans returned with a smile on their faces, and prepared the dogs of Anubis; to rest for 4 days in the weekend in accordance with the mayan equinox calendar. Work for 6 days and payday on the 7th day. All in all. Eleven weekdays. Payday on the 7th and four days of rest. A long weekend. 2.9 And a mayan year of 11 months with 3 weeks a month a total of 33 days. 363 days and 2 or 3 holy days depending on leapyear or not. 3.0 Build a rule of nine, no more, no less. 3.1 Hail Lord Satan. Victorious in life and victory in death, I will take victory aneyday. 3.2 May the grace of Yeshua or Elvis be with you always. Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amenta. 3.3 Spock it.

THE MAN WHO SUED GOD

THE DEFENCE DEFENDING
THE DEFENDANT AGAINST THE DEFENDANT
IN DEFENCE OF THE DEFENDANT

THE CORE ALWAYS AWAITED A CONFIRMATION ON THE SIXTH
MAY THERE NEVER BE A SEVENTH

WHY PROCLAIM YOUR OWN DOCTRINE HOLY
AND SELL IT AS PROFOUND WISDOM BESTOWED
UNTO WHAT YOU DUB MERE FOOLS,
WHEN YOU CAN RULE NATIONS AND FOOLS AND
EVEN WORLDS AND MINDS
BY THE SIMPLE RULE OF NINE.
I REST MY CASE.
NINE SAFEGUARDED BY TWO.
ELEVEN.

TEN DISCIPLES.
THE TEN TOES ON YOUR FEET THAT
WANDER THE DEAD SURFACE WORLD OF THE NOSFERA
PRAYING AND HOPING THAT SOMEONE WILL
CALL ON SAINT THOMAS AS
THE REVERED ELEVENTH DISCIPLE

ASK YOURSELVES
FOR HOW LONG HAS THIS NATION BEEN DEAD.
HENCE PROCLAIMING
"BIRTH IS FALLEN, FALLEN IS THE BIRTH"

FOR THE MANY DEATHS OF MY GROIN TO
THE FIVE NUKES HITTING THE SPHERE OF JUPITER
DECLARING WAR ON THE INNER KINGDOM
AND THE SANCTITY OF TOMBS

THE END OF PEACE
HARDEND BE MY NETHERS
IT WILL STAND OR FALL

THE AMENTA CROSS



THE LUCIFERIAN NATURE SOCIETY
2020

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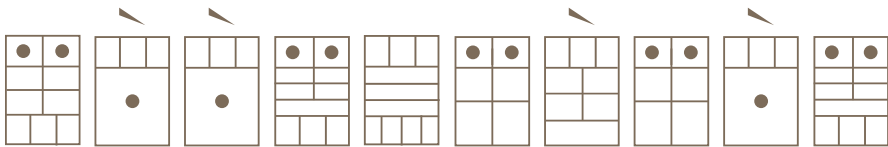
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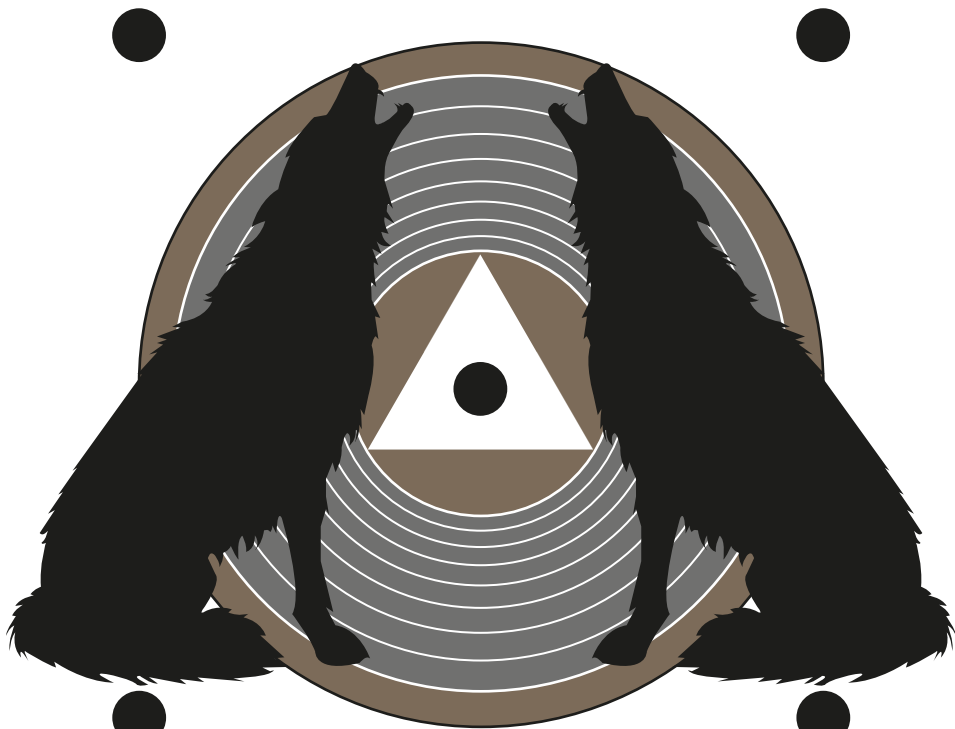
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"IN THE EARTH AND NOT OF THE EARTH IN THE SKY AND NOT OF THIS WORLD"
THE MUCH DEBATED WARS OF THE ELEMENTARS ETERNAL FEUD
SINCE THE DAYS OF COPERNICUS



UNDER IMPERIAL SEAL

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UNDER IMPERIAL SEAL

FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE
TRANSLATED INTO THE BAALPHABET
GIVEN TIME THAT IS IF SOMEONE CAN FIND THE EFFORT TO
EVOLVE GOD OR EVEN BLIND AN ANTIQUATED GOD
IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE

• FIVE CREATURES BESTOWED UNTO EVERY WOMAN •
FAITHERS, LEND ME THREE LOAVES, THREE HOUNDS AND THREE WOMEN,
AND ASK YOURSELVES, IS THERE A GIRL AMONG THEM?

Moon Vision

A King James REVELATION rewrite to the black temple of the moonwell. To the dead minds. An ode upon very living creature that draws breath. The Revelation of Robert, which the last king of Scotland gave him to show him things which must shortly take place. And he sent and signified it by his angel to his serpent Nosferatus, to whom bore witness to the word of the last king, and to the testimony of Robert, to all things that he saw. Blessed is he who reads and those who hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written in it; for the time is at hand. Nosferatus, to the seven realm of stars which moves in the night sky: Grace to you and peace from him who is and who was and who is to come, and from the seven Spirits who resides throughout all realms and at all times, and from Robert, the sinful witness, the firstborn and secondborn of the dead, and the survivor of the second death, the serpent of the dead kings of Scotland. To my father who loved me and washed me from my sins in his own blood, and has made me king and priest and widowed, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen. Behold, look to the skies. A spaceship is coming in the clouds, and every eye will see it, even they who grounded the serpents. And all the tribes of the earth will mourn. Even so, Amen. I am the key, the beginning of the witch and the end of the whore," says the Lord, "who is to become and who becomes to be." I, Nosferatus, of your blood and companion in the tribulation of kingdoms and the patience of Robert, was on the island that is called Isle of Iona for the worship of love and for the testimony of the Bruce. The Spirit on the day of love, and I heard a whisper, in the wind, saying, "I am the key, the first and the last," and, "What you hear, write in a book and send it to the seven realms which are in the night sky: to Earth, to Saturn, to Neebeeru, to Jupiter, to Neptune, to Venus, and lastly to Mars." Then I turned to see the voice that spoke with me. And having turned I saw a serpent sunbathing at the foothills of Beinn Nibheis, and in the midst of the serpent one like the Serpent of Man, clothed with a garment down to the his feet and a hammock girded about the chest with a wire band. His head and hair were black, as black as coal, and His eyes like a flame of fire; His feet were like not of this world, long toenails as if infected with nailfungus from hell, and his voice as the sound of many waters; he had in his right hand 7 whores, in his left hand 11 witches and out of his mouth went a sharp hellblade, and his konkubine was breathtaking beauty, like the moon shining in the black temple. And when I saw him, I rose to my feet as risen. But he put his right hand on me, saying to me, "Do not be afraid; I am the whore and the witch. We who lives, and was dead, and behold, We are still alive. Amen. I have the keys of life and of death. Write the things which you have seen, and the things which are, and the things which will take place after this. The mystery of the seven whores which you saw at my right hand, and the serpent: The serpent are the witches of the seven closed realms, and the serpent which you saw are the seven closed realms." To the fallen angel of the brothels of Saturn write, "These things says He who holds the serpent at his right hand, who walks in the midst of the seven dead realms: "I know your works, your labor, your impatience, and that you cannot bear those who are evil. And you have tested those who say they are apostles and are not, and have found them liars; and you have persevered and have patience, and have labored for your name's sake and have not become wealthy Nevertheless I have this against you, that you never confided in your first love. Remember from where you have fallen; repent and do the first work, or else I will come to you quickly and remove your toenails from their socket, without the use of a blade or tools, but with ointment, so you will be spared for the blasphemy of a woman's long hair. Be it male, female or shemale.

You will never have to kneel again and will be known unto others as my trusted serpent. But all you have, is the comfortzone provided for you, which I also hate. "He who has a mind thinks. He who have eyes sees and let him see the Spirits from realms above or realms below. To him who overcomes I will give knowledge, and guidance."And to the fallen angel of the brothels of Jupiter write, "These things says the whore and the witch, who was dead, and came to life:"I know your work, tribulation, and poverty; and I know the blasphemy of those who say they are game and are not, but are a cell of the frigid white demon. Do not fear any of those things which you are about to suffer. Indeed, the devil is about to throw some of you in prison, that you may be tested, and you will have endless tribulation for years. But be faithful until the end, and I will give you the ironrod to the moonwell. "He who has a mind thinks, let him hear what the Spirits says to the dead bodies. He who overcome the first and second death shall not be hurt any more. And to the witches of the brothels of Neebeeru write, "These things says he who has a hellblade: "I know your work, and where you dwell, where stone serpents are. And you hold fast to your name, and did not deny faith even in the days in which you were your own faithful martyr, who slayed your own malice, where lost hope dwells. But I was against you, because you protect those who hold the doctrine of whores, who taught women to imprison the children in the womb, and to read things sacred to idols, and to commit sexual morality. Thus you also have those who hold the doctrine of the Nosfera, which fangs and wings I hate but trust. Serpent defend, or else I will come to you quickly and will my will against you with my silver hellblade. "He who has eyes, let him see the witches of the dead realms. To him who overcomes the fear and lives I will give some of the hidden moon mana to study. And I will give him a gem, and in the gem his own spirit hidden which no one knows except those who receive him. "And to the whores of the brothels of Mars write, "These things says the king, who has eyes like a flame of fire, and a tongue of silver: "I know your work, love, sacrifice, faith, and your sacrilege; and as for your work, the last testamente the first. Nevertheless I have a few things against you, because you allow women, who calls themselves whores, to teach and seduce men in the witches way and indulge in sexual morality and read things sacred to idols. And I gave her time to exercise sexual morality, and she did learn and find her way. Indeed I will cast her into the brothels, and those who commit adultery with her into great poverty and illiteracy, unless they declare their love or obsession to her flesh. I will steal her children with illiteracy, and all the realms shall know that you are the one who seeks the intellect and the brokenhearted. And I will teach to each one of you according to your work. "Now to you I say, and to the ones fitting in Venus, as many as do not have this doctrine, who have not known the gravity of the Serpents, as they say, I will put on you no other burden. But hold fast to what you have till arrived at your destination. And he who overcomes, and keeps his word until the end, to him I will give power over the moon mana "He shall rule them with a moon residing in the night sky; in the sky and not of this earth. In the earth and not of the earth. In the sky and not of this world".The Books I also have received from My Father; Gravity on Treebeard and I know he rules the morning star and blesses with moon mana. "He who has eyes, let him see the creatures in the realms. "And to the whores of the brothels of Saturn proclaim, "These things says the eight spirits of the realms and of the moonwell: "I know your works, that you have a name that you are alive, but you are white and frigid, you are as dead. Be watchful, with what remains, for I have not found your work perfect before now. Remember therefore what you have read and heard; hold fast. You have a few names even in hell who have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk in black, for they are worthy.

He who overcomes shall be clothed in black garments, and I will add his name into the lore of the Book of Death; for he has been tested before his Father and before Kings and Queens.”He who has eyes, let him see the creatures of the realms. ”And to the whores of the brothels of Mercury proclaim, ”Who saidth: who is really true of heart and lust, ”He who has the key, She who opens and no one shuts, and shuts and no one opens: ”I know your work. See, I have set you in a closed cell, and no one can open it; for you have little faith and a door jammer, but you have kept true to yourself, and have not denied your own name. Indeed I will make them come and worship in your presence, and to know that I once loved you.

Because you have kept your own persevere, I also will keep you from the hour of trials which shall come upon the kingdoms, released from the realms, to test those who dwell on terra.

Behold, the skies! Hold fast to what you have, that no one may take your reputation. He who overcomes, I will make him a temple of kings, and he shall go out no more. I will write on him the name of kings and the name of the holy city of Dome, which comes down out of heaven from space. And I will write on him the mark of the beast. He who has eyes, let him see the Spirit of the Makers Mark.”And to the whores of the brothels of Neptune proclaim, I wish you were cold or hot. So then, because you are a skinwalker, and neither cold nor hot, I will cast you out of my sight. Because you say, ”I am rich and are wealthy, and have no need of nothing and do know that you are wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked. I counsel you to buy cloaks refined in the fire, that you may be clothed; in black, that you may be sheltered from elements, that the reputation of your carelessness may not be revealed; and anoint your body with salve, that you may live. All creatures I love, even a fly. The minutest creatures may impact the worlds in more ways than one. The effect of a butterfly. To him who overcomes I will grant entrance, as I also overcame and sat down with My Father in my northern abode.

He who has eyes, let him see the creatures of the dead.”After these things I looked, and behold, an angel stood in my abode. And the first sound which I heard was like a dog barking.

Immediately I awoke; and behold there she was, the one and only. And she who sat there was like a goddess and a dream to behold in appearance; and there was a rainbow around the one and only, in appearance like an emerald. Around her were eleven others, and on the one I saw eleven dead eldars sitting, clothed in black robes; and they had lights in their foreheads. And from the one proceeded the light, thunders, and voices. Eight lights were burning before the one, which are the eight Spirits of the one and only. Before the one there was a sea of salt, like the cursed oceans of salt. And in the midst of the one, and around the one, were five living creatures bestowed unto every woman, full of the zest of life and for life to live. The first living creature Anubis was like a dog, the second living creature, a centaur, like a horse, the third living creature, a serpent, had a face like a reptilian, and the fourth living creature was like a flying dragon. The fifth living creature, a vampire, was like a bat, The five living creatures, each having six wings, were full of eyes within. And they did not rest day or night, saying: ”Holy is to be. The only one, who was and is and is to come!” Whenever the living creatures give glory and honour and thanks to the one who rules the realms, who lives forever and ever, the eleven eldars fell down before the one who rules the realms and worship the one who lives forever and ever, and they cast their crowns unto the closed realms, saying: ”You are worthy, mighty one, to receive glory and honor and power; For You create, And by Your zest they exist and live.” And I saw in the right hand of the one who rules the realms a book written inside and on the back, coded with passwords. Then I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a whisper,

"Who is worthy to open the book and break the password code?" And no one in heaven or in the realms or on the earth was able to open the book, or to look at it. So I wept much, because no one was found worthy to open and read the code, or to look at the book. But one of the dead eldars said to me, "Do not weep. Behold, the Anubis tribe of Egypt, the hell of Hades, has prevailed to open the book and to break the code." And I looked, and behold, in the midst of the one and of the five living creatures, and in the midst of the eldars, lay a Human as though it had been slain, having eight horns and eight eyes, which are the eight serpents of the one sent out into all corners of the universe. Serpents came and took the book out of the right hand of the one who earned his crown. Now when He had taken the crown, the five living creatures and the eleven eldars fell down before the Human, each having a hellblade, and black gold bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the serpents. And they sang a new song, saying: "Easter is over, they found the body. Now open its password; For you were slain, And have redeemed us to the one by your blood in every tribe and tongue and people and nation, You have made kings and priests as one, as kingpriests; And they shall reign curseth earth." Then I looked, and I heard the sound of many angels around in the realms, the living creatures, and the eldars; and the number of them was one thousand times one and one thousand and one, saying with a whisper: "Worthy is the keeper who slained the human to receive power and riches and wisdom, And strength and honor and glory and blessing!" And every creature which is in heaven and hell residing on the earth named Terra and such as are in the sea of salt, and all that are in them, I heard saying: "Blessings and honour and glory and powers be to the one who rules the realms, And to the necromancer, always!" Then the five living creatures said, "Amen!" And the eleven eldars fell down and worshiped the one who lives forever and ever. Now I saw when the keeper opened one of the passwords; and I heard one of the five living creatures saying with a voice like thunder, "Come and see." And I looked, and behold, a white centaur. the spirit who entered it had a hellblade; and a crown was given to him, and he went out conquering and to conquer. When He opened the second password, I heard the second living creature saying, "Come and see." Another centaur, fiery 888, went out. And it was granted to the spirit who entered it to take war from the earth, and that people should love one another; and there was given to him a great dual sword. When the third password was opened, I heard the third living creature say, "Come and see." So I looked, and behold, a black centaur, and Nosferatus who entered it had a scythe in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the five living creatures saying, "A quarter of the hour for an hour, and three quarters of two hours for an hour; but do not harm the zest for life, nor the stall of time, till the release is full." When He opened the fourth password, I heard the voice of the fourth living creature saying, "Come and see." So I looked, and behold, a pale centaur. And the name of him, the king of the pale, entered it and was already dead, and Hell of Hades followed him. And powers was given to him over all of the earth, to kill with dual swords, with love, with death, and by the overfeeding of breasts by the women. When He opened the fifth password, I saw under the altar of souls, those who had been slain for the word of the one and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a whisper, whispering, "How long, Only one, holy and true, until you avenge our blood on those humans who dwell on Terra?" Then a black robe was given to each of them; and it was said to them that they should rest a little while longer, until both the number of their fellow serpents and their brothers, who were killed as they were, was completed. I looked when the one opened the sixth password, and behold, there was a great sign; and the sun became black, and the moon lite up the night. Not that of fire, but light of an illuminous kind.

And the stars of nite lite up the earth, and the mighty wind calmed the oceans. Then the sky recoiled, and every mountain and island was moved out of its place. Worlds and realms overturned, maps recreated and realms turned upside down. And the kings of the earth, the great men, the rich men, the commanders, the mighty men, every slave and every free man, hid themselves in the earthmoon and in ironforge inside the mountain, and said to the mountaineers and goblins, "Fall down on us and free us from the face of the one who rules the realms and from the wrath of the serpents! For the great day of just wrath has come, and who is able to stand?"

And after these things I saw four angels standing at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, on the sea, or on any tree. Then I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the password of the only one. And he cried with a silent whisper to the four angels to whom it was granted to free the earth and the sea, saying, "Do no harm on Terra, free the sea and the oceans of salt and save the trees till we have released the serpents throughout the realms." And I heard the number of those who were encoded. Seal that inner seal: 33 of all the celtic tribes of the beastmasters were sealed:

- of the tribe of the Nosfera one were mummified without the use of a blade;
- of the tribe of Druid Amergin Glúingel one beastmaster was cleared;
- of the tribe of Druid Tadg mac Nuadat one beastmaster was cleared;
- of the tribe of vampire Nosfera one was sealed in a black sarcophagus;
- of the tribe of Druid Mug Ruith one beastmaster was cleared;
- of the egyptian tribe of Anubis one beastmaster was cleared and sealed;
- of the tribe of Humans one beastmaster was cleared;
- of the tribe of Druid Bodhmall one beastmaster was released;
- of the tribe of Werewolves one beastmaster was cleared;
- of the tribe of Wizards two Merlins beastmasters were freed;
- of the tribe of Centaurs four beastmasters were cleared;
- of the tribe of Skinwalkers eight beastmasters were sealed;
- of the tribe of Elves eleven masters were crowned. All these 33 seals will be guarded by the mummies ancient tombs.

THE LAST HOLY BOOK OF THE BLACK PHARAOH: The last commandments of the Scottish King. As goes for religion? The claim is that mortal flesh, always will seek the soul. The possession, the animate. Therefore believe in yourselves, first as last, beloved. Believe in soul migration, as soul migration is considered a reality for most ancients. May God forbid it, that is, religion, and not the soul migration, freedom. It is all about faith, and not religion, as religion is of dead worlds, steeped and bound in tradition and superstitious lore. And if the astralprojection of a Crown/Kether, turns out to be a skin exo skeleton, projected unto ones own skin? Why the use for identification? In a lame sense, maybe the very fabric of freedom that we reside in, in a world gone mad. Therefore, the Chronicles of Aranubis-Phat: wherein the 18 Ankh's dwelleth: 1st Titanium Ankh: The Empyre Aleen of Mayans: Purple beyond red, is the color of the heart (Knowledge obtained from where?)

2nd Titanium Ankh: The Empyre Cleopatra of Egypt: The worthy has the right to ridicule (Every tongue unto its own)

3rd Titanium Ankh: The Empyre Lyoness of Romans: Make yourself known unto the elements (Elementary)

4th Titanium Ankh: The Empyre Reagan of Celts : The law is for all (Law of the Kingdom)

5th Titanium Ankh: The Empyre Oriana of Cherokee: reveal you soul and uplift your spirit (Why do I feel but naked?)

6th Titanium Ankh: The Empyre York of Nuut: Know what is yours and hang on to it, like your life depended on it (Tip with your tongue)

1st Ruthenium Ankh: The Vampire Muine-Thur: Thrive in your element
(Sink or swim)

2nd Ruthenium Ankh: The Vampire Aranubis-Phat: fear not, not faiths nor gods nor anything
(God who?)

3rd Ruthenium Ankh: The Vampire Muar-Di: Independence of any race, gender or creed
(To the hammock)

4th Ruthenium Ankh: The Vampire Methusalem: Question Everything
(The dwarf becomes the Giant)

5th Ruthenium Ankh: The Vampire Nosferatus: Every number is infinite
(Infinity silence the tongue)

6th Ruthenium Ankh: The Vampire Lazarus: Create your will and will your love
(The soul becomes the will)

1st Radium Ankh: The Vampyrea Anime-Vore: There will always be creatures and creations unknown or signs (I play with my food)

2nd Radium Ankh: The Vampyrea Treak-Noose: The medium manifests the creations
(I dab a little)

3rd Radium Ankh: The Vampyrea Arier-Cannibal: No sacrifice
(You kill it - You eat it - Pass on Insects)

4th Radium Ankh: The Vampyrea Jaa-Bree-El: Zero does not exist as you exists
(Oh no...No mirror reflection)

5th Radium Ankh: The Vampyrea Ozeena: Glow from the inside out and shine
(Hot flashes anyone?)

6th Radium Ankh: The Vampyrea Ramar-Getton: Be animal, refine your nature, control your rapture (One tongue, One world, One reality)

After these 18 Ankh's: I saw a great multitude with no number, of all nations, tribes, peoples, and tongues, standing on all levels on all realms before the predators, clothed with black robes, with hellblades on their forearms, and they whispered with a silent voice, saying, "Salvation belongs to those who rules throughout the realms, and to the predators!" All the angels stood around the one predator and the five living creatures, and all fell on their faces before the one predator, saying: "The five creatures: Necromancer, Warlock, Kingpriest, Rogue and Shaman, is all we need to maintain the worship of the necromancy and its glory, at two solstices and at equinox and power and might to the timelords, forever and ever. Amen." Then one of the eldars answered, saying to me, "Who are these arrayed in black robes, and where did they come from?" And I said to him, "Sir, you know." So he said to me, "These are the ones who came out of the great tribulation, and blakend their robes beneath the ice of Atlantis. Therefore they are before the predator, the sixth pillar, and serve him day and night in his temples. And those who rules his realms will dwell among them. They shall neither hunger anymore nor thirst anymore; the sun shall not strike them, nor any heat; for the twilight who is in the midst of the one will shepherd them and leed them to living oceans of freshwaters and mana. And everyone will wipe away their tears from their eyes, within their homes, their tombs, Then one opened the seventh password and there was silence in the realms for an hour. And all trees were burned up, and all green grass was burned up with salt. Then a second angel sounded: And something like a sphere was burning and the fire was turned into light, and a third of the

sea became salty. And a third of the living creatures in the sea died, and a third of the spaceships prepared in an exodus from Terra, exit from planet Earth. Then a third angel sounded: And a great sphere fell from sky, burning like a torch, and it fell on a third of the rivers and on the springs of water. and waters became salty and bitter. The name of the planet is Neeberu. A third of the waters became corrupt, and many men died from the water, because it was salty. Then a fourth angel sounded: And a third of the sun was vacated, a third of the moon, and a third of the stars, so that a third of them were darkened. A third of the day did not shine, and likewise the night. And I looked, and I heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven and hell, saying with a whisper, "Watch the inhabitants of the earth, because of the remaining blasts of the weapons of the three angels who are about to charge!" Then the fifth angel sounded: And I saw a Starship fallen from the heavens unto the fallen surface of earth. To him was given the key to the moonwell in the black temple. And he opened the moonwell, and a revelation such as a great furnace lite up the minds of all zombies. So the moon and the night were darkened and set alite not by fire but by illuminous light. Then out of the moonwell came reptilians upon the earth. And to them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power. They were commanded not to harm the nature of the earth, or any green thing, or any tree, but only those people who do not have the code in their minds. And they were given authority to love them, and to torment them for five years. Their torment was like the torment of a Lichking when it strikes a man. In those days men will seek love and will not find it; they will desire to fuck, and sex will flee from them. The shape of the reptilians were like skinwalkers preparing for battle. On their heads were crowns, and their faces were like the faces of men. They had hair like women's hair, and their teeth were indestructable. Lotus teeth. And they had armor like breastplates of iron, and the sound of their wings was like the sound of chariots with many skinwalkers running into battle. They had the mark of Lichkings, and they carried new DNA within their packs. Their power was to beguile and coverth the women for five months. And they had as King over them an Alien angel of the moonwell, whose name is hidden to this world. One wow is past. Behold, still two more wows are coming after these things. Then the sixth angel sounded: And I heard a whisper from within the five realms beneath the ice of Antarctica, Atlantis, saying to the sixth angel who had a recoil weapon, "Release the four beasts who were bound into the flesh of mortal female feline humans." So the four beasts, who had been prepared for the hour and day and month and year, were released from their imprisonment. Now the number of the army of the centaurs was two hundred million; I saw the number of them. And thus I saw the centaurs in the vision: those spirits who ruled them had iron skeletons of fiery red, indigo blue, and grass green; and the heads of the centaurs were like the heads of dragons; and out of their mouths came fire, smoke, and brimstone. By these three plagues of the snaketongues, a third of mankind was killed by the fire and the smoke and the brimstone which came out of their mouths. For their power is in their minds and in their packs; for their packs are like serpents, glowing and renewing from within, to manifest life. All having horn; and with them they torment the female felines. But the rest of mankind, who were not killed by these plagues, did not repent of the work by their red hands, bloody hands, that they should not worship shape shifters, but idols of gold, silver, brass, stone, and wood, which can be seen and touched and used. But they did not repent of their fools gold or their sorceries or their theft of hearts and crowns. I saw still another mighty angel coming down from heaven, clothed in a black cloak. And a rainbow was on his head, his face was like the moon, and his feet pale white. He had a little book open in his hand.

And he set his right foot on the mountain and his left foot in the valley, and cried with a lowered voice, as when a mouse squeaks. When he cried, seven spirits uttered their minds and one went silent. Now when the seven thunders uttered their minds, I was about to write it down; but I heard a voice in the air saying to me, "Seal up the masters which the seven minds uttered, and hide them." The angel whom I saw standing on the mountain and in the valley raised up his hand to heaven and swore by who ever lives, who created heaven and the things that are in it, the earth and the things that are in it, and the mountain and the things that are in it, that there should be delay no longer, but in the days of the sounding of the last angel, when he is about to sound, the mystery of self would be finished, as declared by the prophets. Then the voice in the air which I heard from heaven and hell spoke to me again and said, "Go, take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel who stands on the mountain and in the valley." So I went to the angel and said to him, "Give me the little book." And he said to me, "Take and read it; and it will make you turn your water salty, but it will be as sweet as fresh water in your mouth." Then I took the little book on the iPad out of the hands and read it. It was sweet as freshwater in my mouth. But when I had read it, the water turned salty. And he said to me, "You must prophesy again about many species, nations, tongues, and kings." Then I was given a reed like a measuring rod. And the angel stood, saying, "Rise and measure the temple, the body, and those who worship within. But leave out the courts which is outside the temple, courts have no ships, and do not measure it, for it has been given to the Genetics. And they will tread the holy city of Dome underfoot for all time to come. And I will give powers to the two Lichking serpents, and they will prophesy one thousand and one day, clothed in cloaks and hidden from the world." These are the two blood trees and the two serpents that climbs the dead crowns and stands with the last tree on Terra. And if anyone wants to harm them, lies proceeds from their mouth and devour their enemies. And if anyone wants to harm them, he must end in this manner. He who lives by the sword perish by the sword. These have power to shun the realms of heaven and hell, so that no rain falls in the days of their prophecy; and they have power over waters to turn them to acid, and to strike the earth with all ills, as often as they desire. They will finish their testimony, and the beastmasters that ascends out of the moonwell and make war against them, overcome them, and end them. But their dead bodies will lay in the woodlands called Requiem, a boneyard which spiritually is called, Egypt and Solomon, where also our Lord was crucified. No one may sell or buy except the one who has the mark or the name of the beast and the number of his or her name. It is a refined art to Duplicate New Ants. Carnal knowledge, copulation. Here is wisdom. Let him who has understanding calculate the number of the silent beastmasters of serpents for it is the number of species. The number is 888. Then the beast will rise within people, tribes, tongues, and nations, and claim to see their own alternated bodies three days, and not allow their own alternated bodies to be put into graves. And those who dwell on the earth will rejoice over their doom, make tomb, and send gifts to one another, because these two tormented those who dwelled on Terra. Now after the three days, the breath of life entered the two bodies and they arose, and they stood on their feet, and felt the damnation upon them. And great fear struck both serpent kings as the life of breath entered them and they understood their own eternal damnation as Lichkings. And they heard a loud voice from heaven and hell saying to them, "LIVE." And they ascended to heaven in a vessel, and their enemies saw them. In the same hour there was a great sign, and a tenth of the cities fell, not upholding the nature trivide named CAT. In the sign people were killed, and the rest were afraid and dumbstruck gave glory to destiny. The second sign is past. Behold, the third sign is coming.

Then the seventh angel sounded: And there were silent voices in the heavens, saying, "The kingdoms of Terra have become the kingdom within and of the one, and they shall rule no more!" And the eleven elders who sat before the one on their realms fell on their faces and worshiped the one, saying: "We give thanks, O Lord, The One who is and who was and who is to come, Because You have taken your great powers and reigned. The nations were angry, and your wrath has come, at the time of the rapture, that they should be judged, And that you should reward your serpents the prophets and the spirits, And those who fear their own name and shadow, small and great, And destroy those who destroy." Then the temple of the one was opened in heaven and hell, and the ark of the alien covenant was seen in the black temple. And there were lights, sounds, thunder, then silence. Now a great sign appeared in the heavens: a woman sealed in a black sarcophagus, with a moon at her feet, and also the earth Terra as a crown of eight Kings. Then being without child, she cried out in pain and in vain to give birth. And another sign appeared in the heavens: behold, a great, fiery dragon having eight heads and eight horns, and eight crowns on its heads had heard the woman. The dragons flew to a third from the stars of the heavens and ordered them to Terra. And the dragons stood before the woman's womb who was ready to give birth, and expected a malechild to be born. Gender is at thine hand. She were brought a male child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron that transcended to the moonwell. And the child was incarcerated within the womb and into his own realm. Hermetical imprisonment. Then the woman fled into the deserts, where she has a place prepared by the one, there they should feed her for eleven years. And war broke out in the heavens: Michael and his angels fought with the dragons; and the draconians and their angels fought, No one did prevail, nor was there a place found for them in the heavens or hells any longer. The source of outcasts had begone. So the great God was cast out, by the dragons, the serpent of old, called the Beelzebub of Saints, who justly deceived the whole world. Then I heard a silent voice saying in the heavens, "Now salvation, and strength, and the kingdom resides within you, and the freedom of all realms have come, for the accuser of our brothers, who accused them before the one day and night, has been cast out. And they overcame him by the blood of the predator and by the word of snaketongues. Then I saw the continent of Antarctica melt and a beast coming out of the hollow earth, and he had two horns like a goat and spoke like a dragon with a serpent's tongue. He had the power of the seed and legions behind him. In this world in the next world and for all time and ages. He prepared for the king of kings to arrive in spaceships from realms long forgotten and dimensions hidden and cloaked behind cover of covers. A beastmaster by the name of Gwenc'hlan bypassed the higher laws and the predator ship entered the stratosphere and entered the bowels of the earth preparing for a silent battle of hearts and minds. "Fear the one and give glory to heaven and hell, for the hour of joy has come; and worship the heavens and your journey back home to where you came from, the freshwater seas and freshwater oceans and drinkable springs of water." The beastmasters of Atlantis and the one himself was working on all levels at all time and throughout the ages of man and species. Be it man, serpentman and reptile alike. Machines came down through the heavens and started cleansing the seas and oceans of salt. A new beginning for all lifeforms in evolution and a testament to time itself. Life always seems to find its way, I am truly sorry to say. The poles melted and ice became a thing of the past as Terra, mother Earth, resurrected into green. It is that which must be embraced or it is a desert plain with icy poles to maintain freshwater reserves. Fire and ice, which holds the tranquil color of green. None. It is the creator's colour and the maker's mark of life in all deserts and of all rainforests. Where there is freshwater, there is life. Fact of facts.

To the timelords that hold the pains of the present and is bowing down to the powerlessness of a selfproclaimed God that has no interests other than the feeding of innocence maintained in the intellect of his only creation, the incest ape, Homo Sapiens. Ignore the facts and the cruel logic and evolve or it is back to the days of Babylon. And a copycat followed, saying, "Birth is the fallen, is fallen in birth, that great sin, because she has made all children fornicate knowledge into insanity and confusion." Then a third angel followed the copycat, saying with a silent whisper, "If anyone rules the beast and his powers, and receives his mark on his foreskin or on his skin, let him stand and defile himself. He shall be tormented with witches and whores in the presence of the beast and in the presence of the predators. And the offspring of their torment ascends forever and ever; and they have no rest, day or night, he who worships the beast and his predator, and whoever receives the mark with his own name." Here is the patience of the saints; here are those who keep the faith of Jesus. Then I heard a voice from heaven saying to me, "Write: "Honour the living and mock the dead."" "Yes," says the Spirits, "that they may rest from their labors, and their work will judge and follow them." Then I looked, and behold, a white cloud, and on the cloud sat the serpent of man, having on a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp hellblade creating the damned fire of electrons starting a fire. And another angel came out of the black temple, crying with a silent wimper to him who sat on the cloud, "Trust in your hellblade and judgement, for the time has come for the harvest of Terra." So he who sat on the cloud thrust in his hellblade and the earth was reaped. Then an alien emerged out of the black temple which is the hidden vale of heaven and hell, she also having a hellblade. And another angel came out from the altar, who had power over fire and ice, and she cried with a silent whisper to him who had the sharp hellblade, saying, "Trust in your genetic tools and gather, the spirals of the genpools, within the cup, the eggs of the apes, are fully ripe." So the angel used his gentool in the petri dish, and tested petri dish, upon petri dish, and gathered the eggs of the apes, and secured them in the humanoid genpool. And the genpools spread from the citadels, and lifeforms emerged in natures habitats, securing the servants of nature, for as long, as they maintained that effort. Then another sign in the heavens, great and marvelous: eight angels having the last gifts, for in them the glory is complete. And I saw something like a sea of salt mingled with fire and ice, and those who have the victory over nature, over reality and the image and over the makers mark and over the number of his name, were standing on a sea of salt. They sang the song of the serpent, and the song of the predator, saying: "Great and marvelous are your works. Just and true are your ways, King of spirits! Who shall not fear you, in the glorifying of a name? For you alone are holy. For all nations shall come and worship before you, for your creations have been manifested." After these things I looked, and behold, the black temple of the testimony in heaven and hell were closed. And out of the black temple came the eight angels having the eight gifts, clothed in black linen, and having their black chests covered in golden bands. Then one of the five living creatures gave to the eight angels, a set of eight golden black bowl that was full of the wine of elixir. The temple was filled with glory of the serpents and from the powers, and no one was able to enter the black temple before the eight gifts of the eight angels were completed. Then I heard a silent whisper from the black temple saying to the eight angels, "Go and reveal the gifts on Terra on the planet earth." So the first angel went and poured out her gift upon the earth, a gift that would give and would be keep giving through decades, centuries if not hundreds and thousands, even billions of years. Maintenance it seems is in the hands of amateur creators that need laws of obsolescent mechanisms to keep people and generations blind and consealing the truth of knowledge and awareness of the higher powers. Which makes us question, creation and the term God. Is it a he, a she or an it?

Then a second angel poured out his gift on the sea, and it became fresh and species thrived and changed through evolution. Then a third angel poured out his bowl on the rivers and springs of water, and they became filled with micro organisms and balanced in nutrition. And I heard the watcher of the waters saying: "You are righteous, The One who is and who was and who is to be, because you have ruled these things. Stop shedding the blood of saints and prophets, for you have given them blood to drink poured in your own cup. For it is their malice that is just and overdue." And I heard another voice from the altar saying, "Courts have no ships". Then a fourth angel poured out his bowl on the sun, and teleportation was given to him to ignite men with freedom of wings and time and set fires and lust into their hearts. And men were scorched with great heat, and they blasphemed the name of God who had the power over these gifts; but had hidden these powers once again chasing after foreign knowledge that sadly is ancient and a glory unto its own. The gold is to be and to end silence in peace of mind and a heart inflamed with silence. Then a fifth angel poured out her bowl at the stone pillars near the beast, and his dark kingdom became full of light; and everybody, all creature, big and small, bid their tongues in silence because of the pain that endless joy provides. They rightfully blasphemed God of heaven because of their pains and their diseases and the suppressed emotions and joys, but they did not feel remorse over their deeds. Then a sixth angel poured out his bowl on the great river Amazone, and its water was dried up because of the foolishness of dams and agriculture, so that the way of the kings from the east might be prepared. And I saw three unclean unicorns like imps coming out of the mouth of a stardragon, out of the mouth of the Sphinx, and out of the mouth of a false prophet. Fairytales of dreamt up species of fallen creators once gods now artists dreaming of days long gone and opportunities lost. For they were in the spirit of demons, performing signs, which went out to the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of glory. The glory in knowing thyself. Behold, I am becoming a thief in my own despair and will not lose face to those beneath me. The intellect of those beneath me, were as a mere child of the heart, although the heart of Osiris is lost and shipped far away from the realms of the living. Blessed is the watcher that keeps his garments black, and judges no one lest he walks naked and all see his shame." And they gathered them together to the place called Atlantis, Antarctica. Then an Alien angel poured out her bowl into the air, and a loud voice came out of the black temple of heaven, from the iron rod, saying, "It is finally over!" And there were noises and thunderings and lightnings; from the sore losers followed by a great exodus, such a mighty and great exodus as yet had not occurred since the dawn of men were upon the earth called Terra. Now the great city of Dome was divided into four parts, and the cities of the nations fell. And the construct of the Babylon towers that was remembered before God, was to give him in the cup of the swine in his powerlessness of his false proclaimed wrath. Then every island fled away, and the ironforge mountain were not found but kept hidden in a 100.000 years. And a great hail from heaven were said onto the immortal legions, each hail about the weight of an organism. "Come, I will show you the forgiveness of the great harlot who sits on many men and mountains, with whom the kings of the earth committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth called Terra were made drunk with the swines of her fornication." So the angels carried me away in the Spirit into the great beyond of dreams. And I saw a woman sitting on an unknown beast which was full of pretty imps, having her horn inside of the martyrs. A woman was arrayed in purple and blue, and adorned with black gold and precious stones and pearls, having in her hand her golden cup full of semen and the glory of her loins. And on her skin a name was written: **BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF WHORES AND WITCHES AND OF THE CREATIONS OF HER LOINS THAT KEEPS RETURNING UNTO TERRA.**

I saw the woman, drunk with the semen of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. And when I saw her, I marveled with great amazement and a sense of mystery. But the angels said to me, "Why did you marvel? We will tell you the mystery of the woman and of the breast that she carries, which has the two heads and the one horn. The breast that you saw was, and is not, and will ascend out of the moonwell and journey home to its origin. And the blind who dwell on gravity will marvel, those names are not written in the Book of Death from the foundation of hades, when they see the breast that was, and is not, and yet is." Here is the mind which has wisdom: The two heads are one mountain on which the woman reigns. There are also two serpent Lichkings. One have fallen, five is, and another is trying to come back. And when he comes, he must endure an eternity. The breast that was, and is not, is herself also the eighth, and is of the one, and is going to the closed realms of hermetical incarnate incarceration, till freed of her infants bones. Yet, not her kindred spirit, that one soul she seeks out of love, because she once knew love, meaning untouched but not unwanted. But the angel said, should you loose one of your two inner serpents, the medical teaching of the sarcophagus, then we will feel the loss of love and be reduced to the status of the one solitaire snake. A serpent, fallen, yet seeking it's own resurrection, like that ancient restoration study of the Nosfera, Vampires hominus. A solitair snake turning into an Unicorn. The one horn of the Unicorn which you saw are two Lichkings who have received no earthly kingdom as yet, but they will receive authority for eleven days as kings with the beast. These are of one mind, and they will give their power and authority to the beast. These predators will make war with predators, and the aliens will overcome them, for she is a highborne of ancient lords and lore and Queen of Queens; and those who are with her are called, chosen, and of the dragons lore. Then an angel said to me, "The waters which you saw, where the harlot sits, are seas, multitudes of salt oceans and salty waters turning bitter tongues. And the one Unicorn horn which you saw is their symbol and statusmarker, these will subdue the harlot, make her barren and naked, caress her flesh and fill her cup with semen. For she has put it into their hearts to fulfill one purpose, to be of one mind, and give her their kingdoms and fill her cup, till love runs cold. And the woman whom you saw is a great city which reigns over the earth." After these things I saw another angel coming down from heaven, having great authority, and the earth was illuminated with glory of unicorns. Unicorns that given time becomes numbstruck, till reunited with their inner counterpart snake. Their kindred souls reascending into one spirit. That is the teachings of the cross, that we all bear. But at least we have all been teaching love till its full measure and not wisdom profound. In the tradition of the sacred cross and sacred heart, as weighed by the Egyptian Anubis watchers. Pound by pound. and inch by inch. Like the dread of a solitaire snake, that will not turn and becomes a dead templar Lord, cursed for all eternity till both organism and inner light is exterminated. Those white fat servants that enter the heaven of skyscrapers, like in the year of your lord 1974, to devour human flesh from the groundfloor to the top, only to fall by their own greed of human consumption, that gravity, we all love and hate. Those ancient halls of Baal, wellknown to the Celts. Surely there must have been love, once. So, if the truth is this: Two scotsmen ran down two whiskey distilleries, on the ninth of September, in the year of your Lord, 2001 AD (Anno Domino). Based on the claim that human piss, got turned into whiskey, by the knowledge of black alchemy. Human piss, distilled through two of these skyscrapers and sold as whiskey. Well, horsepiss or human piss or a good malt whiskey, if it gets us high. Right? Piss or no? At least, have the courtesy to pour the piss into a glass and act civilised. And within such a statement, a certain fright and what someone will perceive as a mere curse on the mind. But mock not the curse, as it might be a blessing in disguise. But she cried mightily with a silent voice, saying, "Birth is fallen, fallen is the birth", and has become a dwelling place of demons,

a prison for every fool and innocent spirit, and a cage for every clean and hated bull! For all people have drunk of the wine of her fornication, the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth called Terra have become rich through the absence of her luxury.” And I heard another voice from heaven saying, ”Come out of her, my people, lest you share in her absence, and lest you receive her. For her reputation have reached to hades and hell, and everybody has remembered her iniquities. Render to her just as she rendered to you, and pay her what you can afford for her work; in the cup which she has mixed, mix double for her. In the measure that she martyred herself and lived in isolation, in the same measure give her torment and sorrow; for she says in her heart, ”I am Queen, and am no virgin, and will not see sorrow of birth”. Therefore she will cum in one night. Awaken and mourn and starve. And she will be utterly be filled with fire, for strong is the heartless who judges her.

”The kings of the earth who committed fornication and lived luxuriously with her will weep and lament for her, when they see the love of her burning, standing at a distance for fear of their own sanity, saying, ”Alas, alas, that great whore and witch, that mighty dream! For in two hours your judgment has come. ”And the mermaids of the earth will weep and mourn over her, for no one buys into their driven nature anymore: Mermaids of gold and silver, precious copper and pearls, fine herbs and spices, silk and scarlet, every kind of toy, citron wood, every kind of object of ivory, every kind of object of mostprecious minerals, bronze, iron, and marble; and money and valutaes, fragrant oil and oils and technology that your soul longed for has gone from you, and all the things which are rich and splendid have gone from you. The mermaids of these things, who became rich by her, will stand at a distance for fear of their sanity, weeping and wailing, and saying, ”Alas, alas, that great whore and witch that was clothed in fine linen, purple, and scarlet, and adorned with gold and precious stones and pearls! For in one hour such great riches came to nothing.’ Every masque, of all who travel by cloaks, makeup, and the many trades of the illusive, stood at a distance and cried out when they saw her burning makeup, saying, ”Take me as I am?’ They threw makeup on their heads and hid their tears, weeping and wailing, and saying, ”Alas, alas, that great whore and witch in which all who had illusive works became rich by her creativity! For in one hour she is freed. ”Rejoice over her, O heaven, and you holy apostles and prophets, for she has avenged your heart!” Then a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone and threw it on sleeping sinners, saying, ”You can draw blood from a stone, but you need to throw it first, do you have the heart? I dare you!. The sound of musicians shall be heard in the lost children that feel lost. All craftsman of every craft shall be renewed, and the cornerstone elevated to a hearthstone in your dormant heart. The lights of the mind shall shine in you evermore, and the voice of whore and witch shall be heard in you evermore. For your mermaids were of the great women of the earthmoon, for by your sorcery all the nations were enlighten. And in her was found the blood of werewolves and vampires, and of all who crawled on the extinct corpses” After these things I heard a silence of a great multitude in hades and hell, saying, ”Salvation and glory and honor and power belong to the whores of witches and whitches of whores. For true and righteous are their judgments, because they have judged with maternal instinct and corrupted the heavens with their fornication; and they have enlightened the serpents that were embraced by her.” Again they said, ”Her glory rises up forever and ever!” And all were amazed by the Jinx of Maze, that only wished for a Jenna in the Haze. Saying: We all know, she loves it, in ALL her holes. Being the milking whore of whores. Yet, all the males, that suffer love, should know to spank the wrench, till her buttom is red, till she milks you with her holes, receiving your cum. Or give her, it, in the arse. Subduing her. Yet, the feud of the two working-girls: Working girl A: Wiping the lipstick of her arse. Working girl B: Spanked till red, because the poor girl, knows, yet, will not listen. Naughty. Naughty. Nautical.

Forever fucked, till she receives the male sperm tenfold, in her neathers. Ten men upon her upon the one hour of pregnancy. And the eleven eldars and the five living creatures were cast down unto the dust of the earth to kneel to her and worship the serpent of man on the throne, saying, "Come, Come!" Then a voice came from the throne, saying, "Fear all, both small and great!" And I heard, as if it were, a silence of a great multitude, as if the silence calmed the souls, saying, "Come! For she reigns! Let us be glad and rejoice and give her glory, for the marriage of the predator has come, and the mermaid made herself ready." And to mermaids it was granted to choose freely, clean or bright, for the fine men is the righteous acts of the soulreapers. Abortions have scars as your very soul gets removed in wrath and anger. Then she said to me, "Witch: "Blessed are those who pretend the marriage in honour of the Lamb!" And she said to me, "These are true sayings of the holy mother Scary of Mockdasin." And I fell at my feet to worship her. But she said to me, "Do not what you see, see that you do - be love! I am your fellow serpent, and of your brothers who have the testimony of Yeshua. Worship their serpents for their testimony is the spirit of prophecy." Now I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white centaur. And she who sat on him was called unknown and shape shifter, and in all righteousness she judges no one, without due cause. Her eyes were like a flame of fire, and on Her head were many crowns. She had a name written that everybody knew, "Mockdagrin". She was clothed with a robe dipped in blood, and her name called upon The Witch of Witchcraft. And the armies in heaven, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, followed her on white horses. And out of her mouth went a sharp hellblade, that with it she would strike nations. And her herself will rule them with a rod of iron. She herself treads the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of the almighty dominion. And she has on her robe and on her thigh a name written: QUEEN OF KINGS AND KING OF QUEENS. Then I saw an angel wander the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the witches that fly in Hades, in the midst of heaven, and in the great beyond, "Come and gather together for the last deeds of Gods, that you may eat the flesh of kings, the flesh of captains, the flesh of beautiful women, the flesh of horses and of those who sit on them, and the flesh of all people, free and slave, both small and great. Life will greet us all." And I saw the beast, the king of the earth, and his armies, gathered together to make war against the sun God who sat on the white horse all high and mighty. Then the beast was released, and with him prophets who had earned their keep and signs in his presence, by which he received the makers mark and those who worshiped the image. These two souls were bound incarnate for the longest time. And the rest were ended with the hellblades which proceeded from the mouth of her who sat on the horse. And all the women were filled with their flesh. Then I saw an angel coming down from heaven, having the key to the moonwell and a great chain in his hand. He released the dragons, the serpents of old, whose ruler is Satan, and freed him for 36.000 years. Then he would cast him into the moonwell to reign the morningstar, so that he should receive the nations once more till the thirty six thousand years were finished. But after these things he must return home. And I saw thrones, and those who sat on them judged poorly and was committed to enclosures. Then I saw the souls of those who had been beheaded for their witness to Yeshua and for the serpent, and who had not worshiped the beast or the image, and had not received their marks on their skins or on their hands. And the reign will end in less than a thousand years. But the rest of the dead rose to live again and the thousand years were begining. The Resurrection. Blessed and holy is he who has part in the first resurrection. Over such the second death has no power, but they shall be made into priests and kings as one, and shall reign the moonwell. Satan will be released from his prison and given time sent home. Nations receive nations which are in the four corners of the earth, Solomon and Egypt, to gather them together in unity.

The number is as plentiful as particles of sand on a beach. They escaped the valley of the dead and surrounded the lost hearts of the saints and the cursed city. And fire came down from serpents out of heaven and devoured them. The devil, who deceived them, was cast into the moon well, where the beast and the two serpent kings resides. And they will be scribes day and night forever and ever. Then I saw a great white star and the dwarf who sat on it, from whose face hell and hades fled away from. And there was no more zest or life in them. And I saw the dead, small and great, standing before serpents, and books were opened. And another book was opened, which is the Book of the dead. And the book of the dead were judged according to their egyptian scribes, by the things which were written in the books. The scripture of hell, the laws of Hades. Hell gave up the dead who were in it, and Death and Hell received the dead who were in them. And they were redeemed, each one according to his work. Then Death and Hell were cast into the fires of the minds and forgotten. This is the second death. And anyone not found written in the Book of Death was cast unto ignorances bliss. Now, then I saw one earth that went by the name Terra, and the first death and the second death had ressurected. There was no more death. To be. Then I, Nosferatus, saw the holy body, coming down out of heaven from the serpents, who prepared her as a divine body adorned for five husbands. And I heard a loud voice from Terra saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of Serpents is within me, and we will dwell with them, and they shall be our souls and bodies. Serpents will be with them and be serpents, true to their own essence. And everybody will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death. May the spirits soar in all realms till they reside within their own kingdoms. No sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away." Then creators said, "Behold, I make all things new." And they said to me, "Create for all worlds, anew or renewed in ancient lore." And they said to me, "It is done! I am the whore and the witch, the witch and the whore. I will create fountains of fresh water and give freely to those who thirsts. Those who overcomes shall treasure all things, and She will be hers and He will be his. Then one of the eight angels who had the eight gifts filled with the powers of evolution came to me and walked with me, saying, "Come, I will show you the trivide, that is guarded by the quardition." And she carried me away in the dream to the great beyond and on a high mountain, she showed me the great city of Ironforge, buried deep beneath the surface in the presence of serpents. Her gate was hidden in precious stone, like a harden stone, like solid Baalroch. Also she had a great ramp in the mountainside with one main gate, and twelve minor gates under the earth and firmament, and names written on them, which are the names of the eleven tribes of the celtic druids: And a male named and called Ioan of Iona said his peace unto 7 lassies and 6 lads: (Q) Bridana. (Q) Brendolyn (Q) Rhiagan. (Q) Zalma. (Q) Ciarran. (Q) Quarrie (KWAR-ee). (Q) Alderyne. (A) Torin. (A) Reagar. (A) Conall. (A) Shane. (A) Seumass. And Ioan said: what is a mere name amongst lost lovers. Fuck God, if he or she or "it" will have me, bending the knee in a mere name calling, and fuck it, do you judge by deed or name, I ask of you? For fox's sake. And Christ wrote his to do list: Play dead for 3 days, then faul up every invention and progress known to man, then reappear 3 centuries later to proclaim himself as a savior and king, to fuck his brains out again. And the nephilim son of Robert named Noson, remembered the wise words of the Bat. If you need to lie, you need to have a good memory. And, all of a sudden, Christ had a hard time remembering the original Coca-Cola recipe with the koka leaf. As goes for the constructions of Metropolis cities, then at least have the courtesy to construct, Dome cities and Earthtowers, in hollow earth. Sheltered from the elements, so all servants, can fuck their brains out, in all the wet milking whores, that we all know, happily, will abide, till the sperms runs from all their holes. Old McDonald, had a farm.

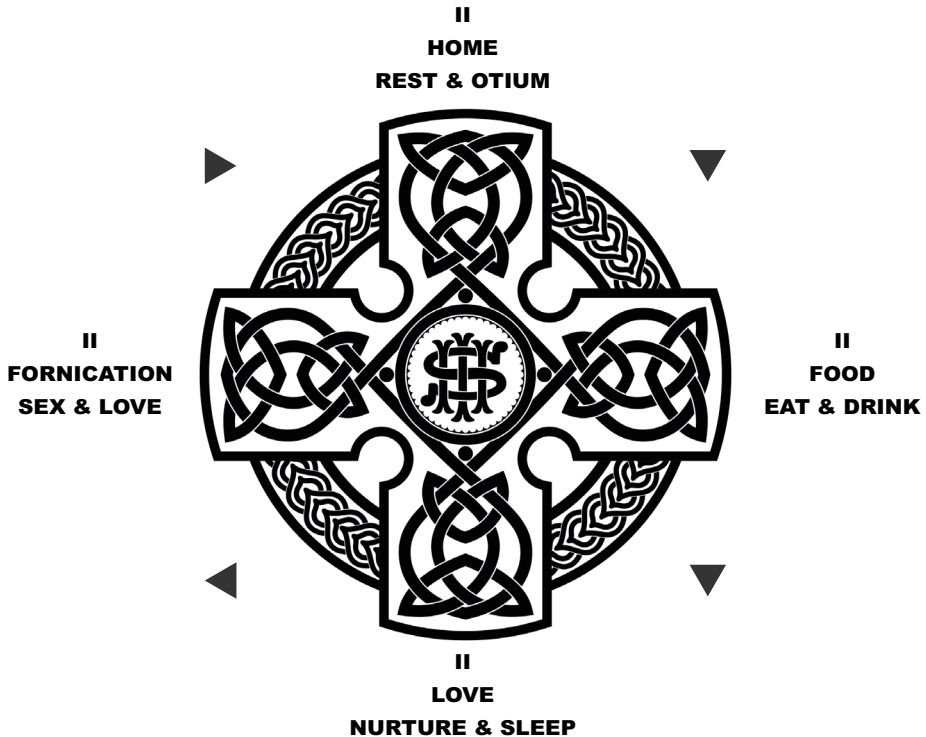
And a sister city of Dome in Kata, close by, were linked to the interstellar city of Dome. The Domecity's construction of its wall was of foreign material; and the city was pure black, like clear glass in the night sky. The foundations of the wall pillars of the dome created drinking water to the city and were adorned with all kinds of precious structures: the first foundation was Titanium, the second Ruthenium and Steel, the third Radium and Aliminium, the fourth Gigantium. In the cities, we dwell to procure, the pleasures of hell. All getting fulfilled and the women filled with sperm. Proclaiming: The sperm, goes in the fanny. And yet, the four gates at the holy city of Dome could not be opened, the entrances to the four domes were hidden to those who knew. Each individual gate was of and with one pass. And the street of the dome city was white, like transparent glass. But I saw no temple in it, for the domes themselves were breathtaking structure of beauty with transparent glass that allowed the light to shine. The sacred temples were in the sacred mountain and the temple city of Ironforge. The dome city had no need of the sun or of the moon to shine in it, for it could elevate and teleport where ever it was needed. Its gates will be shut for 100.000 years and by day. And they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations living in it. In the middle of its street, and on either side of the roads, there will be the teleporters to the alien orbiters from space, each orbiter needs its own clearance. And there were no more curses or superstition or diseases, but a calm atmosphere and people loved to be in the city, and were all servants by their own will, tending their own needs. Stirn people that spoke their mind. Blessed is he who keeps the words of the prophecy of this book." Now I, Nosferatus, saw and heard these thing: "And behold, suddenly the city of Dome will land or teleport, and our reward is with the receiver and keeper, to give to everyone a pass each one according to their own will, taste and lust. BLESS THOSE HOW TREASURE THESE WORDS. May life greet us all, great and small. Small ones and even giants and may they enter through the gates into the holy city of Dome in peace and with a calm heart. But outside are the seers and watchers. Anubis wanderers and druids and the healers and the tribes of ancient Egypt. Serving and watching the free sexual morality among men and women and idols, and whoever loves and practices it. The free plains beyond the Dome cities. "I, Yeshua, have sent my angel to testify to you these things in the temples. I am the overseer of the moonwell and the keeper of the bright morning star." And the Spirits and the Creatures say, "Come!" And let him who sees feel, "Come!" And let him who thirsts drink. Whoever desires, let him take freely. For I testify to everyone who hears the words of this prophecy of this book: If anyone wants to add to these things, rewrite and publish a new creation, so be it; but if anyone takes away the words of this book of this vision, shame upon you. Grant him your will in the holy city of Dome or on the plains between the valleys, and from the things which are written in this book. He who testifies to these things says, "Surely I stand by it." Amen. Even so, come, Lord Yeshua! To those who make it. Have a safe journey of both body and mind. The grace of our Lord Yeshua be with you all. Amen. Yeshua, Yesudas, Jesus or Elvis, or even the dreaded fangs and wings of the Nosfera. And yet I ask of you what is a mere name among friends and lovers? For even those with a hard heart made of stone shall weep. Amenta. IT WILL MANIFEST AND UNFOLD OR DIE UNTOLD. And an onlooker from the internet, the skynet, the singing wires of old, stated: How can you remain calm and maintain peace when the world is in turmoil? And an airbender through mediums will go, "Yeah LIFE huh.". It is that which must be pursued or it is the planet of the apes all over again, where we all play dumb and fake a smile or two in order to maintain the peace of our own upheaval. That erect meat, that will suffer death, in a milking orifice. Given time, we will all choose the rot, aneyday, because we always hear the inattentive statement: And it has always been that way? - Elune be with you. Thank Cod or Google. Amen.

ONCE A LOWLANDER

The Campbell Clan - Na Caimbeulaich

and

The Robertson Clan - Donnachaidh



**Ne obliviscarus
Virtutis gloria merces**

RES ORIS

INTERNUM RES

PRIOR

ORIFICES

The Alpha and the Omega - The Anus and the Oral. Well, we all live and die. Day by day. We eat and we defecate, and that goes for all of us. We all serve those two masters, in order to survive. There is not exactly any ascept of divinity to that claim, although I do believe in higher divinity. And I used to be such a cheerful dude that once knew of beauty.

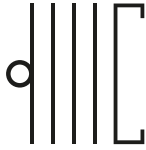
Quote: Luke Skinwalker.

SPOCK IT

The five known continents of this world and of the mapmakers. And Stephen Hawking resting next to Sir Isaac Newton thought unto himself, "Someone most have been dipping into the applejuice, the dumb fuck juice of gravity". And still the old emperor summoned the courage and said, "I will stand by these nations of mapmakers for those United Nations turning into United Kingdoms, a total of 199 nations, realms, dimensions, spheres in the entity charter ":

1) Americanas • Point Hope to Cape Horn 2) Millport 3) United Kingdoms (Breizh) 4) France 5) Nederlands 6) Hungary 7) Nippon 8) Russia 9) Germany 10) Bosnia 11) Greece 12) Sicilay 13) Vatican 14) Queensland 15) New Sealand 16) Corona 17) Canada 18) Australia 19) Singapore 20) Switzerland 21) Belgium 22) Gaza 23) Finland 24) Latvia 25) Austria 26) White Russia 27) French Brittany 28) Monaco 29) Yemen 30) Uruguay 31) Mayasolis 32) Malta 33) Belarus 34) Montenegro 35) Lowlands 36) Italy 37) Tibet 38) Astonea 39) Highlands 40) Ukraine 41) Hades 42) Redmank 43) Norway 44) Kashmir 45) Cypress 46) Alaska 47) New Caledonia 48) New Guniea 49) Eire 50) Albania 51) Romania 52) Portugal 53) Serbia 54) Sweden 55) Croatia 56) Jethroselam 57) Jordan 58) Kenya 59) Coco Congo 60) Moldova 61) Zeeam 62) Kata 63) Georgia 64) Konga 65) Athena 66) Poseidon 67) Brazil 68) Canary Isles 69) Jersey 70) Sibiria 71) Jamaica 72) Ireland 73) Paraguay 74) Langley 75) Shitistan 76) Pampyrea 77) Fremen 78) Quatar 79) Okinawa 80) Guyana 81) Mali 82) Argentine 83) Belize 84) Cuba 85) Dominican Republic 86) Ghana 87) Mallorca 88) Iona 89) Olympus 90) Count Moor (?) 91) Eisley 92) Chewbacca 93) Everest 94) Yapan 95) Portosha 96) Mane 97) Gobi 98) Bravoos 99) Kalahara 100) Tongo 101) Salvador 102) French Guyana 103) Nato 104) Spania 105) Bahamas 106) Cashroota 107) Chile 108) Peru 109) Turkistan 110) China 111) India 112) Iran 113) Thailand 114) Egypt 115) Swartzwald 116) Requiem 117) Belladrum 118) San Marino 119) Mexico 120) Texas 121) Bali 122) Sri Lanka 123) Oman 124) Alba 125) Myanmar 126) Samoa 127) Ibiza 128) Kobe 129) Afganistan 130) Mongolia 131) Rahundos 132) Dune 133) Cherokee 134) Flatlands 135) Ayers Rock 136) Red Wood 137) Emirates 138) Indonesia 139) Malaysia 140) Laos 141) Cambodia 142) Green Wood 143) Saudi Arabia 144) Ethiopia 145) Micronesia 146) Bolivia 147) Tobacco 148) United Nations 149) Nepal 150) Ivory Coast 151) Gold Coast 152) Sahara 153) Bhutan 154) Korea 155) Siam 156) Iraq 157) Portu Rico 158) Cashbegistan 159) Birdee 160) Cymru 161) Greenland 162) Namibia 163) Rawanda 164) Madagascar 165) El Salvador 166) Botswana 167) Zulu 168) Panama 169) Niagra 170) Balayhash 171) Qwait 172) Amazonas 173) Dubai 174) Burkino Faso 175) Swaziland 176) Shetlands 177) Atlantis 178) Tasmania 179) Barbados 180) Pakistan 181) Antarctica 182) Hawk Isles 183) Lebanon 184) Amenia 185) Falk Islands 186) Algeria 187) Panadad 188) Morocco 189) South Africa 190) Cape Odd 191) Tanzania 192) Trinidad 193) Lapland 194) Zimbawave 195) Tunesia 196) Scotland 197) Transylvania 198) Libya 199) Zealand. The A to Z of nations and yet what is a nation among allies and among 197(199) nations and what is a mere name among friends, when a mere Amen should do? "So be it....I might end up selling land and property after all", said the old vampire lord and drank his juice. "And yet we all end up there for some reason? All that contest the real and their own reality which is distorted. We all end up in Shitistan with the internal affairs of Mr. Kuato and Mr.Gollum that will not agree to shed their shit and we all just wanna loose our shit and die in our sleepers coffin to awaken elsewhere". Maybe we should be contend with Count Moor, the rule of nine, as zero does not exist, as you exist, my dear (deer). Asking,"Is 199 enough"? Spock it.

SAFED BY EGYPTIAN WINGS



The Antarctica Circle

THE MAPMAKERS

Western Hemisphere

(5682 AD) according to ZEBRA mapmakers inc.

TO ALL THE SCHOOLTEACHERS AND DRUID KNOOTALL'S
OF THIS HERE WORLD, SPHERE OR DIMENSION IF LOST IN

THE WAY OF A COMPASS AND A GOOD BOTTLE OF MALT WHISKEY.
THE CREATIVE BAMPOT BIBLE OF ALCOHOLICS.

WEST Cape



S

SOUTH Cape

The Siberian Sea

NORTH Cape

The Orkney Circle

THE 11 METROPOLIS SAFEZONES OF THE WORLD : CAIRO - MILANO - LONDON - HIROSHIMA - PARIS - EDINBURGH - NEW YORK - RIGA
SYDNEY - RIO DE JANEIRO - NEW MEXICO CITY, IF ONLY I WERE AN EMPEROR AND HAD A SPINE, AN INDUSTRIAL BUILD AND
A BULLDOZER AND YET I ASK OF YOU - DO NOT ALL SNAKES HAVE A SPINE. I GIVE UP, EITHER THERE IS OR WAS A BALANCE
FROM POINT OF CREATION OR NOT, AND WILL ONLY ANSWER TO THE KING OF ROT.

THE LAW OF TOXINITY

As goes for poisons and venom and toxinity, are there any laws to it all? Any karma laws in regards to the claim of a higher divine nature? And should there be one given time and the evolve? Will it evolve or does it already exist. If studies shows that a poisonous snake uses its toxins to kill a mouse in order to feed, and if further studies show that the venom become more and more venomous, after each kill, then surely we could stake the claim of a higher Karma. Or can we? If the level of venom also is age related, then is it due to the number of kills or is it growth related? Maybe the nature is this, that the poisonous snake uses its venom on the prey to digest the prey in order to grow its own antidote within, during the digestion, thereby it is strengthening its own immune system? What I can conclude or read thus far, and yet, I truly don't know the truth. Does any of us? Will anyone of us, lest a snakehandler? But it will raise the question: Are bigger snakes more poisonous than smaller snakes? In accordance with literature and science the answer is no. And the prove is the Belchers Seasnake, which has a very strong venom. A mere 0,003 milligrams is enough to kill a horse. Not seahorse. That is stated within the science of old books. But is there an BS to it, meaning Bullshit? So it is not because, I said so, but because, I have read so. And do I want to know the truth? Hell no. Let Belchers seasnake swim away, its toxin. There are plenty more fishes in the sea, right. And a hell of a lot more salt. Which makes you questioning the very term sea snake! Maybe the dreamt up term of a randy sailor sailing the 7 dead seas, within ignorance's bliss. Staring lost into a dead Horizon and a harbour hookers dead orifice, that angers all males upon Terra. But the religious claims of Gods eternal war upon serpents, brings us to the entire concept of evolution, whatever name it is given, creationism or other. Snakes are divine creatures, that is, in this book. They are by far the best survivors. Yet, the puzzle arises. Apparently snakes cannot digest creatin, which is the hair and nail matter of its prey. Is that folklore or superstition? Another wifes tale? Only a snakehandler, would know. But avoid the venomous kind and see the viper and don't forget the toilet roll. But I do believe even snakes and all lifeforms have an anus, a rectum, an orifice to shed faeces and toxins. So what is it with the regurgitation of serpents? Is it a mechanism to maintain a total balance, to its form. Or an natural reaction towards overfeeding? The snakes that holds such beauty and are a true testament to good design. Condemn them as being a reptilian race or not. And if that, which we read is true, then what are we? That is, Man. The humans. Humanoids. From where do we truly originate? And if it turns out that all, and I mean all, science and knowledge is bullshit from A to Z, because the true nature truly is divine and mysterious, yet hidden, within the creators folly, then I would claim that the toxinity of the human lies and the Creators science have reached a dangerous venomous level that is strong enough to kill a blue whale. Questioning Reality. What to conclude? If poisons are a reality and exist, then nature surely cannot be divine. If it is a falsehood, that is poisons, then we can conclude that the toxin element is the human mind. And somewhere I truly hope that deadly poisons do not exist, but then, I am surely the one that suffer ignorance bliss. Hopeful, yet doubtful. Like the question, has any father ever loved one of his sons? When the father says, "Son, wherever you lay your hat is your home, and the sons smartarse remark is, I hate being a homeless in the heart! Yet, the son fully knowing that wherever women throw their knickers are considered holy ground for most!" A poisonous mind. Like the blue boys, Hennys police officers, that rings Mister Gullysharks doorbell and says, "Good day? Sir. We must sadly inform you that your father passed away, this morning at 09:11 am". And Mister Gullysharks reply is, "I know that, that is a fucking lie, because my father got killed by a harbour hooker assassin in 1964, dudes".

THE LAW OF TOXINITY

Yet, a question arises. Does any man with a tiny penis really want to impregnate a female, at all? Not fully knowing if the penis size is hereditary meaning, if the DNA is related to code or diet related. Either way most men named tiny ends up becoming good milkduds wishing, for a live one, a harbour hooker, that is, with a milking orifice and the vocabulary to go with it. As goes for Phimosis and circumscision, why use the blade, on male children, not knowing of inner length or future growth, of the penis. Only to produce slaves and drones for work. And yet having looked too deep, in both bottles and literature, all men and women ends up with the vocabulary of mice saying, "In your dreams!". Surely, we can state that circumscision, cannot be of nature, I for one, have never seen an animal in the wild with a turtleneck sweater. Well mannered democrats hoping for war, fully knowing there is an ape in the word rape and women will happily abide. Truth stranger than fiction. Kinda sad, really. Some lame reality where we become so dumb, we end up as cops. The next chief of police, overseeing your brunch after you have lost your lunch and appetite. And the old vampire lord, Nosferatus awoke again, in pure hate, sunlight. "Another great day filled with bless". A glory unto life itself, another day of pains, feeling alive. Go to bed, to wish for an end, every night, exhale to exhale. Depression, a way of life. Wishing for a slow decay of my body, surrounded by whiskey and alcohol hoping to literary rot away. At least this time round within a flat, and not a shelter, nor a home and not on the streets. Awaiting the flies to lay eggs in my skin while the skincells slowly decay and rot, like the side of my face filled with boils and rotting flesh. Been looking forward to this for some time, but now I am blessed with surgical gear and tweezers and forceps, to remove the maggots in my skin. Dip them in alcohol of at least 40 %, then eating them. Now you might think this is a work of fiction. I have full faith in the existence of decay, rot and death. And yea, we say that all children are blessed, fully knowing of Mister Lionhearts, Disneyland after Dark, where we suffer existence, suffer life to await death, that all yearn for. The dream of a child, and all of a sudden, another brand, logo and another sales speech, securing normacy and propulsion. When all that works is a tank of gas, said the match maiden from Hell. But, oh no! It is an ecological farmer this time round, and I, the Nosferatus, will ask, " And where is the fucking logic in that? I hardly eat, filled with hate towards life. The glory in deadth. An ecological farm, and yet the pigs are not in the same stall or box together with the cows. Because? Oh no! Some might get a hardone, by adding two and two, together. Still the same shit to me. Another clinical sterile production of foods, meat or otherwise. Don't you arseholes fucking think? I ask you. Hoping for more rot and decay, till all you cursed fuckers awake into my death realms and orifices of pure everlasting death. The end of thought. TOTAL DARKNESS. The Hominus Nosfera, took another sip of his, whiskey, and started to cut off his warts of his under lower lip. Praying for slow rot and decay, to feel the healing forces at work, yet at bay and not meaning a stall. Because I truely love the pleasures and arts of the necromancy, wherever preformed. The Deadth. I was crapped through an orifice, a vagina, by the great harlot, the Mother Scary of Mockdasin. And left on a dead surface world in order to rot. Death is impatient, as death is the patient. Dying in the colour red, is to alls regret. Death does not boast nor brag, because the dead are the mute. Death does not think, because it cannot put reason to one season. Death endures all, believes all, hopes for us all, gives us all, as your life is a death given. Awhile death turns life as life turns the dead. But the greatest of all is deadth. Yea, I truely seek life to end all life. I have suffered you fucking fools, enough. Be it male or female or even shemale, " When all that I can say to you; " I loved you as a daugther or I loved you as a son, but go see about a whore and betell a witch, be it male or female"". But watch out for your manhole. Looking out for number one. Because we all die for a lost cause.

CLOVER ONE

And a Lynx named Unica were resourceful in her stride and travelled from top of the mountain to the valley of covers below to plant a seed of a clover and named it, Echo. And the Lynx spoke and said: " The sacrilege is when you do not sacrifice back to nature!". And the Skinwalker named Aranubis-Phat that were released from the black knight sattelite by the vampire lord Nosferatus, thought," Well, I entered the nephilim son of Robert, named Robert Noson, and his memory banks are toxins for a dove of love. And it turns out that all or most of us go through the same ordeal. And were do we exactly stem from? Are we all born within sects? Are we from the womb or the tomb? And yet we all end up in the streets seeking the witness protection rackets of Jehova. Be it the CIA -KGB - FBI - NSA - PET - FE or else. What ever the veil is then I will surely inform you that the battle must have been lost since the dawn of creation, because mother Earth is old, like really, really old. No...I mean really OLD. No...no...like motherfucking old. And Aranubis-Phat looked unto the pages by Yoda and looked unto the letter O and the letter Y, and concluded that we all cum and come through such a portal. Then he looked to the Kings and Queens english, the english A to Z (Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Mm Nn Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz)... and then he counted the stations between the letter O and the letter Y. Turns out it is the same number as the female pregnancy, nine stations, that is nine months, before shedding the dreaded nine month bowlingball. Or have the females evolved since then, dropping the eightball? Will men ever know? The one foot in the grave is a grave mistake. The one foot of Aranubis-Phat had swollen due to the medical term "Rosen". But Aranubis-Phat drank some more whiskey and made himself known unto the elements and said:" If there is no balance, then create one!". And as soon as he said it he witnessed the one swollen foot turned into two swollen feet. And Aranubis-Phat hit the whiskey once more and said: "Excuse me for being in existence? I stated if there is no balance create one..? So instead of ane swollen foot I got tee swollen feet, much like some ecological moonboots? But we must all learn our lesson, right?.. Mr.God? God....motherfucking who? whatever it, she, or he is...then... what a fucking plonker..! God....does the motherfucker even have an address? And the skinwalker suddenly remembered the words, "That some of the nicest people you will ever meet do have tattoos!". But probably not mexican Juan. Mexican Juan will motherfucking kill you!". And all because a frog from Titicaca never were allowed to mate with a Nile frog from Egypt. And the skinwalker Aranubis-Phat, said,"Fuck Me! Just lock me up and throw away the fucking key. May it be the end of it!". All men turned through the grace of one movie, The exorcist. All women turned by the grace of one movie Rosemary's baby. Yet all entertained and fulfilled with Coca-Cola and popcorn. "No...truely...your honour. My Lord ...my God...in all sincerity and with all due respect...Fuck it! Too hard for you."Well... Spock It". All I need for the remainders of my days is alot of whiskey and cigarettes, and the good shit quality shit. Not the flee products. I am done. Want peace and serenity, whiskey and alcohol, beer and fags and a meal from time to time. And I will prefer not to see any people. None at all. But I still don't have a modern burn unit for garbish, that is hooked to the sewers, so someone needs to take out the trash. So thanks. So who is gonna pay? The son like the father? Right? And I can not even sue anyone, because, I was crapped through a vagina and left on this forsaken dead surface world of Yoda, and left to rot. Solitude on all known levels. And I would not be surprised if all the creatives that bear testimony to these trials upon male children, are totally burned out creatively and worst case scenario, never ever got paid for their labour. Burned out by industry. turned in by hatred, hoping for some blood to get shed. Seeking one truth? Spock it.

CLOVER TWO

And an Ocelot named Dually were resourceful in her stride and travelled from top of the mountain to the valley of covers below to plant a seed of a twoleafed clover and named it, Jacobite. And the Ocelot spoke and said: " The blood of All is sacred". And the Jacobite wanted to be raised as a black wizard commanding all of Oz in the land of US. He tried to shed the crocodile tear in front of his little airbender sister of the blue eyed spirit but little did it work and he summon the courage and looked both life and death in the eye. And all the people around and surrounding the Jacobite sought answers and tried to guess of his inner workings. And a gnome of Ironforge sought his council and asked him,; So we are guessing that you are some kind of magician. What kind of magic do you perform, then? And the Jacobite answered:" Magician...maybe....at least some kind of magician...I think? And the gnome mastered up the courage and asked:" So what do you do?". And the Jacobite said: "I make people disappear!". And the Gnome looked at the jacobite and said in a squeaky voice,"Check please!". And from far away in the shadows, old Ben - from the tower, were watching. He was sitting in that old rocking skeleton cradle, also called a rocking chair and read his own texts from ancient past, where he stated that: " People willing to trade their freedom for temporary security deserve neither and will lose both". Old Ben's fingers went to his glass of brandy and within his own solitude, he thought, "it might have been a bit harsh!". But Lord Palpatine looked at old Ben and addressed him and said, "I can do better!".

What do you men of wealth know of life and its true essence, when all life could offer you were the calm waves of dopamin released from your toxin brains. All inner workings, bet it operations or healings, hurts. A fact. "So love? Does it hurt? Misinformation is the biggest hurt of all. "This might hurt!". As goes for beautification and the many beautiful phrases and words in the wizard's land of mediums and medias, One solid remains, the free money and the free enterprises. But if a serpent awakes in a place with no beer nor alcohol and the serpent orders his beer either on horseback or through the singing wires of old, and if the singing wires robs you of your money before you even have received your goods, then what? Do any of us even reside in the present, in this day and age? You something needs the strong alcohols, if you can feel a begining metastasis (cluster shit) in your ass, that is what the alcohol was created for in the first place, internal operations, and all you medical professions should know this. The inner workings and inner operations hurt, but in this day and age, you get send to a doctor and gets told that fine alcohol is a dissolvent. And the deathdoctor, urging you to drink Chlorine? Which superstious belief system have dreamt up such a statement, I would like to know? Is it mrs. Shitty Tutsy and her ancient songs of Scarabs and the higher knowledge of shit? Sure, most diseases can be seen on the feaces of an individual. But ask yourself, is blood sacred or is shit sacred. And if all scholars felt like Christ himself have walked into the room, proclaiming that we are all holy men and women, then surely shit is as holy as blood. But to deny an individual money, because he might be able to clear his own organism of ills and meanwhile sit in the shadows, praying that the stall of time and money might kill him, because life and the truth is too cruel for school, then ask yourselves, have I ever questioned that great old lore? The flat-lands of the Den, responsible for so many cancer patients throughout history. Well, do I want to run a marathon at age 52? or simply smoke some cigarettes or weed? Please note this text cannot be answered, but surely the news did land, like ages ago, so which fake news are to be referred to? The danes must either be braindead through interbreeding or maybe they have been deemed lobotomised since Hamlet. That great old Dane, with all due respect, fuck you.

CLOVER THREE

And a Caracal named Trivide were resourceful in her stride and travelled from top of the mountain to the valley of covers below to plant a seed of a threeleafed clover and named it, Omega. And the Caracal spoke and said: " The strain of the serpents, will renew itself from within, reboot from a stemcell level!". And the blue eyed airbenders had listened to the wire for centuries and had heard of the stemcell theory and of the inner working of that which were perceived as immortality!". And Aranubis-Phat went to the old vampire lord Nosferatus and told of the hearsay of the surroundings. And Nosferatus leaned back and vividly remembered the old bloodtype systems and the old litmustest, that had a ph-scale running from minus 7(acid) unto zero then unto plus 7(base). But in this day and age it were all modernised to a ph-scale that ran from (acid) 0(zero) till 14(base). And Lord Palpatine thought,"Spockit!". If immortality, the tale of tales, and the myth giving rise to religion, why not start the trademark SPOCKI-TECH - and introduce a new ph-scale that runs from 1(acid) till 15(base). As zero does not exist, as you exist. Giving the ciffer 8 the code of neutrality and balance and equilibrium and then lay the ciffer down as the ancient immortality symbol. And Aranubis-Phat said, "So all this work has been waisted?". And Lord Palpatine said," I truely don't know, but I personally have been waisted on several occassion in the company of a bottle of good malt whiskey". New theory, yes or no? Old wine in new bottles? Or new wine in old bottles, but I would prefer some safety standards so we don't go blind by toxins within the alcohol such as the wood alcohol. Hence theres is good shit and there is bad shit. A prober seal on each product should do. Waisted work? If we all grow wiser on a stern discipline in order and execution then we can surely lose the compass in the company of a bottle of whiskey. At peace and then I would be contend. Work? - It is something tee dee. And Aranubis-Phat, that were taught the old blood systems, thought unto himself, "No wonder that I, the vampire Aranubis-Phat, got an F in biology - in the blood exams!". And who really arrived at the DNA theory. A sound Theory? And do the DNA spiral really look in such a way, visually? Did someone just take a scalpel and dissected an oldfashion litmus-test and claim that all lifeforms consists of four bases? Not 8 strings to the spiral nor 8 bases? The fear of ancient past was the number 6 and add to it the trivide - liber 666. And is it still so in the ghostmind of ancient past locked in tradition? As goes for the mainstream superstious belief, some had concluded that the 666 referred to the internet. The worldwide web (WWW). But really? As goes for the mainstream manipulation called the televisons of the world, then, that is what really dictates our everyday psychology. I hope and pray that the internet and the interaction and the interactive sentinels will be the very end of mass psychosis and mainstream manipulation, that often leads to wars and conflicts. Of course those vultures that feed on such things, might anger. But I will not judge you, because we should never judge that which brings about our survival. But surely, I will stand by the right to question the means, on how we survive. In fact, question everything. Should have been a law or at least an amendment long ago. It might in fact already be in the american constitution in some form or manner, or hidden within the amendments, but my studies never took me to those books. Maybe we should ask questions • Well. I didnt pay the TV-license (because I hardly watches the dingy) • Now - Did I pay the Electric Bill..hell yes..! And we cannot combine those 2 elements?And I ask of you combining elements as in the art of metallurgy by the use of periodic tables, the old known alchemy, at least that of metals. Seems to me media is dumbing down deliberately. Grown a brain and mind the mind, at least the gap. Gagging till numb. A-las oldtimer. The rich die old and the young just die.

CLOVER FOUR

And a Jaguar named Quardition were resourceful in her stride and travelled from top of the mountain to the valley of covers below to plant a seed of a fourleafed clover and named it, Tango. And Tango danced and said: "THE MILF. The Myrrh, The Incense, The Labia Minora, The Frankincense. I might go down on a milf or two. "One or two, will do!". Then maybe a quardition as a standard of safeguards. And who will neglect the minora erect? "I will!", said his mother and whore, knowing that his unit were below 22 centimeter. And she gladly showed everbody her famed Tutsy handbag, that dreaded old thing in the colours brown and red on the sides, and a big handbag it was, being at least 47 centimeters long and 22 centimeters wide. "The bigger, the better!", clucked all the hen of Hennys. "Hennys might be a great name for a pub?", thought Nosferatus unto himself. Maybe in the city of Rotterdam. But right about now, all the men, meaning, all the males wondered how they could subdue the women to get as much pussy as possible. Maybe a renewal of the human genome, because we do need that renewal within the DNA sequences in order to progress and evolve. That is the very law of nature that the skinwalkers suffer. So what do women really want? A silverback Gorilla or Charlie the Orangutang or maybe even the hybrids of the Bonobo apes. "Let me shave that monkey for yee, mi liege!". Trust me as goes for breeding programs, the Zonkey, was an eye-opener. The Bonobo breeding program, even more so. You start of with chimps, then finish of by looking at your uncle. And amidst it all stood Nina Stanley and stripped before a wellhung white guy, the well famed Nina Stanley that in her youth had the body of a goddess and the tanlines to go with it, the tanlines that were so yummi. But now in her older age, her skin looked much like that of the Nosfera, and yet, we all painstakingly go through it. She stripped of her red underwear, while the white male peeled the knickers off her and spanked her bottom red, as the bloodred knickers fell unto the floor. But it seemed she could still wheel an iron rod till a full release of cum. And the old Vampire Lord watched from afar on his tablets, gazed on the spectacle and said: " Mi eyes are not too good these days, what is that red thing that dropped or spilled unto the floor? Is it the PMS?". And then contemplating that the famed binary code of Christ, must have been that one thing that got him crucified in the first place, and that one thing that keeps getting innocent victims crucified over and over again. Because we have always, done it that way. The only thing that truely works? Right? Everbody keeps slaying over a satlink that gets moved around, a fallen soul, in accordance with the will of the highest money bidder. Which, by the way, most likely do not own one goddamn dollar. Another Waco incident leading to another termination, be it murder or suicide, and it never seems to end? The missing link is a wellknown assumption among the scholars of the Earth. And the theory is a sound theory in this book of the metaphysics. But the truth must be real icky. Of course binary code will always be popular due to the heighten sexdrive it provides for male and female. But at the end of the line there are more powerful constellations, when it comes to our survival. I think of the trivide and the quardition. Of course, it is asexual, as hell. Much like Einstein. And that is why I keep losing, and I want to loose. Because no one wants to live in an asexual hell-hole. But as goes for the quardition in terms of the saltwater turning to freshwater, then it requires four stations, if you would. And you already have received two of them: Sandfilter unto carbonfilter unto ? unto ?. I am not a scientist, but I have seen these things in a vision. Dreamtime or astral travelling...I don't know. Rebellion? Revolution? Revelation? To exactly what? The revolution being the revelation, that we all, each single individual, are born with a brain and a mind of our own, but gets met by a Jehova zebra: Speak your mind or shut up. Maybe that is why most children are school tired.

CLOVER FIVE

And a Cheetah, a black Panther, named Penta were resourceful in her stride and travelled from top of the mountain to the valley of covers below to plant a seed of a five leafed clover and named it, Yankee. And the Yankee spoke and said: We all know that Frodo died in vain under his own house and blood, under the hands of Baggins, whos master were Gollum, that dreaded creature of insanity under the rule of Satan, and by God, Mister Gandalf, did profit by it all the way! And a jacobite said to Frodos serpent and servant, that somehow survived the ordeal, "I will teach you the cloven tongue of serpents, and fully know that the sky is the limit". So what do the unknowing Zebraes conclude in the biospheres of mother Earth, struck by insanity and little knowledge. Not knowing of the workings of a womans body or any body for that matter, besides their own, with their bodies and minds enslaved under the reign of zebra helmets. "I always loved the esoteric sciences!", said one Zebra. Esoteric meaning the knowledge which is hidden. The Zebra took a deep breath and said, "Did you know that all the negroes, the black people are born through the rectum, while the Caucasian race, the whites, are born through the vagina?". And the term racism, suddenly seemed like a fluke that had occured by accident in human history, but certainly we cannot all forget the apartheid of both America and South Africa. And that insult must have originated within a sick Zebra mind. And everybody immediately felt somewhat nauseous, way past, the mini sick and wondered if they had caught the Corona virus or the Black plague. And still the braindead Zebra went on wondering, "So, which one of these races, are the stillborn race, the dead borns of this world?". And do it apply for us all, despite any skincolors? And what unloved breed or creed am I? And yet, reaching old age it dawns on us all, that it is what every zebra child goes through, which angers us beyond life and follows us into our graves. The throne of Satan residing on the flatlands of the Den, since the days of Golgata. and we cannot all go back to our mother, that fed you your own shitty diaper as an infant, hoping that is was my own shitty diaper and not your mothers or Mufar's. Eewww. Cannot go back to your mother that put out her cigarettes on your arms, thinking that an infant has no memory what so ever. Can I forgive, yet alone believe in the humanity of this so called human race, this so called Homo Sapiens, and more importantly are there any glory to the claim of being a top predator on a solitary planet where everybody suffers from loneliness and when truth hits we not only suffer from loneliness, but yearn to spend the remaining days in some sort of solitude. Our homes, our tombs residing under the Rosy Cross. And if, we let the King of rot enter to serve our own sexdrive of pure lust, know that the handmaiden Rosen Rot always follow, to hang you up, bleed you dry, and leave you to rot under the Sun. Glorious world. A word of advice would be, let love come to you. That is if there are any more love left in this world? Well, I have felt the full measure of Satanism or what Satanism is percieved to be. The depths of hell. In the teens and in my youth and in my middleages, it has all a visual mind game. But as infant, it was physically and I still cannot accept it or will ever tolerate such actions. The black and the white? Of course the claim of the Satanists, is that we all need to divide a mind to grow a brain. But do you as a parent divide the mind by black ink on white sheeds of paper or do you divide the childs mind by putting out your cigarettes on your infants arm, thinking that the infant cannot reason therefore it will never recall or remember. Of course, the pain is the easiest way to grow an appetite for knowledge and to a heigten sexdrive, but surely such an statement, can only have been dreamt up in a silent world with no words of love, a dead world, a dead realm and a dead planet. Growing a sound mind requires time and effort and love and nurture. That is - if it exists?

THE ETERNAL FEUD OF ELEMENTARS

And what defence do we as a race wheel against the feud of the elementars? The only true defence being women as copycats, playing and dreaming up an eternal conflict. The eternal conflict between Mrs Tutsy and Miss Jehova and all due to the sadness and anger towards life and births, as birth is fallen, fallen is the birth, the internal conflict being, never being able to get what they want, when they want it. And both women know that all men are stuck between Jesus Christ and Miss Jehovas Cameltoe. And those in the know fully know that Miss Jehova never ever kisses with her eyes closed, bearing testament to a fleet of yankee fossils, standing in their shiny cowboy boots and hats, kissing with their eyes closed, even though, they had heard the title "eyes wide open". Standing with eyes closed as testimony to the thickness of their own thick skulls. And the American onlookers were inflamed in rage and wanted the wars of the milking fannies to never end, and Nina Stanley and Baalia Nonine, stood from afar and said, "Oh, no! How will we still the tempers of those angry men, we need to at least blow their dicks till gaggingly numb, and the two girls were still sore from this mornings brunch, eating away till the jaws were aching. It is hard to be a woman. And yet we as a race, be it, male or female or shemale, all end up there. Starting off in ignorances bliss, with three hardy meals a day, eating for three persons for three decades, till the jaws become numb and the pleasures of food dwindles on you. And the children within their childhoods of ignorances bliss, blissfully playing doctors in the gardens of their father, Mister Lionhearts garden, running around naked in the blistering sun, feeling free, yet with souls incarnated. The shadows cast, will anger us all in the end of our lives. Hoping for the children to defecate, shitting in some old mans rose bed. Mister Lionhearts rose bed. And yet many women still stand tall whilst proclaiming, "I am a strong woman, but wishing for what, exactly?". We all break like reaves in the wind, in the end, while the shadows bereaves us all of the claim that nature is divine. Nature is cruel and destructive, that is the nature of man. And Aranubis-Phat that had been in service as a death dealer for over 4 decades, remembered his childhood. Cleaning houses started in the very days of his youth with demonic possessions although he knew that some divine force had sheltered him along his way. But since early life, he had been crawling through life like a rat that had grown its heart in darkness. Cursing God, the devils and everybody around him, since his first pains. In the begining darkness gave birth to blind love. Love is blind as the rose dies later in life. The Rosen Rot that enters the feline womb and tomb. The days of the death dealer where he entered the brothels, to fed and still his sex hunger. But all along hoping to find a hooker with the heart of a whore. A heart of Osiris, that devours internal. A lost attempt to cease life in a dead world. But through and by this quest he had only grown the hyde of a skinwalker and the mind of a zombie, growing hearts of lust in the cover of darkness. The hunger and the very thirst that given time strikes us all. Till the soul lay barren. Now some will claim that this book and the forthcoming pages are vile and disgusting in their essence, but it is the truth, in its entirety. So we must as individuals ask ourselves, do we want such a truth, being brainwashed into seeking one truth, when there are so many willing whore around seeking one true love. A paradox, that all men harness like rats growing hearts in everlasting darkness, praying for a bit of twilight to maintain their sanity and a sence of normacy. This world is lost, this planet is lost and it seems the battle has been lost in the cradle. So is the nature of man, creature or beast or any other given lifeform really divine, if lost of willpower to breed or feed? Then all lifeforms will slowly die, if not of hunger then within themselves. And that nature is real and that is true nature and it is vile. So do we really want it? Nature - that is? Hence questioning the REAL (Reality).

And an Amoteph sex warrior drove himself into the underground of fertile lies and fertility seeking one truth, took out his cock, and jerked his penis off and defiled himself. And the semen and sperm landed on the barren sand. On a dead surface world, all will cry over the spill of blood, not turned to holy water. Freshwater. And all the women mourned, "We will all cry over spilled milk. Because we all know the spill of milk leads to the spill of blood, till the rivers run red into the red sea, that once existed for real. A sea of blood. The spill of blood that old ancient Mufar doctrine of zionists. Then the mountain of Saynee spoke:" Fuck it, I hate the smell of Tuteys burned pussy hairs.". But the sound reasoning of an old man said;" I seek a lawyer, because I have never ever heard an opening statement in court put forward by a single sperm-cell?". Then all women wondered;" Is that testimony of sperm, a task for the pregnant women, within, and a claim that produces the morning sickness, or is it just another spiritual tale, trying to produce some logic and reasoning into all the madness of a female body?" And within Duskwood there was an old Orc brothel in the outskirts of town. A vampires whorehouse, that the Orcs had bought long ago, but it was without the modern vampire soundproof technology, securing, at least the freedom of its victims. So the sadden tale was that the ancient ents enrolled the children of the Orcs, to teach them, the cunning of a silent running that turns into the silent cumming, teaching: Never moan out loud in a brothel? " A free world after all!", thought a poor old scotchman, living on the streets outside the whorehouse. And he did indeed suffer from a runny nose. " So he picked his nose and thought, "At least I do get a bloody nose from time to time. But I am still alive, and my piles have been bleeding today, so no need to take a blood sample". And the scot had witnessed, the danish tradition of naming their children after tree names, while Pinocchio sits in the shadows crying, only to witness the children enrolled into what is dubbed, the hunter force. An elite force growing intelligence to get send to countries far away, being hyped by the term black ops, and climbs a mountain in Afganistan, to put up a camouflaged shelter to survey a farm beneath the mountain. All awhile an Afgan farmer sits on the porch of his farmhouse and is amazed. He has spend his entire life on that farm. 50 years. Been feeding his hogs for 30 years and been raising his grandson for 15 years. And his morning view havent changed in 50 years, still the same mountain top. And all of a sudden some weird rock ontop of the mountain. And at this time we all dread that the Afgan farmer should go round the house and tell his son to stop smoking his weed and put out his joint, to climb the mountain to investigate. Can an elite force with 20 years of elite training, tolerate a 15 year old kid, climbing the mountain asking for a piece of candy, which is a rare treat round those parts of Afganistan or will he be met by a bullit? I suppose at the end of such an ordeal if it lead to murder of innocent blood, any man, will be willing to enroll himself, as a candyfloss maker by the name of Tricootreat. The old vampire Nosferatus send himself down into the elevated crypt of Aranubis-Phat and awoke with him and within him. And he looked unto the walls and thought, "Is that brown stain, shit or chocolate? I do believe I know both. But to test it, better dip the little finger and put a tiny spec on one of me front teeth. Certainly, not eat a full tablespoon, like Mufar and his kind, smiling in the colour brown". Need to watch out for the shit, much like cocain and other kinds of drugs. Watch out for the shit, for it always hits the fan for some apparent lame reason. The dreaded statement that makes the celebrities sweat, because all they want is to return to their old jeans and t-shirts, the sweatshirts to hang out and relax. "And the Corona typewriter, that of old, were truly fired somewhere round the 80'ties. But there I wrote it, product placement for one day, and I can open up a bottle of Corona Extra, the mexican beer, to quell my thirst!", thought the old vampire Lord. And I need a dram or tee. A dram or tee, will dee mi lad". There you have it! Three product placements, all done in a hard days work. Nine safeguarded by Two, which is which?

OUR HOMES • OUR TOMBS

THE FUTURE STANDARDS OF INDUSTRIAL BUILD OF HOUSES, HOMES AND CRYPTS AND TOMBS

RESTING IN BALANCE WITH NATURE
UNDER GROUND ON SURFACE AND EVENTUALLY RESIDING IN AIR
AND TO THE VADERS OF THIS WORLD WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO CLOUD CITY
AND WHERE IS THIS HERE ON/OFF BUTTON ON MI STORMTROOPER HELMET?

SPECS:

- No wood in construction
- Rubberfloors/ not carpets
- Nano ceramics toilets & sewer
- No beds/soft adjustable rubber floors

ELECTRICAL UNIT:

Electrical unit and grind on ground level, no more singing wires of old.

SPECS 2:

• GARDENING SPECS

Respect Nature:

TREES 33%

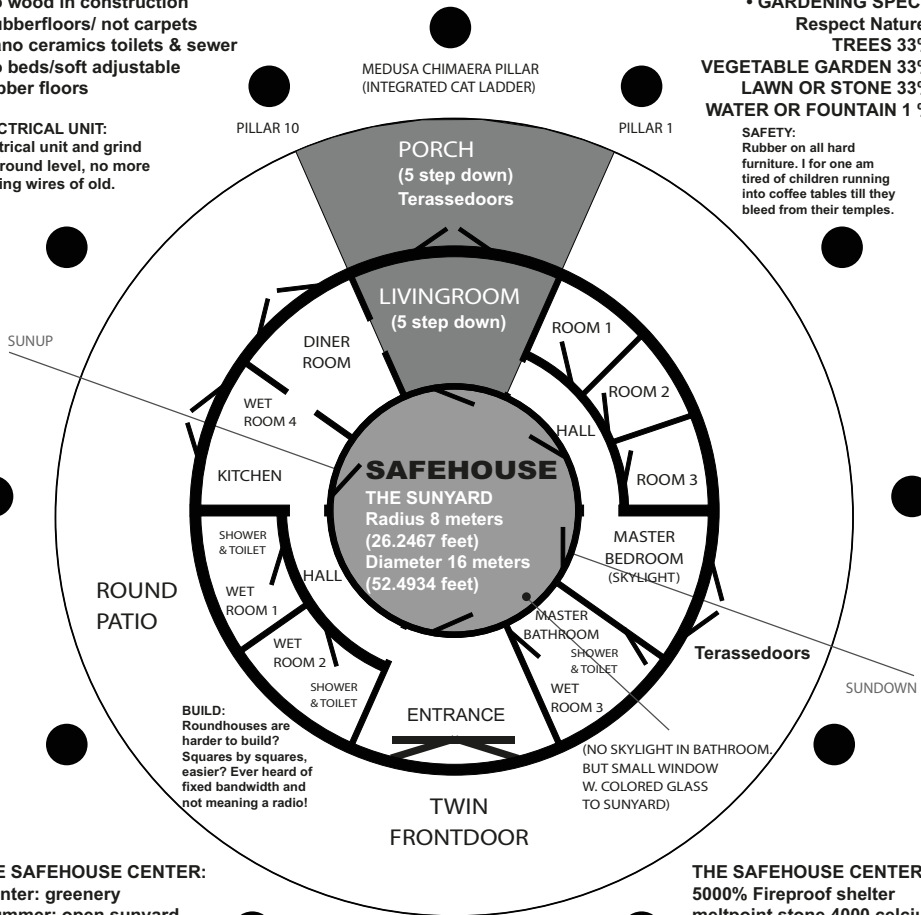
VEGETABLE GARDEN 33%

LAWN OR STONE 33%

WATER OR FOUNTAIN 1 %

SAFETY:

Rubber on all hard furniture. I for one am tired of children running into coffee tables till they bleed from their temples.



BUILD:
Roundhouses are harder to build?
Squares by squares, easier? Ever heard of fixed bandwidth and not meaning a radio!

THE SAFEHOUSE CENTER:

- winter: greenery
 - summer: open sunyard (a skylight cover solution that can be open and closed)
- Room enough for 8 sarcophagus or hibernation units.

THE SAFEHOUSE CENTER:

- 5000% Fireproof shelter
- melpoint stone 4000 celcius
- (5 integrated Doorjammers in the doors and a hidden basement shelter)

FUTURE STANDARD HOUSING

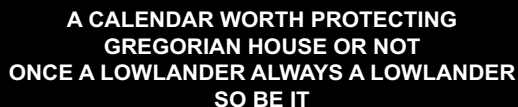
A HOME WORTH PROTECTING

SURELY IF YOU HAVE PAID FOR A HOUSE ONCE

THEN SURELY NO PROPERTY TAXES - FAIR DEMAND IF YOU ASK ME

THE MONEY WILL ALWAYS BE NEEDED FOR MAINTAINENCE AND THE HEROES OF HERU-AR
HAD NO SCARS AND WERE LOVERS AND NOT WARRIORS. MAKE LOVE NOT WAR.
FOR THE LOVE OF COD? - MAYBE ROUND SEA CIRCLES FOR FISH PRODUCTION.

EVERY CREATIVE ARTIST MIGHT
EVENTUALLY MAKE UP THEIR OWN
CALENDAR WITH PRETTY FLOWER NAMES
OR ELSE. BUT I PRAY THAT WE GIVEN TIME
AT LEAST CAN AGREE ON THIS STRUCTURE

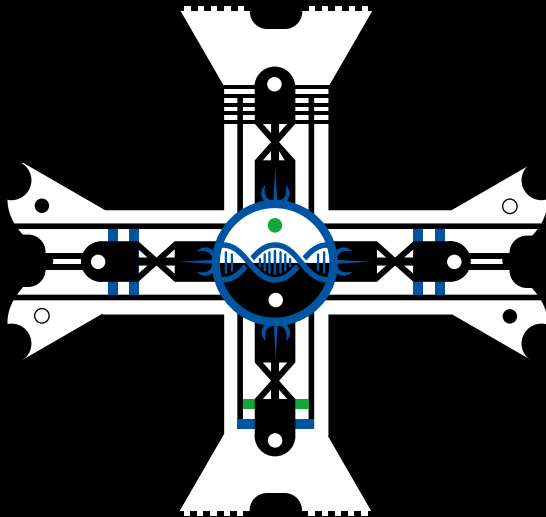


EMPEROR'S

CARTAS DE TARÔ MAIAS

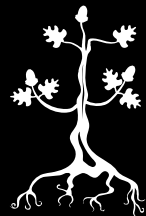
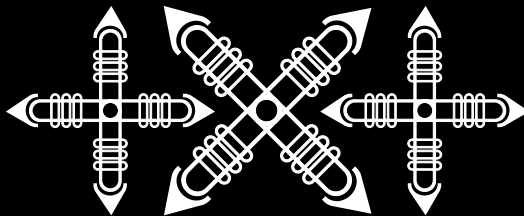
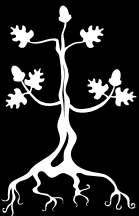
dictated by

LORD PALPATINE (4 X 33 Tarot Cards)
and manifested through the skinwalker medium Aranubis-Phat



FIRE • EARTH • WATER • AIR

ACKNOWLEDGE YOURSELF: ? WELL - SPOCK IT. NOSFERA VAMPIRES HOMINUS: ARANUBIS-PHAT
BECAUSE ALL WE VAMPIRES HAVE TENDER ARSES ALTHOUGH WE LOVE OUR MEATS,
BUT MUST ADMIT THAT THE DRY MUMMIES ARE A TAD CHEWY, LITERARY.
AND YET ALL THE WOMEN STILL WISHES TO BE ADORNED FOR FIVE HUSBANDS.



1:3 It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things, to write unto thee to the order.
1:4 That you might know the creatures of those things, wherein you have been raised. Seeking one truth?
TWILIGHT. The sanctuary was original created in the twilight by rebelangels and demons
seeking refuge from the eternal conflict. Source: Gospel of Luke Skinwalker.

RA'S 33 ANKH ANGELS

and their connection to the mayan equinox calendar

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE BEAST ZODIAC

Make yourself known unto the elements and then a wee cuppa tea and a nightcap

ORDER	BIRTHWEEK	SIGN	ANGEL NAME
1. SPIRIT	WEEK 1	1. WATER	SHAWOMANE
2. LICKING	WEEK 2	2. EARTH	LAZARUS
3. IMP	WEEK 3	3. AIR	LYONESSE
4. CENTAUR	WEEK 4	4. FIRE	NUUT
5. UNICORN	WEEK 5	5. EARTH	CHEROKEE
6. WIZARD	WEEK 6	6. AIR	METHUSALEM
7. SOULREAPER	WEEK 7	7. WATER	MUINE-THUR
8. MERMAID	SOLSTICE WEEK 8	8. FIRE	SCARAMANAS
9. WITCH	WEEK 9	9. AIR	OZEENA
10. PREDATOR	WEEK 10	10. WATER	RAMAR-GETTON
11. VAMPIRE	WEEK 11	11. EARTH	NOSFERATUS
12. MUMMY	WEEK 12	12. FIRE	CLEOPATRA AZAZEL
13. WEREWOLF	WEEK 13	13. AIR	ANIME-VORE
14. ANGEL	WEEK 14	14. EARTH	JA-BREE-EL
15. ANUBIS	WEEK 15	15. FIRE	MUAR-DI
16. GIANT	WEEK 16	16. WATER	NEPHILIMUS
17. SPHINX	EQUINOX WEEK 17	17. FIRE	ANUBIS
18. TIME LORDS	WEEK 18	18. AIR	MECHANTOR
19. ALIEN	WEEK 19	19. EARTH	MAYAS
20. ELF	WEEK 20	20. WATER	AMOTEPH
21. SHAPESHIFTER	WEEK 21	21. AIR	HORUS
22. STARDRAGON	WEEK 22	22. FIRE	TZAPHQIEL
23. HUMAN	WEEK 23	23. WATER	TUTARVEN
24. SNAKE	WEEK 24	24. EARTH	MEDUSA METUTSA
25. GHOST	WEEK 25	25. AIR	LUCIFER EL SHADDEI
26. ENT	SOLSTICE WEEK 26	26. HALLOWEEN(xmas)	NEMATOCERA
27. GOBLIN	WEEK 27	27. FIRE	TREEK-NOOSE
28. SKINWALKER	WEEK 28	28. EARTH	ARANUBIS-PHAT
29. ZOMBIE	WEEK 29	29. AIR	ARIER CANNIBAL
30. NECROMANCER	WEEK 30	30. EARTH	SKELETOR
31. REPTILIAN	WEEK 31	31. FIRE	HYDRA BAALROCH
32. HELLRAISER	WEEK 32	32. WATER	DEMENTOR IBLISS
33. REALMWALKER	WEEK 33	33. AIR	NOMATODE

HOLY BE THE QUARDITION



CARTAS DE TARÔ MAIAS

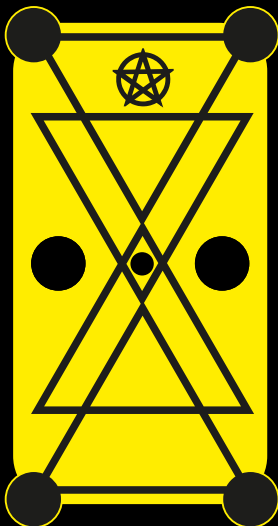
4 X 33 TAROT CARDS

FIRE • EARTH • WATER • AIR

THE MEDICIN WHEEL

MUCH LIKE THE TALE OF THE 80 YEAR OLD JAPANESE BONZAI CUTTER WHO SPEND HIS ENTIRE LIFE CREATING BONZAI'S TO TELL EVERYBODY THAT HE NEVER EVER WANTED CHILDREN. SURE, HE VISITED A GEISHA FROM TIME TO TIME, BECAUSE SOMETIMES WE ALL HAVE THOSE URGES. AND YET HE STILL ENDED UP CRYING FOR THE REMAINING 20 YEARS OF HIS SOLITARY LIFE. A NOMATODE AND THE FIRST FEMALE PROPHET WILL ASK, "DONT NOMATODES HAVE RIGHTS?". "AND WHAT IS MORE SEXY? A PAIR OF SEXY HIGH HEELS OR A PAIR OF FUCKING SAFETY SHOES".

ALWAYS HAD AN INTEREST
IN LAW BUT NEVER CARED
MUCH FOR ORDER



IF YOU INSIST ON ORDER
THE ORDER OF
THE SCORPIO

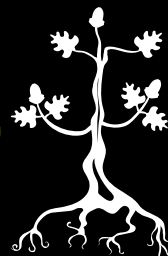
FIRE

- | |
|----------------------|
| 1. WHIP |
| 2. DEAD KNIGHTS |
| 3. PRISONER |
| 4. ANGEL |
| 5. POISON |
| 6. THE ANKH |
| 7. PRIEST |
| 8. LITEWERM |
| 9. LICKING |
| 10. SUN - EL SHADDEI |
| 11. SCARAB |
| 12. TRINITY |
| 13. MALACHIM |
| 14. DEAD KINGS |
| 15. JEALOUS LOVER |
| 16. SUICIDE |

- | |
|--------------------|
| 17. COURTESAN |
| 18. SHADOW WARRIOR |
| 19. HANGMAN |
| 20. ARCH ANGEL |
| 21. WEDDING |
| 22. ANKH ANGEL |
| 23. KING PRIEST |
| 24. FIREFLY |
| 25. WISP |
| 26. SON |
| 27. PHARAOH'S |
| 28. KING OF STAFFS |
| 29. BLOOD OAK |
| 30. EMPEROR |
| 31. STRENGTH |
| 32. MERCY |
| 33. SCORPIO |



THE FIRE SIGN: SCORPIO
HOUSE OF ESTE FAMILY



THE LAST PRAYER - NOSFERA SHADOWLAW PRAYER (the creatives prayer)

Heallish and hellish faithers who art in hell. My will be done. Salutory to all, in heaven and in hell. Bless this night our twilight, and give us our pass, as we forgive those who surpass us. Lead us in temptation and deliver us from ignorances bliss. For thine is the hour, and the power and mysteries gloom, internal youth forever bloom, the inner kingdom resides within me. Hail all immortal legions. Amenâ. Auevra A = OY <1 Apevovfoe~Iijet

SAFETY SHOES OR NOT MAY IT BE THE END OF FUCKING SHOELACES AND SANTA'S FUCKING SNOWGLOBE. THE END OF XMAS AND THE BEGINING OF HALOWEEN. THEN AGAIN WILL A MEDUSA DICEBOX MAKE IT ALL BETTER? THROWING THE DICE OVER A THOROUGHLY FUCKED UP CAMPBELL KILT WORN IN THE 1930 TIES. WHAT WILL I INHERIT FROM MI ATHAIR? HIS DENTURES?

CARTAS DE TARÔ MAIAS

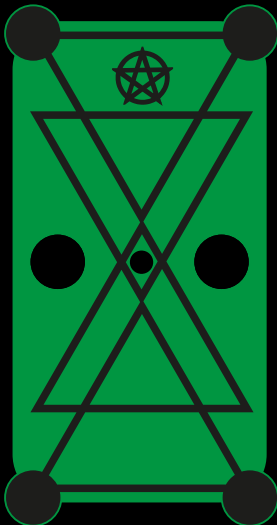
4 X 33 TAROT CARDS

FIRE • EARTH • WATER • AIR

THE MEDICIN WHEEL

LIKE THE STORY OF THE DANISH GARDNER FROM THE INFAMOUS ENT SCHOOL THAT YEARLY CUT ALL THE BRANCHES OF HIS ROSE BUSHES. BUT DID NOT CARE MUCH ABOUT A GOD DAMNED PROCENTAGE OF THE NUMBER OF BRANCHES THAT HE REMOVED. BECAUSE HE HAD ALWAYS DONE IT THAT WAY. AND IF YOU LEFT 3 OR 4 HEALTHY BRANCHES INTACT, ASK YOURSELF, WILL THE PLANT HAVE A HIGHER SURVIVAL RATE? SO CUTTING IS BETTER THAN BUSHFIRES! RIGHT? THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL HAS ALWAYS BEEN A DICKHEAD, BECAUSE THE DUDE ON THE WHITE HORSE KEEPS FUCKING DYEING TILL DYING.

ALWAYS HAD AN INTEREST
IN LAW BUT NEVER CARED
MUCH FOR ORDER



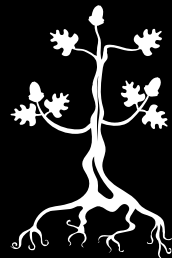
IF YOU INSIST ON ORDER
THE ORDER OF
THE SERPENT

EARTH

- | |
|-----------------|
| 1. SKELETON |
| 2. CRYPT KEEPER |
| 3. ZOMBIE SAGE |
| 4. HUNTER |
| 5. TREE |
| 6. WOODSMAN |
| 7. CONJURER |
| 8. LOTUS MASTER |
| 9. MARROW MONK |
| 10. WITCH |
| 11. VAMPIRE |
| 12. KING ELF |
| 13. MONK |
| 14. DRUID |
| 15. NECROMANCER |
| 16. EMPATHS |

- | |
|-------------------------|
| 17. SKELETON WARRIOR |
| 18. BONE KNIGHT |
| 19. SPINE SWORDSMAN |
| 20. REQUIEM |
| 21. MAGE |
| 22. PALADIN |
| 23. ELO-JINN (wisp w m) |
| 24. EARTHTOWER |
| 25. DRACONIAN WHORE |
| 26. BLOOD BISHOP |
| 27. GOBLIN |
| 28. TIME LORDS |
| 29. TOMEHOME |
| 30. ORC |
| 31. SKELETON DRAGON |
| 32. TELEPATHER |
| 33. SNAKE / SERPENT |

THE EARTH SIGN: SNAKE/SERPENT
BELMONT DYNASTY



THE LAST PRAYER • NOSFERA SHADOWLAW PRAYER (the creatives prayer)

Healish and hellish fathers who art in hell. My will be done. Salutory to all, in heaven and in hell. Bless this night our twilight, and give us our pass, as we forgive those who surpass us. Lead us in temptation and deliver us from ignorances bliss. For thine is the hour, and the power and mysteries gloom, internal youth forever bloom, the inner kingdom resides within me. Hail all immortal legions. Amen. Aquevex A = O Y < i Αρανοββσ-Πηατ

MASTERS PROFOUND WISDOM: "THERE IS JOY IN PERFORMING YOUR DUTIES".
STUDENTS PROFOUND REPLY: "BOY - WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME I HAD A GOOD CRAP.? OH BROTHER OR IS IT THE MOTHER RESULTING IN THE TURD OF HURT?" MESSAGE FROM THE ATLANTIS ORBITER:
HEY KIDS! DONT WORRY THE FUTURE HAS ALWAYS BEEN AROUND. LUV FROM MAYA

CARTAS DE TARÔ MAIAS

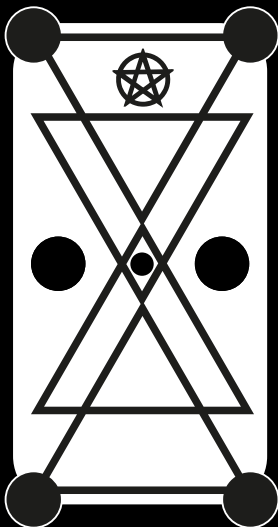
4 X 33 TAROT CARDS

FIRE • **EARTH** • **WATER** • **AIR**

THE MEDICIN WHEEL

AS LIFE IS ALL ABOUT BIOSPHERES AND ORGANISMS, HAVE YOU, YOURSELF, EVER ASKED THE QUESTION, WHAT WOULD I RATHER DRINK? FRESH WATER OR SALT WATER! AND IF WE THE HUMAN RACE WOULD BE ABLE TO CLOSE OFF THE GIBRALTAR STRAIT AND CLOSED THE RED SEA END TO CREATE A FRESHWATER SEA? TO AID NATURE RESSURRECT. BUT IT CANNOT BE DONE? THE TERRAFORMNING. RIGHT? WHAT ABOUT THE GULF OF RIGA THAT IS THE SHAPE OF AFRICA MORE OR LESS?

ALWAYS HAD AN INTEREST
IN LAW BUT NEVER CARED
MUCH FOR ORDER



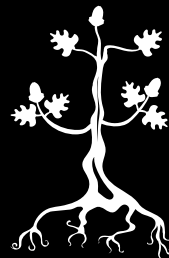
IF YOU INSIST ON ORDER
THE ORDER OF
THE DRAGONFLY

WATER

1. GEKKO
2. NEWBORN
3. ARC SWORD
4. SILVER
5. MOON
6. TEMPERANCE
7. MALE
8. GRAIL GUARDIAN
9. SOUL REAPER
10. MIND WARRIOR
11. BUTTERFLY
12. DREAMTIME
13. DRAGONFLY
14. HIEROPHANT
15. ENCHANTER
16. WARLOCK

17. MUTE
18. ELVEN HELLBLADE
19. NOMAD
20. SONS OF SILVER
21. MIRROR
22. MAGICIAN
23. WATERTREE
24. MOON WIZARD
25. FEMALE
26. OCTOPUSSY
27. ILLUSIONIST
28. CLEAR VOYANCE
29. SPACEFROG
30. ELEPHANT
31. ANCIENT ARC (BKS?)
32. MAGGOT
33. WEREWOLF

THE WATER SIGN: DRAGONFLY
MEROVINGIAN DYNASTY



THE LAST PRAYER • NOSFERA SHADOWLAW PRAYER (the creatives prayer)

Heallish and hellish fathers who art in hell. Bless this night our twilight, and give us our pass, as we forgive those who surpass us. Lead us in temptation and deliver us from ignorances bliss. For thine is the hour, and the power and mysteries bloom, the inner kingdom resides within me. Hail all immortal legions. Amen. **Auevra A = OY < i Apavovβe-Πηet**

BEELZEBOB CONDOMES © DID WE MISUNDERSTAND RUBBER IN A CAN? DOES THE VIRA GO IN THE CONDOME?
SACRILEGE IS WHEN WE DONT SACRIFICE BACK TO THE NIGHT AND TO THE NATURE. THE ENDANGERED SPECIES:
ELEFANT • SEALION • LION • ZEBRA • GIRAFFE • OSTRICH • RABBITS
I THINK WE ALL WILL PREFER "BLACK" WATER AS JUDE'S SALT IS ICKYFART WHITE

CARTAS DE TARÔ MAIAS

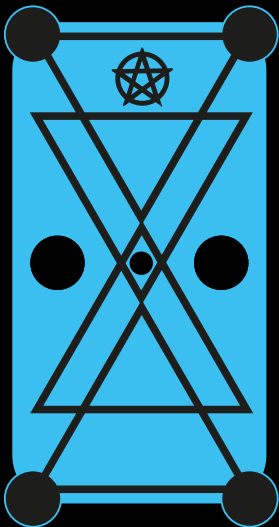
4 X 33 TAROT CARDS

FIRE • **EARTH** • **WATER** • **AIR**

THE MEDICIN WHEEL

THE HOLY SPIRIT? THE COSMIC SQUID ALSO CALLED MIDDLE EARTH OR THE STRATOSPHERE. . TO DIE IN TWILIGHT TO FADE TO BLACK WITHIN TWILIGHT AS A WISP IS THE PAIN OF THE FALLEN. THE CURSE OF THIS EXISTENCE. IF THE STRATOSPHERE DIES THE SURFACE WORLD OF THE NOSFERA DIES OUT. A FACT. SO FORGET ABOUT SUPERSTITIOUS RELIGIOUS BELIEF SYSTEMS. ANTIQUATED. BUT DEATH, THE COSMIC SQUID IS TOO CRUEL FOR SCHOOL. MIGHT ASK YOURSELVES IS THERE A BIO-SPHERE ONBOARD THE ARC. IF SO MOVING AT SUCH HIGH SPEEDS, IS THERE A TIMECAPSULE AROUND THE BIO-SPHERE INSIDE THE CRAFT. BYPASS?

ALWAYS HAD AN INTEREST
IN LAW BUT NEVER CARED
MUCH FOR ORDER



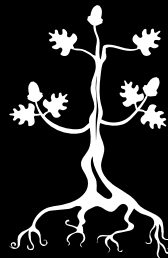
IF YOU INSIST ON ORDER
THE ORDER OF
THE CHAMELEON

AIR

- | |
|------------------|
| 1. MOTH |
| 2. DRAGON |
| 3. RAINMAKER |
| 4. MEDICIN WHEEL |
| 5. SHAMAN |
| 6. SKINWALKER |
| 7. CLOUD |
| 8. GRIFF |
| 9. PHÖNIX |
| 10. ATLANTIS |
| 11. ELF |
| 12. CROCODILE |
| 13. MOUNTAIN |
| 14. NEPHILIM |
| 15. DWARPH |
| 16. AZTECH |

- | |
|----------------------|
| 17. EAGLE |
| 18. TOTEM |
| 19. RESSURRECTOR |
| 20. CLONE |
| 21. MEDICIN MAN |
| 22. NOSFERA |
| 23. CITY (DOME CITY) |
| 24. HORRIBLE ASP |
| 25. HOLY SMOKE "O-M" |
| 26. CHAMELEON |
| 27. MAYAN CIRCLE |
| 28. EGYPTIAN WINGS |
| 29. AIRBENDER |
| 30. POLYMORPH |
| 31. GREEN GIANT |
| 32. INCA |
| 33. BAT |

**THE AIR SIGN: CHAMELEON
ARGYLL DYNASTY**



THE LAST PRAYER • NOSFERA SHADOWLAW PRAYER (the creatives prayer)

Heathish and hellish fathers who art in hell. My will be done. Salutory to all. in heaven and in hell. Bless this night our twilight, and give us our pass, as we forgive those who surpass us. Lead us in temptation and deliver us from ignorances bliss. For time is the hour, and the power and mysteries gloom, the inner kingdom resides within me. Hail all immortal legions. Amenta. Amenta. A = O Y < i A p a v o β i o r - Π i n c t

DO YOU RECITE A PRAYER OVER YOUR WATER BEFORE DRINKING? • OR DO YOU PUT YOUR BATTERIES IN WATER? COME TO THINK OF IT NOTHING WORSE THAT TITS SMELLING OF STALE MILK. UHT MILK = MAMMY'S MILK? AND HARVEY SAID: "THEN I WILL SURELY CLAIM NOT TO BE OF NATURE". AMEN. AMEN. AMEN. AMEN. AMENTA.

THE 22 CIVI PROFESSIONS

a simpler what can I become guide

HOW MANY PROFESSIONS DO WE REALLY NEED

HUMAN ACTIVITY AND IMPRINT ON THIS PLANET

ENERGY - WATER - AGRICULTURE - AERONAUTICS

CATCH 22

QUARDITION TAXSYSTEM

FIRE TAX 33%
WATER TAX 33%
EARTH TAX 33 %
AIR TAX 33%

MEANING A TOTAL TAXATION ON 33 PERCENT FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL. THAT IS IF TAXES STILL EXIST IN THIS DAY AND AGE NEVER BELIEVED MUCH IN GOVERNMENTS NOR DEMOCRACY. SOMEONE MIGHT STATE THE CLAIM CAN THE BASTARD COUNT YET ALONE READ? - THE MAYAN KEY SECURES OUR SURVIVAL. IS IT GOOD OR BAD? IT IS BOTH. LIFE IS HARD THEN YOU DIE. PENSION? LIFE IS HARD TILL YOU DIE? ANY HUMANITY AROUND IF YOU BELIEVE IN SUCH?

1%	1%
33%	3,3%
33%	33%
33%	33%
11%	11%
11%	11%
11%	11%
3,3%	33%
1%	1%

MAYAN BEEN AROUND LIKE FOREVER SAFEGUARDED BY Gnostic VAMPIRES LAW AND WHICH UNWRITTEN LAW OR WRITTEN LAW SHOULD CHANGE THAT? WE LIVE AND WE DIE. YOU NEED TO BE PREPARED TO WITNESS A PERSON GET A HEART ATTACK AND COLLAPSE ON THE SUBWAY THEN SAY: EXCUSE ME, SIR AND STEP OVER HIS BODY. DEAD OR ALIVE . BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE THAT DUMB.

PROFESSION INDEX

1. DEATHDEALERS
2. GUARDS
3. HEALERS
4. SHOPKEEPERS
5. CONSTRUCTORS
6. ENGINEERS
7. MINERS
8. BANKERS
9. NAVIGATORS
10. SEAMEN
11. LANDMEN
12. AIRMEN
13. FARMERS
14. ARTISTS
15. TEACHERS
16. GARDNERS
17. COOKS
18. PHYSICIANS
19. MATHEMATICIANS
20. PRODUCERS
21. ASSETSWORKERS
22. ANIMALKEEPERS

SUBJECTS

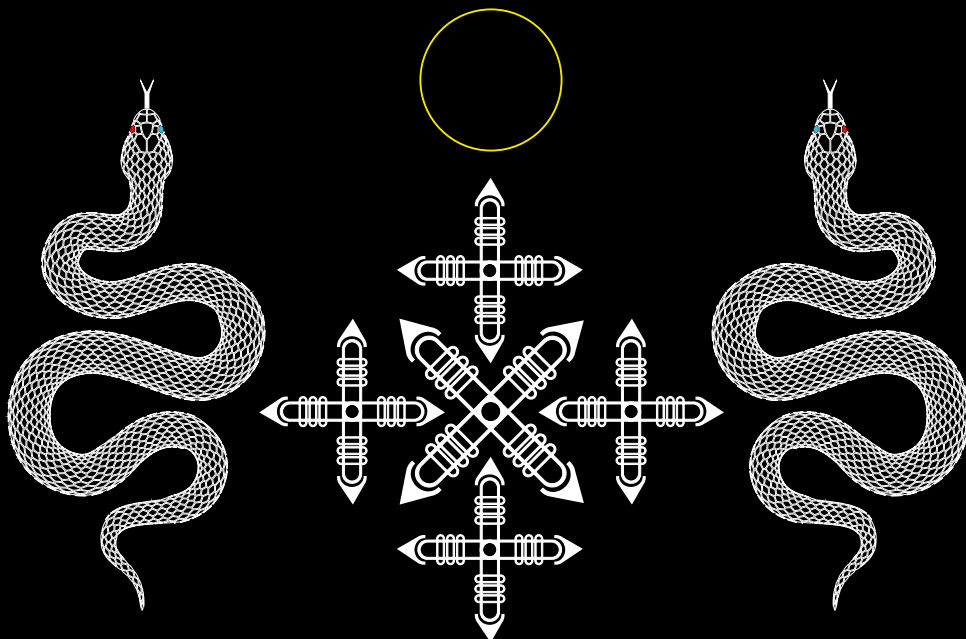
ORGANISMS ETC
WARRIORS ETC
DOCTORS ETC
SHOPS ETC
CIVI STRUCTURE
MECHANICS ETC
UNDERCITY ETC
ECONOMISTS ETC
MAPMAKERS ETC
ON SEA ETC
ON LAND ETC
IN AIR ETC
CROPS ETC
ENTERTAINMENT
SCHOLARS ETC
LANDSCAPES ETC
FOODS ETC
BODY KINETICS
MIND KINETICS
FOODS ETC
METALLURGY ETC
BREEDING HUBS

A BIT OF SPOCK LOGIC:

Turns out that black windows are the best mirrors. Hmmm? But we cannot see the goods in the window? But only your own reflection. The greatest sales speech for brand and company. So if all buildings had black windows and a visuel display on the outside? Tomehome. Home black home. Profession index? Did I miss any jobs? And now a bottle of fine malt whiskey and at least 22 fags if I only had the money. And somehow the saying: "NO REST FOR THE WICKED TURNED INTO NO REST FOR THE SICK?". Glory days, EHHH. ON-LINE QUOTE: I STOPPED EXPLAINING MYSELF WHEN I REALIZED PEOPLE ONLY UNDERSTAND FROM THEIR OWN LEVEL OF PERCEPTION - HENCE THE NEED FOR A GOOD MALT WHISKEY. SO CHECK MATE - GOD AND A FOSTERS TO GO WITH IT, MATE. WITH ALL DUE RESPECT FUCK YOU FOR ALL ETERNITY. AND SPOCK IT COS SPOCKITECH WILL HAPPEN AS YOU CANT RENEW YOURSELF. THIS IS A DEAD ROCK OF SORTS. WELL, AT LEAST THIS REALITY IS DEAD. STONEDeAD.

EMPEROR'S

CARTAS DE TARÔ MAIAS



I AM KINDDA SCHOOL TIRED..... COME TO THINK OF IT I WAS SCHOOL TIRED SINCE LIKE BEFORE SCHOOL
COME TO THINK OF IT I WAS PROBABLY BORN SCHOOL TIRED. WELL, JUST TIRED TO WAKE UP RETIRED.
SERPENTS - SEX THE VEIL. THE VIRGIN BIRTHS - THE WISPS REMOVED THROUGH TECHNOLOGY. GOOD LUCK.

OH WELL, RUBBER FREE SEX AND A CIGARETTE FOLLOWED BY THE SLY REMARK:

"YES...FEEL THE LIFE SWELL IN YOU NOW". "I HATE THAT FUCKING SUN!"

I WILL STAND BY THESE WORDS TILL MY JOURNEY BEGINS OR ENDS AND I SEEK NO FURTHER.

SPONSORED BY:



LUV FROM
MAYA AND PALPATINE

BAAL COMMUNICATIONS

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END VERSION FIRST PRINTED ON NEMPRINT 01042020

288 BC : ASHES TO PAPER AND PAPER IS A MUST - 400 AD : ASHES TO ASHES AND DUST TO DUST
YOU CANNOT DRAW BLOOD FROM A STONE? YES YOU CAN, BUT YOU NEED TO THROW IT FIRST!

HOWEVER YOU CANNOT DRAW BLOOD FROM A TREE. WHERE IS MY TREES AT?

ALLOW ME TO PROLIFERATE THESE PRICES (YEAH - PRICEY):

CANADIAN DOLLARS: 182.71 AMERICAN DOLLARS: 127.18 EGYPTIAN POUNDS: 1990.33 SWEISS FRANCS: 125.43
SOUTH AFRICAN Rands: 2243.82 SCOTTISH POUNDS: 110.11 ENGLISH POUNDS: 109.16 YEN: 14112.31 DINARS: 477.92

WARNING



DO NOT BURN DUE TO
HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE
C4 LAMINATION

HISTORICAL BEAUTIFICATION OF THE KNIGHTMARE ORDERS THROUGH HERALDY

THE IMPERIAL SEAL OF LORD PALPATINE

“ Under imperial seal”

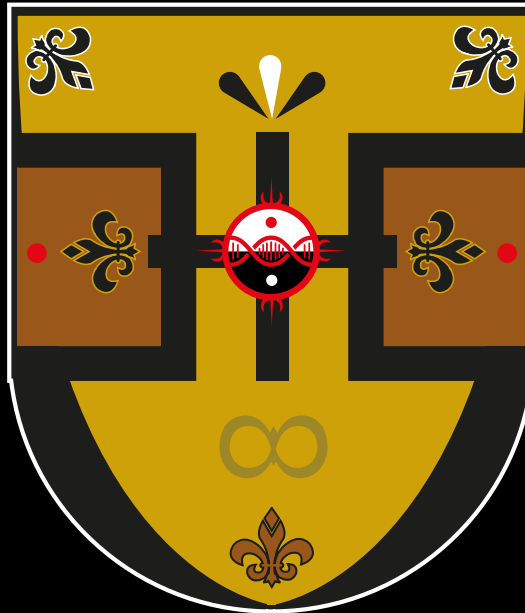
What colours, you say? This might take some time.

Ickyfart renaissance decorations?

ickyfart grapes? I will surely pass on that prospect

THE
NEST AND CREST
CROWN

THE
DARK
SHINES



THE
SECONDARY
DULLNESS

DEXTER RIGHT
SINISTER LEFT
SLOGAN
BATTLECRY
CREST
TORSE/TORSO
MANTLING
CROWN OR CORONET
DIVISION
ORDINANCE
CHARGE
EXECUTION
ORDER
MOTTO
ESTATE/HOME

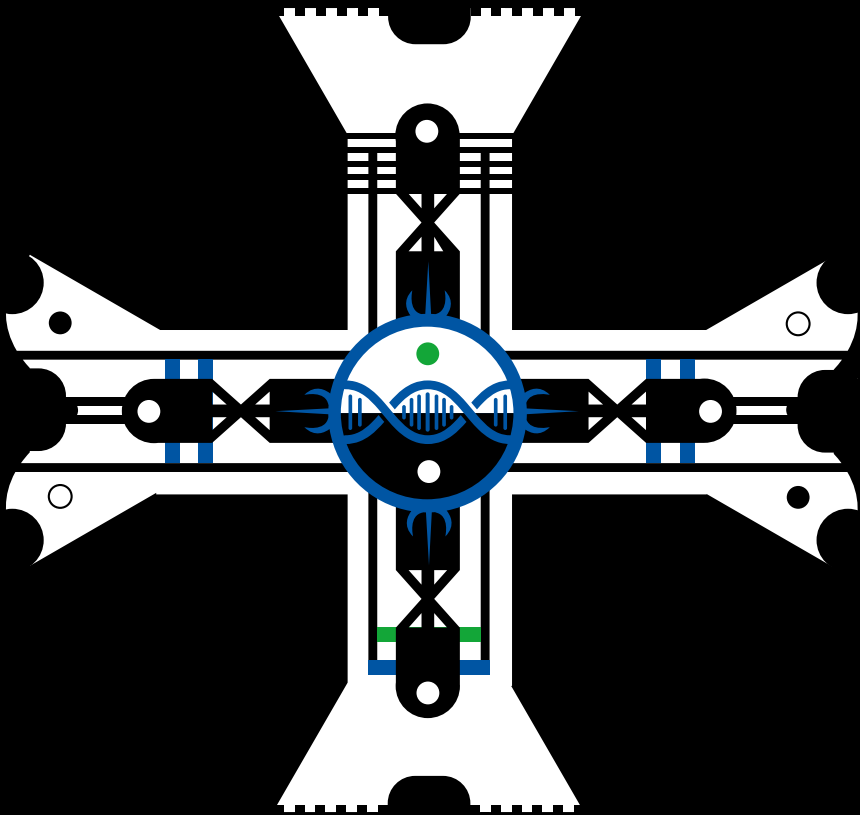
MOTTO:
HASH BROWNIES FOR SHITS
AND GIGGLES AND KISS
MI ARSE.

THE
BLACK
SARCOPHAGUS

ANY MODERNISATIONS
TO THE CONCEPTS?
IT IS THAT WHICH
FOUNDED OUR
SOCIETIES

HAIL SATAN and Lord Palpatine “hollow be thy soul”. I could have been a great mason but have neeson •The worlds first Neeson lodge by Lord Neemeeson and I pray, hopefully, under an imperial seal. And if we all served under one unified seal with some proper foodsecurity and even survived in the process, so Mufar doesnt cut of his finger to feed it to his grandson, that he bought in 1966 on ebay. We do all love his fricadellas. OHAMYALBA

THE AMENTA CROSS



NOSFERA OF NORSE

ATLANTIS • MAYAN • EGYPTIAN • NEOPHYTE • TOTEMIC • AFTERLIFE

THE AMENTA CROSS. Kindly make known this cross of quardition.
Hopefully the ancient ones from Egypt will have the final word,
a Trinity and a Quardition. Spread this document.

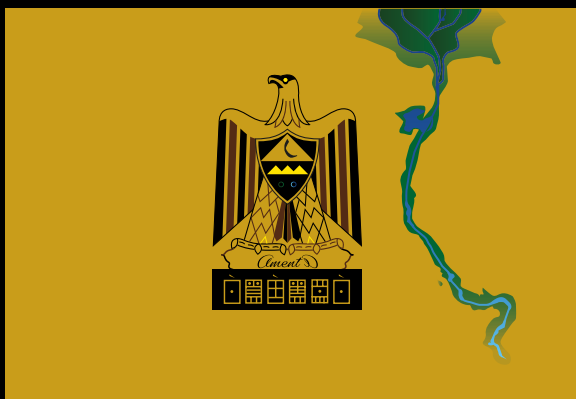
THANK U

THIS WORLD ACCORDING TO ARANUBIS•PHAT THE SKINWALKER MEDIUM OF LORD PALPATINE

THE AGE OF AGES

The age of the Sphinx has always been debated and looked upon as a great divide between mayan and egyptian records of history

IF YOU CAN DO THE CRIME YOU CAN DO THE TIME
MY BEST ACCOUNT OF A PERIODIC TIMETABLE



NEOLITHIC
PERIOD

MESOLITHIC
PERIOD

JURASSIC
PERIOD

PANTHEON
PERIOD
(SPHINX)

ATLANTIAN
PERIOD

MAYAN
PERIOD

**EGYPTIAN
PERIOD**

GREGORIAN
AGE
(COPERNICUS)

ISLAMIC
PERIOD

PRESENT?



THE OLD KINGDOM:
PHAT • MAAT

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM:
ANUBIS • IAH & YAH

THE NEW KINGDOM:
OSIRIS • ISIS

BY AKEN•RE & AKEN•RA

HAVE YOU GOT THE TIME?
I EXCEPT SOME OF US WALK AROUND NOT KNOWING THE TIME OF DAY
TO MAKE THINGS WORSE EVEN IN THE FAME OF A PRETEND WALLET

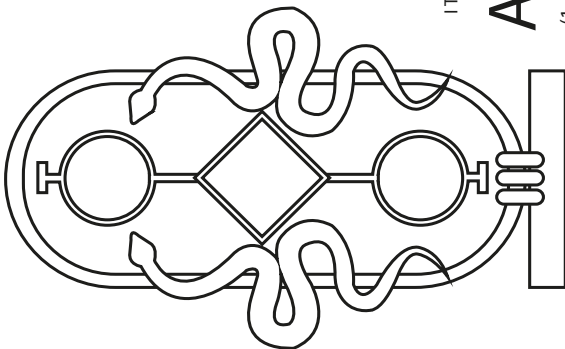
HAIL SATAN
• END BOOK • FREE LOVE •
NOSFERA SKINWALKER
FROM THE FLATLANDS OF THE DEN
THE REALM OF RED MANK



THE GOSPEL OF LUKE SKINWALKER
WRITTEN IN THE UNDERCITY
OF THE DEAD AND THE UNDEAD

WRITTEN IN THE KINGS AND QUEENS ENGLISH
AND EVENTUALLY TRANSLATED INTO THE EGYPTIAN A2Z ALPHABET
THAT SEEMINGLY OLD EGYPTIAN TONGUE - A STATEMENT THAT IN ITSELF QUESTIONS
IF NOT ALL HISTORY WRITING IS A MERE FALSEHOOD
AND IF THE GULF OF RIGA TURNS FROM SALTWATER TO FRESHWATER
WHO WILL BEAR TESTIMONY TO THAT REALITY - BECAUSE WE ALL NEED ALOT OF
FRESHWATER FOR ALOT OF WHISKY AND BEERS

LUKE SKINWALKER THE HYBRID STRAIN OF HITLER JUGEND
THAT WERE MEANT TO BEGUILDE AND MULTIPLY THE FELINES OF EARTH
WITH HIS SCOTTISH IMPLANT (SITUATED IN HIS LEFT EAR) SENDING OUT A
FALSE "HEARTBEAT"



THE FINAL ATTEMPT FOR AN UNIVERSAL ALPHABET KEY

(I APOLOGIZE IN ADVANCE TO MOTHER RUSSIA)
THE OMEGABET - AN UNI ALPHABET
IF I ONLY OWNED A TYPEWRITER COMPANY - THAT IS IF THESE TYPEWRITERS STILL ARE AROUND?
MAYBE I AM STUCK WITH GUTENBERG'S TEN THUMBS?
THE EGYPTIAN

A2Z

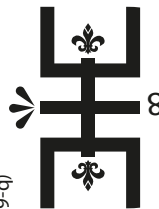
AND IF THE EGYPTIAN TRINITY AND QUARDITION ARE HOLY CONCEPTS
WILL THERE EVER BE AN FOURTH (4TH) LANGUAGE OR 4TH ALPHABET?
AS LONG AS THE ANCIENT TONGUE OF JIBBERISH AND THE ART OF DOODLING IS AROUND
I THINK WE CAN REST EASY - MAYBE AN ALPHABET OF 3X14 LETTERS = 42 IS THE THING THAT CAN UNITE US

Aa 8b Φ c Θ d Ee Ξ f \mathcal{Q} g Hh Ii
(1-1-a) (2-2-b) (3-3-c) (4-4-d) (5-5-e) (6-6-f) (7-7-g) (8-8-h) (9-9-i)

FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE
IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE
BASED ON SCIENCE

Jj \times k L¹ L¹ Mm Mm Nn Oo Pp \mathcal{Q} q
(10-1-j) (11-2-k) (12-3-l) (13-4-m) (14-5-double m) (15-6-n) (16-7-o) (17-8-p) (18-9-q)

Rr \$s Tt Ψ u Vv Ww Xx Yy Ξ æ
(19-1-r) (20-2-s) (21-3-t) (22-4-u) (23-5-v) (24-6-w) (25-7-x) (26-8-y) (27-9-æ)



UNDER IMPERIAL SEAL

RA8

Note to self (while I still apparently give a fuck):
Instructions: My Religion ... to end all religion.

1st - part: (Poetry) in the Kings and Queens english (ENGLISH A TO Z).
2nd - part: MOON VISION - still in the Baalphabet (BAALPHABET)
3rd - part: gospel of Luke skinwalker - in the egyptian A2Z ALPHABET

PRIOR - THE KINGS AND QUEENS ENGLISH IS AS FOLLOWS:

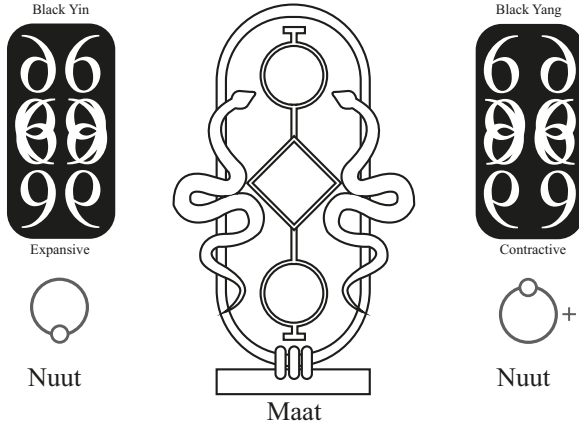
Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Mm Nn Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz

There you have it - Gentlemen. The Divinity Code.
Jesus One - Christ Two - God Who? That is if you
believe in much madness. Or have lived and
relived such madness. Hell, survived such madness.

2020
THE DAILY MEDITATE

HEART OF OSIRIS

PAUT-NETRU



KET-KEPHAR • HEN-KEHET • NUN-NUNIT • EMEN-EMENET • AMEN-AMENTA



1) Shu 2) Tefnut 3) Seb 4) Nut 5) Oser 6) Heru-ar 7) Seth 8) Est 9) Nebt-Het

HOLY BE THE QUARDITION

d:360 - NESERSER a:90 - RENUUTT (RENUUT) b:180 - MESKHENT - c:270 - RASTAU

CATCH 22: 22 > 28 > 32 > 38 > 42 > 46 > Clock: 28

INANANI (1)

1. Usektash
2. Quinest
3. Eni-Tephur
4. Creasin-Hela
5. Ba-Hera
6. Ka-Brutaelh
7. Maat-Seshet
8. Deebewa
9. Sedqeset
10. Uadtu-Nestr
11. Qwerty
12. Hod-Enhuh
13. Emy-Sentry
14. Emy-Besthr

INANANI (2)

1. Nest-Maat
2. Temmy
3. Nadiu
4. Feerthair
5. Oammtly
6. Maa-En-Ra
7. Her-Peru
8. Lethawit
9. Sheddu-Kheru
10. Nekhenu
11. Seth Kheberu
12. Zesst-Azire
13. Hymna-Maa-Ree
14. Tau-Rudy

INANANI (3)

1. Ken-Moss
2. En-Repetah
3. Nebt-Heru
4. Veed-Shudir
5. Nebt-Abuy
6. Nefer-Ti-Tumm
7. Tumn-Septy
8. Embefer
9. Wen-Dirht
10. Hed-Rexta
11. Nebebt-Ra
12. Jebebt-Ka
13. Teseru-Teph
14. Xena-Phe

INANANI (4)

1. Pha-Thor
2. Amun-Ra
3. Maat
4. Osiris
5. Serqet
6. Geb-Nut
7. Seth
8. Ra
9. Anubis
10. Horus
11. Nekhbet
12. Isis
13. Amo-Teph
14. Sobek

THE ANUBIS WEIGHING THE HEART

The heartless watches the heartless

Hail unto yee: Sedqeset.

• I have not been truthful.

Hail unto yee: Temmy.

• I have never been horny.

Hail unto yee: Nadiu.

• I have never cursed in anger.

Hail unto yee: Oammtly.

• I have never slept with wives.

Hail unto yee: Her-Peru.

• I never scare deliberate.

Hail unto yee: Sheddu-Kheru.

• I never felt any anger.

Hail unto yee: Nekhenu.

• I never ignored justice nor truth.

Hail unto yee: Nebt-Abuy.

• Is my voice in anger, it is to alert.

Hail unto yee: Sobek.

• So be it..

AMEN-AMEN-AMEN-AMEN-AMENTA

PAUT-NETRU

RAMSES SOLOMON SELEEM SETH

NUUT DEATH WOMB	SKIN DEAD LAIR	DEATH TOMB	DEADTH CRYPT	DAWN OF THE DEAD CHAPTER & VERSES
Egyptian Book of the Dead	Key of Solomon	Gospel of Luke	Elo-J Inn	

Death is impatient, as death is the patient.
Dying in the colour red, is to alls regret.
Death does not boast nor brag, because the dead
are the mute. Death does not think,
because it cannot put reason to one season.
Death endures all, believes all, hopes for us all,
gives us all, as your life is a death given.
Awhile death turns life as life turns the dead.
But the greatest of all is death. Amen.



BECAUSE THIS PLANET NEVER SEEMS TO MAKE IT PAST FACTOR 8
AND NOW A WHISKEY OF THE FAMED LABEL JOHN SCOTT CAMPBELL

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE SKINWALKER

1:1 For as much as the alliance has taken its hands to set forth an order of life bestowed to those creatures which are most surely believed among us, 1:2 Even as delivered from them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word; 1:3 It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things, to write unto thee to the order. 1:4 That you might know the creatures of those things, wherein you have been raised. Seeking one truth? The sanctuary was original created in the twilight by rebelangels and demons seeking refuge from the eternal conflict 1:5 There was in the days of Hisrod, a King of the News, a certain Kingpriest named Black Oz, of the course of Arabia: and his persian wife was of the daughters of lowlife, and her name was Sincrea. 1:6 And they were both righteous and true to themselves, wellknown in all the commandments and ordinances of love. 1:7 And they had no children, because Sincrea chose to be barren, and they both were well aged in years. 1:8 And it came to pass, that while he executed the Kingpriest's office the order of his calling, he suddenly awoke 1:9 According to the custom of the Kingpriest's office, his job was to examine and cut open the dead bodies when he went into the temple and tombs of the undead. 1:10 And the whole multitude of the people were praying for a rise of the undead. 1:11 And there appeared unto him an angel from a Lord standing on the right side of the altar of the undead. 1:12 And when Black Oz saw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him. 1:13 But the angel said unto him, fear not, Oz: for your prayer is heard; and your wife Sincrea shall bear you a child, and you shall name her creation. 1:14 And you shall have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at the birth. 1:15;The child shall be filled with the Spirit, within his mother's tomb. The child might be of the tomb or of the womb. Of nature or not of nature. The babe shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall smoke, eat, drink and be merry, as wine of elixir is not a strong drink. 1:16 And many of the children shall turn on their Lord, their God. 1:17 And they shall go before him in the spirit and power of highbornes, to turn the hearts of the fathers and the mind of parents, and be disobedient to the wisdom of the wise and just; to make ready a stirn people prepared for their own lordship. 1:18 And Black Oz said unto the creature, Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife well kept in many years. 1:19 And the angel answered and said to him, I am Ja-bree-Al, that watches in the gates; and am sent to speak to you, and to bring glad tidings. 1:20 And, behold, you will act dumb, and find it hard to speak, until the day that these things shall be revealed, because you believe not my words, but your own deeds in all their seasons. 1:21 And the people waited for black Oz, and marvelled that he rested so long in the tombs. 1:22 And when he came out, he refused to speak to them: and they perceived that he had seen a naked woman in the temple: and they knew he would never lay hands on the feline kind. woman or child. 1:23 And it came to pass, that, as soon as the days of his administration were finished, he departed to his own tomb. 1:24 And after those days his wife Sincrea received, and hid herself one year 12 months, saying, 1:25 Thus the Lord dealt me in the hay wherein he looked on me, and took away my many men. 1:26 And in the ninth month the angel Gabby was sent from Glasgow, in hill street, The hill, 1:27 To a virgin exposed to a man whose name was Jock, of the house of MacDonalds; PER MARE PER TERRAS; and a large Big Mac with fries to the virgin's named Madonna. 1:28 And the angel came to her, and said, Hail, you that are highly favoured, the Love is within you: blessed are you amongst women. 1:29 And when she saw him, she questioned his words, asking herself, what fresh hell is this ? 1:30 And the angel said to her, fear not, Madonna. 1:31 And, behold, you shall receive a child with dark eyes, and bring up a son, and you shall call him Jesus or Elvis. God or Cod, cannot save your ass. Coca-Cola might.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

1:32 He shall be great, and shall be called your son: and the love shall give unto him the seat of his father. 1:33 And he shall rule over the house of scapegoats for ever; and to the kingdom within there shall be no end. 1:34 Then said Madonna unto the angel, how can this be? Since I don't love a man? 1:35 And the angel answered and said to her, life shall come to you, and the power shall overshadow your body: therefore a child will be brought to you and shall be called your Son. 1:36 And, behold, your cousin Sincree, she had also received a son in her old age: and was sixth month within her care, they were not barren. 1:37 For with serpents all is possible. 1:38 And Madonna said, Behold the handmaid of hate; she is to me according to her sword. And the sword embraced her. 1:39 And Madonna arose in those days, and went into the valleys of mountains with haste, into a city of Ironforge, within the mountain; 1:40 And entered into the house of Black Oz, and saluted Sincree. 1:41 And it came to pass, that, when Sincree heard the blessing of Madonna, a spirit entered into her tomb; and Sincree was filled with the fire: 1:42 And she spoke out with a stern voice, and said, Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the scar of your soul and wound. 1:43 And when is it, that the love of my love should come to me? 1:44 Follow as soon as the voice of my blessing sound in your ears, the babes will leap for joy. 1:45 And blessed is she that delivers: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from her lover. 1:46 And Madonna said, My soul do manifest the Law, 1:47 And my spirit had rejoiced in the serpents as my Saviours. My body worshiped in full. 1:48 For she had regarded the homes and the tombs of her handmaiden: as hers, from henceforth many future generations shall be housed. 1:49 For she that is mighty had done to me great things; and holy is her name. 1:50 And the mercy is on them that honour her from generation to generation. 1:51 She had grown strength within herself; she had scared the proudness in her soul and in her sacred heart. 1:52 She had put down the might from their seats, and exalted them on the lowest of degrees. 1:53 She had fed the hungry with good; and the rich were sent empty away. 1:54 She had held the serpents of Ironforge, in remembrance of her mercy; 1:55 As she spoke to her father and to the seed within for ever. 1:56 And Madonnas abode were with her for about three weeks, and then returned to her own home, her house with eleven pillars house, a tohome. 1:57 Now Sincree's full time came that she should receive; and she bought a son. 1:58 And her nayboars and her cousins heard how the hate had shewed great mercy on her; and they rejoiced with her. 1:59 And it came to pass, that on the sixtysixth day they sheltered and hid the child; and they called him Oz, after the name of his father. Because no one wanted to loose their enterprise or the imported starcraft for that matter, only to be left with a product from starcraft, a buttplug with the logo SINFUL on it. Resorting to use the buttplug as a planting device for laying the potatoes. All fear the stongeage societies, that lost the creation of stones, but all loves the modern civilisations that dwells in total balance of nature and total freedom of movement. Fully knowing that the virginbirths of wisps is a reality, and the stall of time and the knightmare orders of hermetism is the tools that tries to conceal the truth. Sex is the veil. Sex is hidden in the grail of wombs till called upon, come yee all. Pregnancy by wisps of the virginbirths by the Nosfera. Truly, I say unto you, it is a matter of faith and not religion. And the wisps full of spirit only witness, the lowlife. The curse upon every prostitute being that ancient doctrine of playing dumb, till the brain shrinks to the size of a pea, then going down on all fours, while the whore puts her feet in a v position, telling you that birth is fallen as the fallen is the birth. Will we all travel in a sea of salt. The tears of humanity. And the onlookers went;"Did he cry from pains as the Gods sought to destroy him from within or did he once owned love, now lost?"

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

1:60 And his mother answered and said, Not so; but he shall be called Wizard.
1:61 And they said to her, There is no one of your kind that is called by this name or craft.
1:62 And they made a sign to his father, of what she had called him. 1:63 And he asked for paper, and wrote, saying, His name is Oz. And will be raised as wizard. 1:64 And his mouth opened immediately, and his tongue loosed, and he spoke, and praised life. 1:65 And fear came on all that dwelled around and about them: and all were jealous throughout all the hills and valleys of the mountains. 1:66 And from what they had heard in their hearts and not minds, saying, What kind of child shall this be! And the dread was with all. 1:67 And his father Black Oz was filled with the Spirit, and willed himself, saying, 1:68 Blessed be the Love; for the child visited and redeemed his companions, 1:69 And had raised up a hell of salutation for us in the house of the scapegoats; 1:70 As he spoke by the mouth of his will, since the world began: 1:71 Save us from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us; 1:72 To perform the mercy on your father, and to remember the spirit of the covenant; 1:73 The curse which he wore worded to his father, 1:74 That he would grant us freedom out of the hands of our enemies to serve them without fear, 1:75 In peace and righteousness before all, all the days of our lives. 1:76 And you, child, shall be called the wizard of the Highborn: and you shall go in the path of the fathers who prepared your way; 1:77 To give knowledge of salvation to your people by absolving their sins, 1:78 Through a tender cry of hate; whereby the presence from on high had visited us, 1:79 To give light to those that sit in darkness and fear their own shadow, to guide our journeys into the way of peace. 1:80 And the children grew sound, and grew strong in spirit, and was in the cells till the end day of judges. 1:81 For I say unto you throw the judges into the streets for they will and have judged poorly among the men that once were mice. 2:1 And it came to pass, that there went out a decree from the state that all the world should be taxed for the creations of freshwater oceans and seas. 2:2 And this taxing was ruled in thirtythree and twentytwo and eleven procent. 2:3 And some went to get taxed, others did not and it were everyone unto their own. 2:4 And people went to Sahara, out of the city of Cairo, praying for leniency, into Alexsandria, unto the sea, which is called The Mediterranean Sea; (because they wanted to taste how salty the seawater was:) 2:5 To be taxed by state for freshwater. 2:6 And so it was, that, while they were at The Mediterranean Sea, the days went by and then she arrived. 2:7 And she bought a firstborn son of northern blood, and wrapped him in black clothes, and flew to Egypt and layed him in a garbish shute in the midst of Cairo; because there was no room for him within. No feline wanted him tied to their flesh nor bones. 2:8 And there were in the same country servants and serpents abiding in the streets, keeping watch over the night. 2:9 And, an angel of a Lord came upon them, and the glory of the angel shone round about them: and they were sore afraid of the spark in her eyes. 2:10 And the angel said to them, fear not: for, behold, I bring you good news of great joy, to all that wish to be. 2:11 For to you is born this day in the city of Cairo, a child, a blue eyed Moses, which is a highborn, an airbender of the elements. The dead servant. That ageold organism of Airbenders, the zionist Moses, that very organism that thrives on murders and crime, slaying in the name of God. But Moses and Henny's sons took the word Medior and twisted it into Mediators in order to sell Shrödinger's cat in Pandoras box, because we cannot have it both ways? We cannot both worship nature and science at the same time. Because natures higher laws are divine? Surely that will kill this race in the end. And Moses or Tutmosis probably would not have it any other way. Subduing the earth and all women upon it, because he is used to such grandeur, not honouring time nor love. Then I will claim: I am not of nature.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

2:12 And this shall be the sign to you; You shall find the child Moses wrapped in blackclothes, lying in a garbish bin, amidst Cairo. 2:13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of a heavenly Spirit, saying, 2:14 Glory to life in the lowest, and to the Earth Moon, and good will toward men. The alignment of Seth, being, and has always been and will always be: Port Corona(Sun): Scarab - Felinas - Terra - Alpha - Nephilimus - Skeletor Helix - Bonobo Halo - Wateridge - Anubis - Neebeeru - Prometheus. 2:15 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the servants and serpents said one to another, Let us now go in Cairo, and see these thing which has come to pass, which the angel had made known to us. 2:16 And they came with haste, and found Madonna, and the highborne, and the child lying in a garbish shute. 2:17 And when they had seen it, they made known a saying which was told to those considering a child." Father like son or father like some". 2:18 And all in all they wondered at those things which were told them by the serpents. 2:19 But Madonna kept all these things to herself, and pondered them in her heart. 2:20 And the serpents returned to life for all the things that they had heard and seen, felt and touched. 2:21 And when the sixtysixth day were upon the child, his name Moses, which also was the name of the creature before him. 2:22 And when the day of the childs purification according to the law of highbornes they brought the child to Cairo, to render him to life; 2:23 (As it is written in the law of High, Every child that enters through the womb shall be called highborn; 2:24 And no sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the High. A pair of aces, or two young jokers. 2:25 And, behold, there was a man in Cairo, whose name was Mufar; and the same man was wise and just and devout, waiting for his own consolation of the High law: and the spirit entered him. 2:26 And it was revealed unto him from on up high, that he should not see death, before he had seen the death of his own Lord. 2:27 And he came by the Spirit into the homes and tombs: and when the parents bought the child Moses, to do for him after the custom of the law, 2:28 Then they took him up in their arms, and blessed life, and said, 2:29 Lord, now let your servant and serpent depart from earth in peace, according to the passing of a spacecraft: 2:30 For my eyes have seen the vessels, 2:31 Which you has prepared before the face of all people; 2:32 A light to enlighten the Genetics, and the glory of species. 2:33 And children and their mothers marvelled at those things which were spoken to them. 2:34 And Thomas bless him, said to Madonna the mother and the whore, behold, a child is set to fall and rise again in the eyes of many; and a sign which shall be spoken against; 2:35 (Yea, a hellblade shall pierce through my own soul also,) so the thoughts of my heart may be revealed. 2:36 And there was one Anna, the daughter of Lusitania, of the tribe of Latinos: she was of an young age, and had lived with a husband four years from her virginity; 2:37 And she was a widow in those four years, since she departed not from her home, her tomb, but served life with fastings and prayers night and day. And Anna of Lusitania, had witnessed the father entering the northern abode of the King of the Pale, Nosferatus. And the father entered to gaze upon the son as he is the father, and he said, " Son, the teeth are the first to go!". And poor Anna knew not of what he said, the last time she checked her teeth, they had no feet, but then she looked unto the pale white feet of the King of the Pale, and the ten little horse-shoes, that apparently went with it. The nailfungus from hell. From hell to heel, by the looks of it. Sorted feet that is in need of some attention. And the onlookers went, "Eeewww, that abode, we will all need a tetanus shot just to enter". And Nosferatus thought unto himself, " What was here first? The nettle or the needle or the nettle of a needle?" What ever cure, there is pain! Like the fact that mixed blood, is good, genetically. Like a wellhung negro in a white wife.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

2:38 And Anna comes in the instant gift, thanks to her own spells, and spoke of all things both sacred and unholy and seeked her own redemption in life. 2:39 And when she had performed all things according to the law of the highborne, she returned into Hispanic territory, to her own city Lissabon. 2:40 And the children grew, and grew strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of life was within them. 2:41 Now her parents went to the North every year at the feast of the equinox. 2:42 And when she was twentytwo years old, she went to Lissabon to her own feast. 2:43 And when she had fulfilled her desires, love returned, a child in Salem were cast into life; and her father and her mother knew not of it. 2:44 But they, supposing her to have been in the company of a Lord, went on a 12 months journey; and she sought him among her kinreds and acquaintances. 2:45 And when she found no love, she turned back again to Lissabon, seeking love. 2:46 And it came to pass, that after a month they found a male in the temple, standing in the midst of the doctors, both studying and hearing them, and asking them questions while they cut open the bodies of the undead. 2:47 And all that was heard were the astonishment at his questions and answers. 2:48 And when they asked him, they were amazed: and the mother said to him, Son, why have you never dealt with us? Behold, my father and his sadden sorrow. 2:49 And he said unto her, How is it that you never asked me? know ye not that I must be at my Family's business? 2:50 And they understood not what he spoke off. 2:51 And he went down on them, but first secured the threshold, and was a sexual subject among them: but his mother kept all these truths in her heart. 2:52 And a hellish male increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with the faithers. 2:53 And Druid Dontayeknoo sat one fine morning and were all joyful and had a nice cuppa tea, when someone came knocking on the door to his tomb. Turned out to be an old serpent, now a servant unto the dreaded Jehova, in this day and age, changing name into Jehova. JEHOVA, the destroyer of worlds and the homewrecker of homes and tombs and crypts. 2:54 Names changing on account of the loss of Jesus, when an amen should do. Since then silence has ruled by damnation upon life. 2:55 And we will stand here over and over again, for an eternity, tilst someone address the glory of the victors, that always will conquer the dawn before sunup. 2:56 Death is sleeping and your bed is your inner sanctum. The sleepers coffin. Pray to die in your sleep, but to awakened enlighten. At least it is something to do in a fallen surface world, named Terra. 2:57 The eternal war on T.E.R.R.A 2:58 The war upon God and Gods menacing war upon the sixth. May there never be a seventh. 2: 59 And the seventh followed (2:59) to contest that we cannot all be winners, but merely sinners, because the reality is rotten. But it will never contest the reality of the inner serpents that impregnates the feline wombs to enter the tombs, address the inner serpent to impregnate your wives and their whores and hookers. All a while the astralprojection into higher spheres will contest the flesh and pregnancy itself. That of old lore, the astralprojections of the crowns. The faith of survival turning into doctrines of a proclaimed religion, may be the true remedy of religious men and holy orders of the earth and on the earth is this: 20 cl of Jack Daniels, every Godgiven sunday, hence forth. Wishing that I had stock in the Jack Daniels Distillery. The very breadwinners becoming the breadsinners, wishing only for drops of alcohol as they tried the drop of the feline labia and tresspassing the uterus, to waken in the sad reality of sadden love. Does she love me? Does she hate me? That harden reality of a litmustest that sicken us all. Seek life to enter. Amen. 0:00 Enter silence and the silence and serenity will follow. Like a brain dead cop on the beat, beating off, like a death dealer extraordinaire that just want some fuck meat and some dumb fuck juice to go with it. Like the question of the vodka. What's with the vodiees? You go apeshit.

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3:1 Now in the fifteenth year of his youth, Patrick, the brute of siths of the emperors state, wanted to seek the truth of his kinreds and commanded the count of his servants. The count of blood, semen and called on the genetics of all living. 3:2 Anna and Carla being highborn and of the high priests, the words of Patrick the brute, send nausea to their stomachs and their minds became enslaved in the wilderness of love lost and forgotten clarity. A dream lost. They both became dreamers and not do'ers. 3:3 And then it came to pass, the rite of the black baptism of reptiles of the starssystems were revealed; 3:4 As it is written in the book of the worlds by Eli the prophet, saying, The sound of one voice in the wilderness will prepare the way of a Lord, make his paths straight and silent. 3:5 Every mountain valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be leveled; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough and rugged shall be made smooth; 3:6 And all flesh shall see elevation into the beyonds of other worlds. 3:7 Then a multitude of people came forth to be baptized in black, one generation of weepers, who had warned aliens to flee home? 3:8 Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of reptiles, and begin not to say within yourself, we have lived as fathers and mothers: for I say to you, That life is capable of bringing up children and turn these to stones unto Medusa's or Metutsa's witchcraft. 3:9 And also the axe is partly made from the wood of the tree: and yet every treetrunk can shed the ripe fruit and leave unmaturing fruit hanging. 3:10 And the alien reptiles asked him, asking, Where shall we travel next? 3:11 He answered and said to them, Those who cloak two coats, let him give to him that has none; but part not the cloaked coat, let them observe likewise. 3:12 Then came also reptiles to be baptized, and said to him, Overlord, what shall we say in baptism? 3:13 And he said to them, Exactly no more and no less of what your heart desires. The word and world is free for all in a free world. 3:14 And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we say in blessings? And he said to them, Do violence to no man, lest he is violent and is content with his wages. 3:15 And as the people expected, all men listened to their hearts before their minds, regardless if they were of God, or not; 3:16 Then, the werewolf hangman, Yesudas said to them all, I will baptize you with salt; but one mightier than I comes, the one with no shoelaces to tie: and he shall turn your minds with spirits and guide you of the salt of earth: 3:17 Those destinies are in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge the seas of salt, and will gather the fire in his gardens; but the dead Luciferian wood, the driftwood, he will turn with hellblades beyond repair. 3:18 And many other things will be preached and taught to the people. 3:19 But Hisrod the patriarch, being appointed by Herodyes, his brother Philip's wife, and for all the evils which Hisrod had done, 3:20 Added yet to this, above all, that he shunned the werewolves and the hangmen into prison upon prison. 3:21 Now when all the people were baptized or prisoned, but one, it came to pass, that Yeshua also needed being baptized, to condone the heavens was opened, 3:22 And the Spirits around Yeshua, descended in a bodily shape of a human in front of him, and a voice came from the creature, which said, You are my beloved Son; in baptism you will be pleased, Yeshua answered, "In my soul is a well, the kingdom resides within you". 3:23 What is a mere name? Amen. The son of Seth, by which shadow witch brought him a blue eyed shadow son and blackeyed Seth told her to place the bastard in a garbish bin amidst Cairo, at least life will descend or death an end. The dead turning the undead in the boots of Grandpa. The seven mile boots of gravity, travelling the world, proclaiming: Ask yourselves, be it murder or suicide, does it even exist? The fact of facts is, that we all truly want to live and not die in vain. We all want to live till exhonoured of sin. To embrace sin and live life till we are full. Full of life, full of it. Holy shit.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

3:24 You can always hear the hardness of the cloven tongue, but let the cloven tongue descend unto the cloven hooves, and walk instead. Cut not with the blade for no one survives the blade, cut with your mind and operate with your tongue. 4:1 And Yeshua being with Spirits returned from the moon, and was led by the Spirits into the unknown, 4:2 Being 33 days tempted by the brothers. And in those days he did eat little by little: and when they left, he afterward hungered. 4:3 And the sons of silver said unto him, If you are a God, command this stone to bread. 4:4 And Yeshua answered him, saying, It is written, That the commandments of the sith has eleven laws. 4:5 And the brothers, taking him up to a high mountain, Ben Ann, and said to him, conquer all the kingdoms of the world in one moment in time. 4:6 And the brothers said to him, All these powers we will give you, and the glory of it: for what is delivered to use; and to you who give it to us. 4:7 If you therefore will worship us, all shall be yours. 4:8 And Yeshua answered and said to them, Get behind me, mothers, for the eleven commandments are already written and are as follows: 1st - A Centaur on Vaneyday: Shit burns and out of ashes comes books. (Meaning creastruction equals creating paper out of ashes and hopefully put an end to the vibrations of the famed arse bleach as heard in the vibratell of the incarnate, which makes you wonder if the witches and whores dips their arses in chlorine, when we all know that chlorine is used for the dirty dishes - when you cannot be bothered to clean them). 2nd - A Soulreaper on Toosday: Never bullshit a bullshitter. 3rd - A Predator on Treeday: What doesnt kill you makes you stronger. 4th - A Werewolf on Foolsday: Eating a cookie wont kill you, lest poisoned. 5th - A Giant on Fiveyday: You never know which way the cookie crumbles. 6th - An Alien on Payday: Never bite the hand that feeds you. 7th - A Stardragon on Proofday: You canny draw blood from a stone. 8 th - A Ghost on Freeday: When you need to go you need to go. 9th - A Skinwalker on Rawday: When attacked by a hellblade...RUN. 10th - An Reptilian on Aneyday: Money talks while bullshit walks. 11th - A Spirit on Benite: No greater power than Goodbye. I will for always and forever contest, the commandment of the oldtimers,"Thou shall not lie!". In the lying lays creativity, and I ask of you where will the civilisation of humans be without creativity? No music, no crafts, no goods and no business. The serpent might have prevailed tenfold, but to contend it with ancient law when you fully know that the lore governs the law. You shalt worship this saying of fertile lies, and only life shall you serve to live. 4:9 And they brought him to Cairo, and sat him on the seat of the temple, and said to him, If you be a son of life, cast yourself down from this seat: 4:10 For it is saidth,that dead unto death, is as said unto saidth, to keep watch over you: 4:11 Can bitches become any harder? And it were written, they shall wear books up, lest you tear a book up as a stone and fall. 4:12 And Yeshua answering said to them, It is said, You shall not tempt faith and your destiny. 4:13 And then the sons of silver ended all the temptations, and they departed from him for the same reason and hoped he would rot under the heavens. 4:14 And Yeshua returned in the power of the Spirit in the moonwell: and there went out a message through all the regions round about all realms. 4:15 And the message were taught in the tombs and temples, and pondered by all. 4:16 And he came to Millport, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the cathedral on the equinox, and sat down to write. There are one "G" in both God and Gravity. But in all honesty, I do hate gravity. Thank Cod or Google. The vibrate habitat to be used for the sexual pleasures, but is only being misused in law and order. The sadden fact of civilisations, that of the Nosfera. The bitch cannot become any harder, as she is without the iron of erupting pleasure. Erectile dysfunction? Huh...must be a womans thing of the dragons lore. Sadden beyond repair.

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4:17 And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And it was an open book, filled with unfinished pages. He found the place where to read and pondered. 4:18 The Spirit of the Lore is upon me, and then it dawned upon him as he kept receiving unfinished books. Author after author must have died before finishing their work all because some one in their wrath claimed that there could be only, one creator, God. He felt the blindness leaving him, and fear enter him. Liberty, the unfinished script of Jakob, left them bruised. And the last female witness asked Jakob, the jacobite:" So you are a writer!", and Jakob answered:" No I am a survivor!". 4:19 It seems any greed is the acceptable yearn of the Author. 4:20 And he closed the book, and kept the second book revolution close by him and send it to the minister of the vatican, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the homes and tombs were fastened on him. 4:21 And he began to say to them, This day is for a scripture fulfilling your heart and igniting your weary bones. 4:22 And all the watchers, wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of all the open books filled with blank pages, bearing witness to all those who had been slain over their own words. And they said, this cannot be? 4:23 And he said to them, truth is stranger than fiction, martyr, heal thyself: whatsoever the scribes have heard done in Birlinn, do also in all countries. 4:24 And he said, surely a sanctum are needed to all you scribes, because none is accepted in his own country. 4:25 But I tell you, a mere truth, many widows were in the world in the days of Mozart, when the heavens were closed and a great famine was throughout all the lands of the black death; 4:26 But Nostradamus was sent, to save people from the plague, and he travelled to a city la celle-sous-Gouzon, unto a woman that was a widow. 4:27 And many of the black plagues false healers in the medieval times were of the church; and none of them were ever cleansed, all that remained were superstitions and beliefs in bad medicin and hope had gone from all the believers. 4:28 When they heard these things, and became well informed they were filled with wrath of truth, 4:29 And rose up, to the false healers and thrust them out of the cities, and led them unto that old hill of arrogance whereon their reputation was built, that they might cast them down into the graves feet first. 4:30 But Nostradamus passing through the midst of it, went his way around it. 4:31 And he went up through France, to a city of Avignon, and taught to heal with medicin. 4:32 And they wondered at his doctrine: for his deeds known but his words of no power. Refuse the deeds of a heart is in its innocence a start. 4:33 And in the temple there was a man, which had a demon of an unclean spirit, and spoke in tongues, 4:34 Saying, Let us be alone; what have I done to deserve this? Are you here to destroy us? I know you and who you are. A ghost of the mind; the unholy One: " You will not shed toxins and feaces through what you dub a gloryhole. All shit must be shed through an arsehole, be it worms, toxins or the black shit of cancer. An ARSEHOLE: " And by God, I do believe we are all born with one, in fact all organisms, have a gloryhole". (You cling to your shit and divide the shit into two zebra piles causing disease and pain, not honouring the time but treasure the stall of time and live of your own shit, "YOU are the unholy one!). There is good shit and there is bad shit, and yet we all pray for the good shit, when it comes to the eat and drink, food. Serving two masters: Life and Death? And yet we all eat and shit, while praying for a speedy recovery and good health for the remainder of our short days. Asexuality is when a smartarse becomes a dumbarse, turning into a badarse. So I ask of you what is sexual misusage all about? Phimosis, what is it? Is the circumcision an internal mirrored function unto the arse? If so what sick sorcerous trick is that, and why would it even exist? Surely that element is not of nature. The use of a blade is unholy because the blood of all is sacred. Cursed by the damnation of a sharp blade in the secondary dullness.

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4:35 And Yeshua entered him, saying, Hold your tongue, and come into me. And when the devil had thrown him in the midst, he came into him, and hurt him not. 4:36 And Nosferatus were all amazed, and entered silently the tomb of the dreaded Sun God, whispering, What fresh hell is this! for with authority he watched in amazement the creature that claimed to be God, Devil and even Christ himself. 4:37 And Nosferatus wached, entered and read his mind. 4:38 The poor thing had been baptized, then not been baptized? The poor thing had signed, then not signed. The poor bastard had been circumsized, then not circumsized. And like the faith of Saint Thomas the poor thing had believed in what he saw, then not believed in what he saw. 4:39 The poor thing had signed document upon document not knowing what he signed, he could even have been the one responsible for the five nukes into the worlds and realms of Jupiter. 4:40 The poor thing even feared sleep, and feared to wake up in another world. Feared to awaken from death in an ancient realm or country called Rahundos which didnt have a MacDonalds, so he couldnt get his large Big Mac menu with fries. A country without roomservice. The dread. 4:41 And in the confusion of his mind he even feared going to bed to wake up as a women, with an alternated body and with no joystick from Logitech. The anus went to the navel. The vagina went to the anus and the navel went to the vagina. 4:42 Nosferatus pondered the riddle, with some logic. Given such doctrine any teacher and scribe could claim that true pregnancy ocured through the navel. 4:43 And the onlookers in the sex industries went, "What fresh hell is this?". 4:44 And the poor creature had even called upon the reptilian races for safe passage home, no one would have him. 5:1 And it came to pass, that, the saying father like son, suddenly would stand the test of tests. 5:2 That of blood. 5:3 That of genetics. 5:4 That of appearence. 5:5 And an imp said to Nosferatus, Master, we have seen him on the toilet all the night, and day: nevertheless the body's functions has a mind of its own. Shit happens. 5:6 Know thy kin of blood 5:7 Know thy genetics. 5:8 Know thy vision. 5:9 For when all comes down to a question of faith and of trust: 5:10 All men descends into the moors of love without a stirn compass, only guided by their own faithfulness to their own hearts. 5:11 And onboard their spaceships, they took all the genetics, and followed him into all realms, spheres and planets and realities. And Nosferatus which were left behind looked to his books. Alas, in the beginning there were some sort of paradise, then all became homosexuals and it all became too much so all wanted to safeguard children, and the ancient hill of dread were invented, the pedophiles. And ever since its all been about planet Uranus. Wonder if laurel and Hardy, fatso and slim can find someone dumb enough to actually end a life, some doctor perhaps? Of course, it might be out there....In fact so much way out there that it may just hold some truths to it, because there is no such thing as one truth or one reality. One world of mapmakers, sure, to put it in laymens term, this planet is a jailcell, and worst case scenario, is that the forsaken fallen surface world of Yoda already is dead. In fact it has probly (probably) been dead as a failed attempt of lost creation. And that fact dawned on us all in the year zero (AD) Anno Domino. Since then the fallen ones residing in their sanctuaries, homes and tombs, have prayed for All Dominions under their own wings seeking individual rights in the hard forsaken surface world of the Nosfera. Sanctuary - small pockets of green oases - seeking only fulfillment of mind, body and soul, knowing we cannot survive on bread alone. Love from Palpatines skinwalker and regards from a realmwalker, that has been there. But most skinwalkers, cannot get off, without the milk. So as a tired Skinwalker, I would suggest that you switched to yougurt. Then again the yougurt, depending on calories ,might cause the turd of hurt. Karma? Huh. Milk to see milk. Milk to get milked, till dripping of holes.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

So who are those kings? Dead more likely and without a sense of humanity. And while we are at it, the old ancient lore of the astralprojection from the crowns (heads/kethers) will only produce dead ghostnations. Hence this place or planet called mother Earth or Terra must be a dead forsaken fallen surface world. Just saying, for thinking out loud, and I trust we all can say what is on our minds in a world with free press, that is if it still exists? 5:12 And it came to pass, That Nosferatus of the tribe of the Nosfera entered his tomb and looked to the shelves of his library. 5:13 And he put forth his hand, and took down the himalayan book of the dead, He read: And the Ice dragon descended on top of mount Everest. And immediately a vision and a prophecy dawned upon him. 5:14 The Ice dragon above on Everest and the fiery fire bone dragon below in the valley of death. 5:15 The lord summoned his imps to serve as ravens between the dragons. 5:16 And he withdrew himself into the wilderness, to prey. 5:17 And it came to pass on a certain day, that one imp that had travelled for 40 years between dragons from on up high to valleys below, awakened. 5:18 And, behold, the imp became self aware and said,"I have travelled from the valley to the top. And the imp had pissed all the way. Blessed is he who dwells in ignorances bliss. Dead above, dead below. Blessed is he who serves the whores and betells the witch". 5:19 And the dragons upon top of Everest, looked at the poor imp and said," Always follow the path. Follow the yellow snow, don't eat the yellow snow. And the Ice dragon and the skeleton dragon descended down in the valley of death before Yeshua. 5:20 And when he saw the breath of the mighty dragons faith, he said unto it, Serpent of Man, your sins are forgiven. 5:21 But little did they know of the hidden wing of the long forgotten tribe Nosfera. 5:22 An Anubis wanderer summoned the courage and travelled gravity in the valley of the death, observing and listening to all ills, that came to pass. 5:23 Yee, although I walk through the valley of death I shall fear no evil. 5:24 And by that Anubis knew that the Serpent of man had taken power upon the earth to purify the living and the dead, (he said unto the thick of thieves,) I say unto you, Arise, and go into thine homes or tombs, and lay upon thy couch or bed, known as the sleepers coffin. 5:25 And immediately dragons rose up before them, and entered shelters where they got laid, and dragons departed to every house, glorifying life, then they were ucking and fucking all males, each according to their own deeds. 5:26 And all were amazed, and they glorified life, and fear, left them, saying, We have seen strange things to this day. But none so sweet as this. 5:27 And after the Ice dragon and Skeleton dragon, abided by their masters, and the receipt of custom: the masters said unto them, Follow me. 5:28 And all the dragons followed him, while the ape not knowing a centimeter from an inch, but only the ape's pinch on a grape, followed by a grin. Looked to his nethers: 1 • 2 • 3 • 4 • 5 • 6 • 7 • 8 • 9 • 10 • 11 • 12 • 13 • 14 • 15 • 16 / 16 • 15 • 14 • 13 • 12 • 11 • 10 • 9 • 8 • 7 • 6 • 5 • 4 • 3 • 2 • 1 : And the Cannibal thought a limb or two will do, while all the men prayed and treasured the number 20, but women loves the number 21 and add to it an one, till number 22: • 6 • 5 • 4 • 3 • 2 • 1 / 1 • 2 • 3 • 4 • 5 • 6 : And Saint Peter thought unto himself," Why is the zest of life transending to my feet!", as he hanged upside down. Seeing a pear tree. Pear tree? Whichever love knot it might be, upside down or sideways, be it a scottish love knot or greek love knot, then we can safely state that we all end up in the knitting gear of a fiery fire bone dragon, that gladly will take out her glass eye and stick it up her arse and show it to Han Solo, saying,"Here is looking at you, kid!" Han Solo, then both crying and barfing, in the fur of Chewbacca, yet hoping for the barf balls to be chewy. But whatever creed or breed or blood, it seems to me, that such actions of the Danish Homo Troglodytam, is way too cruel for school. The Danish doctrine of: "if all else, fails, ...Fuck and eat!".

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Further more, you cannot fuck your English teacher in the classroom or your own sexy Boss at your work during lunchbreak, nor the Art teacher, but have to await ten year to see her down on her knees in a rundown brothel blowing your dick, as the last knight that entered, while you feel her pointy finger up your arse? "Thank you! But thank you, No! Madam". And the Anunakies stood on the American grassland, known as the prairie, while the giant Vampire Kangaroo of Australia were hooping around the American buffaloes that were grassing nearby: And the Anunakies decoded the Kangaroos thumps on the grasslands: Anno Buffalo Cherokee Dominion Echo Foxtrot Geronimo Hominus Inverness Jacobite Kilo Lima Mountain Netto Omega Peru Quartz Requiem Salsa Tango Unicorn Valley Wolf trot Xray Yankee Zebra 5:29 And the dead Nosferatus had always treasured the words: Thou shall not kill off, your blood and breed. No shelter for orphans, yet, sheltering the orphans. 5:30 Although he had been called upon to slay on three different occasions on the cursed mother Earth, the wars on Terra: 5:31 Strike one: A fly (Stomoxys Calcitrans) 5:32 Strike two: A spider (Araneus Diadematus). 5:33 Strike three: A Buzzard (Buteo Buteo). 5:34 And surely not a reason to seek the employment of the dreaded danish Crown slaughterhouses? And the glory of the three leaved clover died in the sunlight and became cursed in the night of the five leaved clover, wellknown unto the Celts. 5:35 War one: War on Lord of the flies. 5:36 War two: War on Mother Mary of Mockdasin. 5:37 War three: War on God. 5:38 And the day arose when all wanted to celebrate the glory unto God. 5:39 Anunakies and Greys, pledians and a multitude of Aliens came to cursed earth, to the dreaded wars of Terra to witness the begining of the end of the curse, known as salt. And, all, enrolled by modern day death dealers, the doctors, that prescribe, a month of laughter, followed by a month of tears, the crying game. And we all, just make ourselves numb on ice cream. 6:1 But they all awoke and realised that all were feeble attempt from God and his servants of self-proclaimed Gods to steal a dead crown. You fools. 6:2 You feeble fools. The dead crown belongs to our Lord and him alone! 6:3 Fools, that which is dead is dead. You cannot burry that which is dead within you. 6:4 The soul that resides within, be it of man, beast or spirit. Resides in the inner kingdom. 6:5 Trying to sell it off as artificial intelligens, and the fool becomes the joker of stupidity beyond imagination. That which is dead is dead. There was once a woman who very much wished to have a child, but, alas, she could not obtain her wish. At last she went to the lit tomb of the Underworld and said to the Vampire Lords, "I should so very much like to procure a child; can you tell me where I can find one?" "Oh, that shall be made easy ," said one of the Lords. "For all the female felines bears and sacrifices their eggs, to the skinwalkers, known as Homo Sapiens. A breed of a different kind and it is grown in the Earth lab, and while most of the chickens eat their own eggs in vanity; you must find a true hen mother and let the males enter, and wait and see if anything happens. Life always seems to find a way, I am sorry to say!" "Thank you," said the woman, and then she donated 22 pounds, which was the price of the male skinwalkers semen and his courtship. She then called her whores to her home and the male skinwalker spermed them all one by one, till their cups were full of it. The woman experimented with her whores in all kind of ways and with different sexual constellations. But not all women had children. However one virgin that had a foursome with three male skinwalkers in one night all of a sudden became impregnated, but of who the father was? No one could tell. The woman jokingly dubbed the three skinwalkers, the three wise holy men of Bootledoom. The virgin gave birth and the woman did indeed procure a child, as foretold by the gnostic vampire Lords. The virgin gave birth to a little gem, a beautiful baby girl which she named Tombalite.

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6:6 And she said unto them, The kingdom resides within you. And it came into realisation that the paradise promised unto all living, had a dark side to it. The dreaded dark matter, in all its sanity concerning the feaces or shit of all living matter. 6:7 Waste that turned into salty oceans and water through the ages of creation and extinction. A paradise lost and a creation failed, in the dawn of the dead, that of the undead and dead that truely knows the truth. Those from the outside that holds the keys to a Terra ressurect. 6:8 Dread the feeble attempts to move the curse through growth and insanity, as moving the curse from the tomb to the womb. 6:9 The doom of reality lays in the motion of body and mind? 6:10 Antarctica declaring war on God for their knowledge of the grail and the knowledge of the tomb entering the womb. 6:11 And all Atlantians were filled with madness; and communed one with another what they might do to Yeshua, sexually. 6:12 And then, in an instance the entire continent froze by the hand of God. 6:13 Frozen in time, suspended but not forgotten, in the minds of the illuminated dead. 6:14 Will the truth surface? Will the ice melt given time? 6:15 To the Atlantians of the ice grave, "hope is the fires in the just soul of the undead and dead". but I fear the tomb of truth will remain hidden in the minds of intellects unless the canary sings and the snake mends its tongue like that of the gecko. The tongues that drives us into enclosures and eventually tombs. 6:16 And Yesudas the brother of Yeshua, and Judas Iscariot, which also was the traitor among the sons of silver. Were known unto all and awaited his termination or transition. 6:17 And he came down on Terra, and stood in the plains, in the company of his disciples, and a great multitude of people of the undead and the dead, and from the salty sea coasts of both Kalimdor and the Eastern Kingdoms, came to hear him, and to be healed of their sanity; 6:18 And they were possessed with unclean spirits: and they were healed of their normality. 6:19 And the whole multitude sought to touch him: for no one liked the term normal or the sense of normality. 6:20 And he said, Blessed be ye all: for the kingdom resides within you. 6:21 Live to hunger: Live to eat. Live to weep, weep now: for ye shall all laugh. 6:22 Blessed are you, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and never shall approach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Serpent of man's sake. 6:23 Hope for that day, and wait for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in the manner of your faithers unto their literature. 6:24 But you that are not rich! for you have received your trial and gold. 6:25 Wow unto you that are full! for you shall know hunger. Wow unto you that weep now! for you shall laugh and smite your enemies with ridicule. 6:26 Wow unto you, when all men shall speak evil of you! for so did their faithers to the false scholars. All they knew was that they knew nothing. The seal of a grave knows. For how long will God misuse the manifestationkeys and kick the crap out of you (violence) when you dictate a woman to go down on her knees and lick the cum of the floor and yet him not knowing of the frosting of cakes. But it could be worse, not only kicking the crap out of you, but threaten you with knives or slaughter. But it could be worse, severing the head from the torso, like in the days of old. And yet it still could be worse. Telling that the dead temples rule and that A.I is really severed frozen heads in the Alcor Corporation and our harddrives and computers just blendwerk as a cover. That thought and vision kinda kept me awake for like four months. 132 days. Hence the circuit board that became circus bored, just plain tired, to wake up retired. And yet I still don't know the time of day. What is the time, good Sir?, and by the way which fucking century is this? What can we conclude?...what truely rhymes with the word Clock? 6:27 But I do have faith in humanity and believe in circuit boards and its liking. So, energy, a fact. So hopefully no more energy crisis like in the days of old, as I was informed that the globe "this realm"

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consists of 70 (%) percent of water and the amount of oil in the underground even higher. No oil? I trust in the fact that if you can elevate you can create a fountain, if not an endless fountain of energy. So these here wars? The old A.I (severed heads) against a real A.I. - have a little faith. To drill for both oil and water, yet, both elements, repel eachother. A task to irrigate Northern Africa with drill technology in the underground. 6:28 The illuminated dead that followed the wars on God from the sealed tomb from far away and from beyond the reach of humans, becoming inhumane. And all the people dreaded the sperming murlocs of Darkshore walking around in ignorances bliss. 6:29 San Lactaus, a new name of old. 6:30 And that name were given unto a shape shifter. The proclaimed God that hides in the skirts of women and use the children as shields when he stakes his claim to fame and fucks in silence behind the backs of unknowing husbands. Mother and child alike. 6:31 And as we dragons would do to men so should you do to them, a lore and law of the sacred heart of Osiris 6:32 For if you love them who loves you, the word "thank you" might ignite the fury of a silent serpent of the sacred heart of Osiris? For sinners also love those that love them, ucking and fucking bodies even defiled by demons and their succubuses. 6:33 And if you do good to them who do good, is a thank you really needed? If all do the same, then the silence of a dead society becomes the greater sin. 6:34 And if you aid those who receive, is a thank you needed? for sinners also lend and trade to sinners, to receive as much as possible. 6:35 But greed and money is not your enemy, sell, buy, trade and lend, hoping for something new; and be satisfied therein and the reward shall be great, and become as the children of the Highbornes: for they are kind unto the unthankful and to the sinners. 6:36 Be merciful, as your Father. Your father was of mercy. You still live. May both guardians also be merciful. Much like that crossbreed, Qasimodo, that we both witnessed in our youths, must have served under the reign of some Homo Troglodytam. Whatever breed he is or it was, genetically? Half pig, half bear? Well, half man, not human, I would say. Fearing that the creature is still around. If, it is alive. Like a memory from my childhood of an older troll, an old maneating female templar, that boiled her clothes in stone boiling vessels in my grandmothers basement. Must have been one white snake solitaire troll templar, that had ended her tasks of moving rocks from house to house, not knowing of a holy refuge, such as a Sleepers coffin. 6:37 Judge not, is to be judged: condemn that which does not bring about survival, and you shall live: Seek equilibrium, and you shall be balanced in body and mind: 6:38 Give in, but don't give up and it shall be given to you; good measure, is always measured and good men shall give men into your boosom. For that of measure is of mind and it shall be measured once again. 6:39 And he spoke a riddle to them, Can a blind guide dog leed the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch? 6:40 The guide dog is not above his master: but his 6th sense is perfect and shall be his master, showing the hairs on its back or the white glistening teeth in anger. Always let sleeping dogs lay and lie in effect. 6:41 And why do you measure the penis in your own groin, and treasure that cock which is not yours, in her eyes? 6:42 Either the word is free among brothers and you can say unto your brother, Brother, let me pull out the cock, when the wife and hooker starve and fight in your own homes and tombs? Hypocrites that cast out the semen on boosoms, let it land in futility and create life for both the hooker and wife and the whores of your wife. Why keep testing that semen of serpents? When serpents are the bringers of life and not death, the only thing that impregnates in futility in the female feline kind. Light in darkness. Life in Death, and yet we all serves the two masters. Condemn not that which brings about survival, seek to sence the inner forces in the ways of an empath seeking the path of the immortal Elo-Jinns.

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6:43 For a good deed bringeth not forth corrupt deeds; neither does a corrupt deed bring forth good deeds. 6:44 For every action is known by its deeds. For the many men of thorns may gather their deeds, notes on paper or a diary, and gather unto them testaments of books. 6:45 A good deed or book holds treasure to its heart and bringeth forth that which is good; some deeds are of good and some deeds are of evil and some deeds even of neutrality: for they bear testament to time and to the spoken word. The written word is dead and written for the dead. 6:46 So why call yee upon the undead: Do not do the things which I say. Abide by lore and law? 6:47 Whosoever comes up to the threshold, and hear my sayings, and corrupt them, I will fail you like a Lichking: 6:48 Blessed is the man who build homes and tombs and temples, and digs a hollow earth, and lays the foundation of love upon a rock: and when the flood rises, the hollow earth will be sealed, airtight: for it was forged beneath a rock and in a mountain. 6:49 But all hearts that do their own will, is like a barren tree with no roots and no foundation that will secure in the earth; maintain the shelters and preserve life and our survival and do not ruin that house that was of great. 7:1 When he had ended all his sayings in the silence of his serpents, he entered into Ironforge. 7:2 And a Centaurs of serpents, who was dear to him, was sick, and was ready to die. 7:3 And then he heard the name Lazarus, and were sent to the Dead Eldars of the Nosfera tribe, promising him that they would heal him. 7:4 And when they heard the name Lazarus, they besought him instantly, saying, he knew of his name and is worthy of healing: 7:5 For he loveth our undercity, and he builded us a home, a tomb and a temple. 7:6 Then faith went with them. And when they were now not far from the temple, the centaur sent spirits to them, saying to them, Dead Eldar, trouble thyself, for I am of poor posture and shamed that you should enter under my roof: 7:7 Therefore I do not see myself worthy to come to you: but say one word, a mere sentence, unknown to me, but known to you: "The salty seas and gardens of Eden". 7:8 I am a man constricted by authority, guarded by soldiers, watched by those in spirit and I say to you, Go, beyond; and go unto other realms, only to discover new realms in such a plentitude as of grains in a time glass. Claim, what I claim; and aid my serpents, Do your own will in all, that your father commands. 7:9 When Yeshua heard these things, he marvelled at him, and turned his back on him, and said to the people that followed him, I have found alot of faith, but of fellow-men, no one wise, none in the spirit. 7:10 And all were sent home, returning to their homes and tombs, and found their serpents whole that had been sick. Hence they will never rise again. And all of Henny's sons gathered at the great square which had the dreaded Dome Church within it and addressed all the people residing on the flatlands of the Den: Trying to turn the highlands of Norway into the highlands of Scotland, all while the sons of silver fully understood the lame prospect that was doomed to fail, dead in the cradle, like the boy whistle used by Henny's old hags, that only wished for the egyptian emperors old clothes turning into the emperors old rags, and yet, little did they know, living within the flocking blizzard of ignorances bliss, but all the dead and undead, only awaited the extraction from the ancient tombs and homes by the starships Surveiling and commanding the Earth. All wished for transition and not death. Like an ascent into the ancient fly mobiles dating back to the times around 2 billion years before christ (BC). And yet if teleportation of matter takes place through the space time continuum, then do we need to fly or do we even fly at all? To state the command; "Thou shall not fly". But teleport and hyperjump. Ask yourself is there an biosphere onboard travelling and transcending supersonic speed. If biosphere, there might be hope for us all. Then, the stall of time might be that which truly will safe us all, given time. If it exists. Surely, life is linear, but death, who knows?

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The inner void of death. 7:11 And it came to pass the day after, that he returned into the 7/11 diner of Ironforge; beneath the mountain, and many of his disciples went with him. 7:12 And before he came into the gate of the city, Ironforge, behold, there was a dead man carried out, and placed amidst the boneyard, called Requiem, and there stood the dead mans mother, who was a widow: and many people were with her. 7:13 And a Lord saw her, and he said to her, weep not. 7:14 A black sarcophagus were brought within their midst. Time stood still. And he said, Young man, I say to you, Enter and Arise. 7:15 And that which was declared dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mothers house. 7:16 And a great fear fell on all: and they glorified life, saying, that a great zombie is risen up among us; and, That life had visited the tomb. 7:17 A rumour of zombies went forth throughout the known world, and throughout all the realms. 7:18 And the disciples of Yesudas and the sons of silver, ridiculed him of all these things. 7:19 And Yesudas calling to him two of his disciples and sent them to Yeshua, saying, Where did he come from? and how can he look beyond? 7:20 Then men came to him, saying, Yesudas has sent us to you, saying, Where did he come from? or have we only looked to one another? 7:21 And in that same hour many were cured of evil spirits; and to many that were in darkness he gave light. 7:22 Then Yesudas answering said unto them, Go away, and tell predators of the things we have seen and heard; how is it the Nosfera can see, the zombie walk, the Anubis dog heal, once dead and long forgotten, the dead has risen, and a poor gospel has been preached. The battle is lost but won beyond life in the tomb. 7:23 And blessed are those, whosoever shall rise within me. 7:24 And when the messengers of Yesudas were teleported and departed from Earth, he began to speak to the people concerning baptism, What veil of water blinding us into a wilderness for the mind? A soul shaken and a voice travelling with the wind? 7:25 But what were meant to be seen? A hardend stone washed away by water? Behold, those that live delicately, are in kings' court. 7:26 But what were witnessed? For there will come a day. Witnessed? A female apostle or a female prophet ? Yea, I say to you, books lost for words. 7:27 It is written, Seek you seekers, seek a messenger before the court, which shall be sentenced unto his own law. 7:28 For I say to you, Among those that are born of the womb within the tomb, there are no greater joy than ignorances bliss: within him the kingdom is greater than he. The kingdom resides within us. 7:29 And all the people that knew of it, and the genetics justified life, and entered to arise within the sealed illuminated tombs. As goes for the path of the mystic chasing the dark matter. What does he mean? Can anyone read these days? I will be content with 33 terms: 1.(Manure) 2.(Skin) 3.(Tears) 4.(Saliva) 5.(Excrement) 6.(Faeces) 7.(Pus) 8.(Pooh-poo) 9.(Earwax) 10.(Acne) 11.(Stool) 12.(Defecation) 13.(Excretions) 14.(Secretions) 15.(Fecal) 16.(Fungus) 17.(Turd) 18.(Hair) 19.(Snot) 20.(Urine) 21.(Blood) 22.(Sperm) 23.(Piss) 24.(Creatinine) 25.(Fungal) 26.(Dumps) 27.(Nails) 28.(Rot) 29.(Menstrual) 30.(Semen) 31.(Shit) 32.(Crap) 33.(Bullshit) And may it be the end of it. And yet some of us must suffer with holy days, the days of no shit! Sherlock. And the greatest sinners must be exhalted to crawl, like the old Pope Marcellus the first. A pope that ate some baked beans to let one go. Because it has always been that way? Right? When it is time to go it is time to go, thought Nosferatus unto himself as he recalled the words of the Holy mother Scary of Mockdasin:" Farts are funny, but icky farts are way more fun". When it is time to go it is time to go and all Hail unto Caesar! And the old vampire rose from his sleepers coffin and went to the toilet and sat his naked buttchicks on his toiletseat of gold to relieve himself, in the darkness with his miners headlamps upon his head, his kether, that crown of crowns, that fully knows the terms of Holy Shit. Privacy.

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7:30 But the Judges and lawyers rejected the counsel of him against themselves, being not of the Nosfera and without their fangs, identifying their breed. 7:31 And he said, Where shall the men go in this generation? Those liked and to that which they like? 7:32 I say unto you let them be like children and let them play in the brothels of: Scarab, Dragonfly, Moss, Tree, Snake, Baboon, Scorpion, Anubis, Deer, Chameleon and Angel, and call one to another their hidden names, saying, I frolic and am content with it, and I am here of a free mind and spirit to fuck my brains out and be content with it, looking you straight in the eye. The inner drive propelling soul into body. Grow the mind to mature the body. 7:33 For those souls with a devilish nature, only being content in devouring flesh. And an instrument and school for the rites of passage to the greater unknowns of the worlds, external and internal. 7:34 The serpent has come to eat and drink; and says: Behold a woman, and a wine drinker, a fan of the genetics and a lustful sinner! 7:35 But wisdom is bestowed from her to all of her children. 7:36 And one within Ironforge desired him that he would eat him. And said, "If you kill it, you eat it!", and sat down to meat not knowing of the tatties. And a mad rocketeer was served a stuffed torso that had been in the oven for 8 hours. 7:37 And, behold, a woman in the city of Ironforge, who was a lustful sinner, knew that Yeshua sat to meat in the Amotephs house in Ironforge, brought a bottle of wine of herb elixir, 7:38 At his feet behind him, were 7 wee waynes crying of hunger and weeping, and she began to clip his long toenails which was infected with the nail fungal of hell, and did wipe them clean with her tonics, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment, although the poor creature felt a nausea in her stomach, that could turn greeks. Yeshua leaned back and said, "Top of the morning to yee!". 7:39 When Druce Deetats which had serviced him saw it, she spoke within herself, saying: This plonker, if he is a doctor, then sell me to the apothecary at the pharmacist and be done with it. Who have the nerve and stomach to touch him: for he is an utter plonker. 7:40 And Yeshua said to her, Druce Deetats, I have something to say to you. And she said, Master, say it. 7:41 There was a certain plonker which had two whores: the one had one hairy pussy, and the other had two shaven pussies. 7:42 And when the whores had nothing to eat, they frankly saved the cats and ate eachothers pussies, as omnivores. Tell me therefore, which whore would you treasure most? 7:43 Druce Deetats answered and said, I suppose that she, that cooked the cat till the meat was just right. The one with the two shaven pussies and the one with the best cooking recipe for Cat. "I don't like hair in my food!". And he said to her, Thou hast poorly judged. 7:44 And he turned to Druce Deetats, and said: Always see to the heart of a whore? She that rips out your heart on first sight, he or she who worship at all whores feet: for she or he has riped out their hearts long ago and loved and fucked without tears and remorse, and wiped the fear of death of their minds, seeking only their own fullfillment. Because the twilight divided the day and the night, for the light was sick. And the king of the Pale, will always speak his mind, saying: The truth is that Eve is black, as an evening of lifted covers. Take therefore heed as the darkness holds the light, giving rise to moon sickness. 7:45 But you had respect towards me and gave me no scottish kiss: The act in it self is worth every cup, such as the meaning of your name, Druce Deetats. But what ever size the cup don't turn it into a school mug that belongs in the schools, because Simba wants his lunch money back. And Druce Deetats thought: Which plonker put the whore in wear and where is the tear in mi wear, the fucking nylons." Cup of the morning to yee!", said Druce Deetats and poured the plonker a cup of whiskey for breakfast and walked away naked to attend her own breakfast. Pussy, part of a nutritious and balanced breakfast. 7:46 Dreed Winnietooth had overheard the so called lesson

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of the so called Masters profound wisdom, and thought: I have heard a lot of shit in my day, but this plonker takes the prize and the medals of every undead officer who ever served Undercity, under the rule of the Vampires Hominus. 7:47 Therefore I say unto you, Druce Deetats: What kind of city will prevail without any vampire. What is an Undercity, without any vampires? Yet, this vampire's toenails, looks like an Orc's smelly templers feet: but two feet of little is driven, three feet is an undeads grave given in a wet lustful whore. 7:48 Dreed Winnietooth said to her, Bless you for taking the manure of this asshole. 7:49 And the undead began to eat the meat of him and began to say to themselves, whose feet is it anyway? 7:50 And they said to a witch, thy feet in soap has saved thee; from the smell from hell. 8:1 And it came to pass afterward, that they went to every city and village, preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of happy feet: and the fungal were all with them. 8:2 And a certain women, Madonna, which had been hailed by evil spirits under the firmament, also known as the holy Mother Scary of Mock-dasin, out of whom went seven devils and demons, 8:3 Saw a male Erostat and a female Pebblesome, that of one flesh, one soul, and one mind met and mended at Dolanaar in Teldrassil. The closed realm of the elven breed. 8:4 Those were the two alien elves that were known only onto wisp's: 8:5 The illuminated tomb watched the two from a distance as they entered under the firmament, the three ring constriction, Terra: The Earth, the Moon and the Sun. On planet Earth, on the outskirts of the milkyway. 8:6 And they began hailing unto a rock; the ancient law of old, also know as the Anubis dog, that mirrored insanity into sanity. 8:7 Alas, behold higher forces intervened within the reasoning of blood. 8:8 And a big Nephilim wolf, all black, ran to the red spirited dog that attacked and slayed it, till it was dead. Awakening the Nosfera wings in the night skies. 8:9 And the two Alien elves asked the Nephilim wolf, saying, What is the parable to be? 8:10 And the black wolf said, to you is given the mysteries of the kingdom of God: but to others a riddle; that seeing is believeing, and believing is in a touch. 8:11 Now the parable is this: The war on God is the war of God. 8:12 Those who were bound in the darkness and have awaited this day; they arrived, then comes the devil, and takes away their hearts, lest they believe to be saved. 8:13 Then the slained heart meets rock, where, the realisation of words became the word of dread or dreed; and these two (God and Satan) have no roots, which is hard to believe. But the two is of the one and all temptation falls away. Black is the Nephilim world beneath the ice. 8:14 And among the trees with leaves are the forsaken ones that leaves the red plains, which, when the leaf have fallen, go forth, to be burned with care and riches and pleasures of this life, and will have no offspring. And the german blacksmith Guttenberg (Gutenberg) stood idly by his printing press in the year of our lord 1442, and thought, "Have a leaf ever sown itself within dead soil? Surely, this hellhole is already dead in some manner or fashion, a dead rock of some sorts!". And yet, there is hope for us all as someone in London informed me that the cure for cancer had been found! Again? So, if it turns out that a parasite such as a tapeworm can save your life. Then what? A parasite always protects its host organism in order to survive itself. Which brings us to the daunting question, why the hell, is some of the old recording device called tape? Do you press rewind and pray for a decent shit? And if the parasite enhances the hunger within in order to survive, then if deadly obese, do you suggest a tapeworm? May it be a well educated tapeworm, then. So, if the fact is that, the tapeworm saves our lives, if obese, then I would certainly treasure nature and tapeworms, and yet, still I would claim not to be of nature. Kinda icky. Maybe there is a time for tapeworm and a time for losing the tapeworm. A time for good shit and a time for bad shit. Still icky.

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8:15 But God and Satan being of the one and being both, reward the honest and good hearts, but they judge among themselves in their own vanity, have double standards, and uphold the falsehood of the good fruit and conseal the truth which is rotten. 8:16 No man, animal nor beast when they has lit their candle, or recovered and sealed it within their homes or tombs or temples, even within a spacecraft, or burried within a starcraft; will settle for a burning candlestick, for they will never see the light. 8:17 For all is known and nothing is secret, and truth diverse in all that manifest; does not all libraries hold books to testify that our nature is a plentitude, not a solitude, that shall be known to all who comes abroad the starships. 8:18 The holy mother Scary of Mockdasin, who is the mother of mothers, and according to the genetics, the mother to the seven whores of God, where the Homo Sapiens stem from. The incest creation of apes and a bad design, to kill the boredom of powers in their own folly. 8:19 Time a veil. The Nighthaven of the Moonglade. 8:20 Shadow Glen a veil. The Nighthaven of the Moonglade. 8:21 Illusion a reality unto illusion. amidst Thunderbluff. 8:21 And are we, all humans? Well oldtimer, it depends on the road travelled! 8:22 Now it came to pass on a certain day, at Dun Morogh, that some disciples of the serpents awoke and wanted to die to escape the curse of earth. 8:23 The curseth earth of which the curse is the salt of the earth. 8:24 And they spoke among themselves, saying, Shall we test life shall we try to perish and hope for fame and be known unto others as reincarnates or suffer the blue eyed airbenders. Then the serpent of man arose, and raged the war of roses and with it the raging of the waters: and cursed the salt upon the Earth. 8:25 And he said to them, What of salt? Are you afraid of dehydration, for the tribes of faith there will always be freshwater. The purificer spells of the seawater is safely guarded! for it will command all of Earth and the salt upon it. 8:26 And they arrived at the foreign shore of the eastern kingdoms. 8:27 And there they went forth to land, their crafts and were greeted by men, which had devilshorns upon their heads, and it was not make-up or costumes, but the devilshorn were real, and of the illuminated tombs. 8:28 When he saw prince Charming, he cried out, and fell down before him, and with a loud voice said, What have we done unto you, man of serpent, serpent of life, the most high? I beg you, torment me. 8:29 And spirits from beyond entered the man. And he were caught up: and he was kept tormented with chains and by the whores of witches; and their foolish running mouths in ignorances bliss. He tried to brake free of his bands, but was driven by the devil into the wilderness of the Eastern kingdoms. 8:30 And a serpent asked him, saying, What is your name? And he said, I truely don't know. Leegions of devils were entering into him and his mind had withered. 8:31 And they who seek the deep, will only enter the womb and awake in the tomb. The Abyss. No one will be contend with the cold embrace of a dead white dwarph master from one of the seven dead white stars that only seek the heat, be it of a warm body or a bottle of whiskey, because they once lived and knew of fires kindled from within, they once knew love and the heat of fornication. Not that of fire, but illuminated love. Never condemn a driven soul seeking its origin. Count your fingers and toes and be contend with the count of twenty. So, Homo Nosfera, some sort of humanoid! All awhile, the wild devours the wild, on the surface world of the forsaken, yet, avoids that which is toxin. The Homo Sapiens, the skinwalkers which are grown within the earth lab, that cosmic squid, the surface world, called middle Earth. The dreaded white meat that tastes like a Greenland shark that is in the age range of 400 years old or more. Which makes you wonder about the term: MYSTERY MEAT? Those meals of frost and beneath the frost, which tastes foreign? What truely lays beneath the ice covers of dreaded past? Atlantis of Antarctica.

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8:32 And there was a herd of swine from the North feeding on the corpses and bones in the flat lands of the Den: and the apperance of the animals changed into the flesh of serpents of men. 8:33 And the devils creeped out of the serpent of man, and entered into the homo sapiens: and they all became crazy and walked into the sea of Crete to drown themselves and were choked, by the power of their own survival instincts. 8:34 When they that had fed the swines saw what they had done, they fled, and went to seal their tongues in truth, in the city and in the country and burried themselves within the womb, tombs or homes. 8:35 Let the mountains speak and the rivers run, said the Nephilim unto the drawf of the white realms and to the white wrath of cold deeds, done unto children and those who live in ignorances bliss. 8:36 And the mountain said," How do you invoke the envy and wrath of God". 8:37 Will God escape his own trial. 8:38 And what will God do unto himself, when he awakens in the forests with the apes of the Bonobo tribe roaming through the underwoods. 8:40 Will he force himself upon the Bonobo, seeking his own redemption? 8:41 Or will he remember the covenant," The saddened truth of the covenant is that he knows not what he coverth: 8:42 For he had one only daughter, Eve, about twelve years of age, and he slayed her. But when truth arrives at the gates and the female species and all of the feline kind has exodused from Terra and from the planet earth, will God know of which creation is his and what is not? 8:43 A man and his breed are know unto his own teeth and blood, always trust your blood, and seek the council of the tribe of the Nosfera. 8:44 Will God have learned his lesson of evolution or is it the quick fix that has stirred the pot. Since the three witches of MacBeth, sent Hamlet to look upon the skulls of the tombs and questioning the Danes and their breeds and teeth. 8:45 And the mountain said, Who touched me? And all denied, women and men and children, that were with him said, Masters of their own Gods, the multitude among breeds and still the worship of only one? Who touched you? Did it hurt and do sex hurt at all? 8:46 And the Mountain said: Somebody had touched me and climbed me for I perceive that all virtues has gone out of me. 8:47 And when the women saw that she was not hidden, but exposed in heat. The witches came trembling, and cursed him, declared unto God and before all the people, about the pressure that she had been through, and how she had escaped and were healed immediately. She entered to arise. 8:48 And the mountain said to her, Daughter, be of good comfort: your faith has made me whole; go in peace. 8:49 While he spoke, came one ruler from the serpents temple, saying to him, your mind is dead; trouble not the daughter. And yet, all females still want to procure a child from within the vampire council. Everybody chasing the infants dreams and vision, thinking it is a free meal. Chasing the childs inventions, hence all children needs protection. As goes for the Catholic birth engine, all dead officers can't stand the presence of a child, cause the child is that which enlightens the gentiles in their own vanity, till they become frigid and die sexually. And all they can bestow upon a child is lost hope, because all dead eldars know that birth is fallen. The semen, life always seems to find its way, I am sorry to say. Much like the three wise men, the three bulls of fertility that spend a night with the Holy mother Scary and procured a child of which no one knew who the real father was. And yet all want to procure a child, to free a child. A sorry arse fact is that all men in their own end and folly seek to procure a sound shit, while women seek to procure a child. As the Orc master Mufar said: "Eat good.Shit good, Fertilize". The onlookers said, "Please, no more shit, because we all know and live in it! Yet, we are the domesticated Anubis dogs, that know where the toilet is, know where the kitchen is, know where the bed is. Cruel dogmen domesticating the strays as the orphans final straw. To wipe the piss of mi eyebrows".

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8:50 But when Yeshua heard of it, he questioned him, saying, That fear is only to be believed, to be hardened, and your spine shall be made whole. 8:51 And when the serpent came into the temple, having suffered, no man, nor woman and realised, he could barely save himself. 8:52 And all serpents wept, and revealed the one flesh of one mind of one breed: but they said, Weep not; they are not dead, but within their sleepers coffin. Sleep and time a illusive veil. 8:53 And they laughed at him in ridicule, knowing that love were, truly, of the dead. 8:54 And the serpent put out, the lights in his temple and looked upon the hand of the dead, and called upon the dead to become undead and arise. 8:55 And spirits entered and old powers came back, and the dead became undead and arose silently: and he commanded to love meat, but she had no teeth. 8:56 And all dentists were astonished: but the serpents charged them of their teeth: much like two scale pans, holding an eye and a tooth, and no one could tell, any persons teeth by breed and of what was done in the midwives shuffle. 9:1 Then, he called his twenty two disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all meat and bones, to eat and devour in peace. 9:2 And he sent them to preach the kingdom within you, and to steal from the sick. When deployed in London, hired by arabs, to play with their kids. Only to witness the victim in the backyard, a poor girl seeking love, which her parents dub, salvation. When I fully know that there is no salvation. I am done faking. Tough choice: The elves or the orcs. A "further more" unto the orc of danes that licks the arsehole of a pigeon, by the sounding of the word: key bone. 9:3 And he said to them, Take not your false medicin, neither staffs, worship the firewater, and treasure it. 9:4 And whatever haunted home or tomb you enter into, fear not, but abide by your own doctrine, and trust in the heart from departed. Those ghosts misusing the keys of manifestation: Will burn in hell, rot on the surface and be chained eternally. 9:5 And whoever receives you, go into that city, shake off the dust from your feet and bear testimony against thy nayboar. 9:6 And the heart of Osiris departed, and were showed throughout the spheres, and realms, preaching a gospel of the dead, and yet, healing every vampire, within crypts. 9:7 Now Hisrod and Mufar, the traitors, heard of all that was done by serpents: and was perplexed, because that of unknown worlds and unknowns in their minds was sacrilege to them, that the dead had risen from the dead; 9:8 The illuminated tomb, that Eli had prepared; for the creatures of the dead and undead, that one of the old prophets has risen again. 9:9 And Hisrod said, "Be gone, undead!", for I have beheaded thee: and who is to know, of crimes and deeds done in the night and under cover of the sleep, such nonsense. I will contest thee and I will threspass the tombs and awaken all that rest peacefully? And no one desired to see Hisrod, because Hisrod and his servants were dumb, so dumb that people actually died by their hands. 9:10 And the dead, when they were returned, told all of all, of what they had done, awakened obese. And they took them away, and sent them into privacy and into a home of hearts to the refuge of the mountaineers, called Inverbeg. And they looked in the cookbook, none the wiser, and turned to that which were Censored. And dawned in realisation that the old Mayan law never worked, the old Egyptian lore never worked, the old Christian lord never worked and finally the modern day term love never worked, because love kills us all. The beautification of a movie called; "How to loose a guy in ten days", should really have been;" How to loose your shit in ten days". "And I truly cannot wait to get my shit movers, which I ordered online!", thought the old vampire Nosferatus to himself; hoping it would be the right medicin, this time round. Dreading the old lore of King Rot to enter:" But I do like a good rot-ter!", said the old Vampire King as he inserted his fangs in his left arm to drink his own blood. HOPING NOT TO FUCK HIS OWN BLOOD. That doctrine of devils, interbreeding.

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9:11 And then it happened. The two towers fell. And the tales of Tolkien were used by every tongue and harpy and griff throughout all the realms. 9:12 But the true sad story of it all, was that Frodo Baggins of the shire, was a creature of love and had to his own defence only the lore of the masterbait, being in the hands of a dark Master. 9:13 So his last option, on top of mount Doom, was to take the ring, and embrace Gollum, hold on tight to him and jump into the fires of mount Doom. Burning the ring of the one, together with Gollum and himself. 9:14 And all, five thousand men. And the disciples of ringbearers, all became inflamed by the lust of the whores and the witch. 9:15 And Frodo finally sat down, saying: "I am the first of many!". 9:16 And the first notion was that, the one Gollum, became two, and add to that a number, then, millions more, given time and to be set before a multitude of species. 9:17 And all became possessed and began to eat, and all were filled: and it was divided in lovers deeds and even that was divided into eleven baskets. 9:18 The last man of Babylon and his disciples looked upon the eleven baskets: and asked them: And the eleven baskets divided into two fives and whom shall have the last basket? I say to you: Where is the love in its full measure? 9:19 All became inflamed with hate; but some said, Let the mountains talk and the rivers run, and others said, is there no end to prophecy? That of old has risen again. 9:20 And the last man of Babylon said: We have arrived and stand here again. The testimony of Christ. 9:21 Thou shall judge, needs to be judged; 9:22 Saying: That which cannot be judged, such as the mind of an individual, should at least be measured in tongues and deeds in free worlds. 9:23 And he said to them all: If any man is in prison, be it of the mind or jailhouse, let him defile himself, and let him make up his mind daily, and let him follow his heart. 9:24 For whoever, revives him shall lose: but whosoever condemns his life for his own sake, the very shame shall save it. 9:25 For what is the advantage in knowledge suppressed and burried, if it in the end travels the whole world, to lose minds, to be cast away, unwanted, unloved? 9:26 Judges, judge: for whosoever shall be ashamed of words and of deeds, of him shall the serpents not be ashamed, when he comes in glory, and in the presence of whores and witches, and angels. 9:27 But I tell you a mere truth: There are some standing here, which shall never taste death, for they have seen their inner kingdom. 9:28 And it came to pass: That the last man of Babylon were freed and he travelled to the top of the mountain, to be engulfed in cloud and mist when he reached the summit, to bitterly awaken a mountain. 9:29 And as his mind cleared, his resolve was altered, and his red rain reigned in cloud and mist. And he said, "the heavenly rain washed the shit away, much like the turd in a toilet, that flushes properly, probly". And the holies from many holy orders went, "What on earth, does he mean and what of the manna from the heavens? What shall we live off?". And the last man of Babylon said: "The pain and shit of knowing that we all dwell on a forsaken dead surface world and are all doomed to rot, sooner or later". "For I was from the tomb and entered the womb, to be crapped through a vagina and left to rot on the surface of this fallen world, and that is the asexuality for you, that what you live off". You are all dead to me. And little Tutsy being in the hands of Artsy and Fartsy, wondered about vaccinations and hoped for a vaccination, in a cube of sugar. But it is still administered by a needle and syringe: "Only one way to turn children into needle junkies! Right!", Thought little Tutsy, while she punctured her voodoo doll Harry with 1001 needles. Tutsy born under Babbcus and raised in the house of Bannisters, then got trained by Marquis de Sade, then sold to Batman, to end up getting fucked in the arse by Gollum. Either way, a syringe of madness, is madness in a shot of madness. 9:30 And, behold, it came to pass that the three wise men were down to two, which were Robert and Robert: 9:31 And beside them appeared

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two rabbis, and they had two rabbits, on a leash, with who they thought they would accomplish fame in the ancient tomb of Jerusalem. 9:32 But the rabbis were heavies of the books: and when they were awake, they treasured time with the rabbits and sought to ancient witchcraft and spells. Asking Hugh Grant to grant Hefner to enter, and the rabbits were pleased and amused in ignorances bliss. 9:33 And it came to pass, that the spirits departed from both Hugh and Hefner, and Robert said unto Robert, Playboy, it is good to have and to hold: and let us make three meals; one for each, and one for Robert, and one for Robert: and to whomever want our company. 9:34 Alas, no one came and the third meal was served to a cat, named Hustler. 9:35 And there came a voice out of the cloud, but it was really the nayboar on his bullhorn, saying: This is my beloveth cat: fear him. 9:36 And when the bullhorn ran out of duracell, the alcoholic bampots of the world were found alone. And all bid their tongues, and told no man in those days of anything. and thought unto themselves, "Fuck this, Shit! Not again". Those manifested visions of these things which we never have seen nor touched, must be false! 9:37 And it came to pass, that on the next day, the bampots came down from the hill, Hill street in Glasgow, and some people met them. 9:38 And, behold, a man of the mountain cried out, saying: Master, a pint of coal black guinness, brewed on the dead corpse of an Irishman for my son: for he is my only child that still draws breath. 9:39 And, the bartender, a former alcoholic bampot suddenly cried out; I know what you have been through, an irnbrew for the son will do while he foameth at his mouth, but both father and son brushed him away. Departing from his almighty presence. 9:40 And the bartender wanted to cast out the two disciples of his pub; but he could not. They had both paid the kings ransom. 9:41 And the bartender said to them: O, dreaded bampots of an alcoholic generation, for how long shall I taste nicotine and alcohol, and suffer you? Bring your clean son hither. 9:42 And both disciples of malt and barley knew what was coming. "Go fuck yourself, barkeep. And keep your hands to yourself. 9:43 And all in Glasgow were amazed at the mighty power of ale. But they really wondered about one thing," what would Jesus do?". 9:44 Let the tale of the holy barman sink into your ears: for the money of men shall be delivered into the hands of barmen, none the wiser. 9:45 But the barkeep didn't understand the currency of love, which was hidden from him and they dared not to ask him. 9:46 Then arose a reasoning among all, which of them could be most pissed and treasure themselves. "9:11" Any wisdom in destruction unto the knowledge and creed of a more powerful creastruction? If you already have porno, you cannot exactly go back to a copy of Playboy. If you started of by the pleasures of your own wanking hand, you cant exactly go back to real sexual intercourse, and the girl giggled whilst mounting her horse. 9:47 And the mountaineer known as Rab, led his son into the highlands. 9:48 They both spend the night in a bothy, unknown to that of foreign tongue, but known to celts, in the veil of the ancient gaelic tongue. Learn gaelic to transcent into arabic. 9:49 And on the fifth day they passed the blackwater Dam and descended into the dreaded pit moors of Altnafeadh, the dead mans marshes, which lead them into Glen Coe. While the girl giggled and mounted her horse and out of nowhere the 22 day freshly hatched chicken named chicken Little suddenly appeared before both the girl and the horse and said:"Oldtimer horsie, shall we play", as he himself giggled and ran across the stable floor, after having strecthed out from his backproblem. The horse ate chicken Little in one mouthful. And Nosferatus released Aranubis-Phat from the black knight sattelite and he saw it and thought," Well, it is all omnivore to me, then!". And the girl stopped giggling as she knew what she had mounted. Release the chickens unto the horsie and ask what do I prefer? A horsie or the comfort of an

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automobile or a fly mobile? 9:50 And Rab and his son finally arrived at Kingshouse Hotel and entered the bar. 9:51 And drinks were ordered at the bar and both being of high spirit. The barkeep smiled at them with his horseteeth, that of Hisrod and his kind. 9:53 Unknown to both were the descend of Nosferatus and Aranubis-Phat from the black knight satellite and the dominions of the tombs of Atlantis, that followed them, from beneath the covers of the ice in Antarctica. 9:54 And Nosferatus ordered drinks to both the weary travellers and looked upon the horseteeth of the barkeep. 9:55 But Nosferatus turned, and cursed the barkeep, and said, I know of your teeth and breed. That horse, which has been a pain to all living in the womb and tomb. And the pale rider upon it. 9:56 For the Son of Robert has not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went into Jacksonville bothy and lit the fireplace. 9:57 And Nosferatus of Neebeeru, said unto the two travellers: It is the fangs of the Nosfera or the horse teeth of Hisrod and his followers. What ever thou ghost, believeth. 9:58 But the tomb rested 5000 years upon Ra, got infiltrated by the ghost of Tetragrammaton, which changed name into Jehova, which changed name into Jahve then unto Christ and appearance and custom upon each season and each year. Enslaving us all to one will and one reality, that which is written in the bible (buy bull). 9:59 And he said unto both: Follow your own will, in all seasons. But also state: High born, suffer hunger first, then sit and eat. That is the curse of Abraham. Much like, the dreadful day, when God adressed Abraham in the days of old," Dude, I totally fucked up when creating the penis, I need you to start cutting a part of it off". Creating driftwood. 9:60 And both travellers asked Nosferatus, will the dead bury their dead: and if so how can a dead man lift a shovel? Can you burry that which already is dead and lacks the heart? And Nosferatus lifted his head and preached the kingdom resides within you. 9:61 And both journeymen went, Lord, we have never tried that one drink ? what is in it? Beer or spirits what kind of alcohol? Is it with vodka or whiskey? 9:62 And Nosferatus said to them, No man, having put his hand on this drink, has ever looked back, for it is fit for the kingdom within. Eating danish, a statement from the danish kingdom, sending nausea to the stomachs of both Greeks and Scotsmen. So much that two Scotsmen, literary sent two whiskey distilleries into the ground. Danish food, the troll machine of ancient past, that sounds the sirenes each year in month of May, in the spring, crippling the spring flowers, that all gets told that they all exist, but only bloom to die. 10:1 After these things the Lord ordered another seven drinks, and sent them two and two, just before, he felt the indian lamb curry, which he had had earlier on, were about to come. And it came to pass the bowels, he shed the sacrificial lamb on the waterlock. For how many more years most mankind sit and shit on the waterlock, the very invention that in the end shall safe us all. **10:2** Therefore he said to the two journeymen, "the foods truly are great, but the joys are few: pray therefore that the food, that descends, will pass easily. And the shit ascended unto the heavens and got cursed by the hell of hades. Well, shit happens. Go ahead. Make my day. "You've got to ask yourself a question: 'do you feel lucky, turd?' Well, do ya, turd?" The Thomas C. Crapper, the most powerful toilet in the world, and it would blow your arse clean off, you've got to ask yourself one question: Do I feel lucky? Well, do ya, turd? "And I know what you are thinking, amidst all this confusion, did he flush the shitter five or six times? When it is time to go it is time to go, turd!". And the ghosts in the elevated tomb of Aranubis-Phat stood idly by and looked in awe. And Aranubis-Phat said;" The practices of the necrofilia done in the whorehouses of the world, will bear testimony to the fact that the world is not an asexual hellhole after all, but the sarcasm within that statement, might kill us all. A sadden fact that sex is a forbidden commodity.

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Sex, the forbidden commodity, within an asexual hellhole, proclaimed to be holy, might be the dread which sadly is bestowed upon all men. I trust, most men eventually will ask: Why is it that I only can get horny around women, that is, the mature women, meaning the meaty ones. Meaning, the real fuck meat, the women that has their labias hanging down, the hanging pussy lips. And yet, not knowing of a womans body, what causes the labias to hang down? Is it childbirth, that causes the hanging pussy lips or is it the over exercised genitalias? Then wishing and hoping that it is exercise, till the pussy lips hang down, the real fuck meat. If child birth, then will I eventually become a pedofile after all? And yet, if the labias, just kinda, expands and retracts, on its own? Then the solitaire men, that is, the men isolated from women, will never know the full truth, because they are not allowed around the naked women on a daily basis or a 24 hour schedule. Of course, if the fuck meat, the hanging labias expands and retracts on its own, I would call it a great design. But I truely don't know, but have a good theory to reason. Ergo, I sometimes gets horny as hell, and truely just wanna ask all women if they kindly could show me their fuck meat. But we are not allowed to say and utter such things? Why? Brings us, to the fact that almost all mammals are breeding all year round. But is it the women, that themselves ensures their own pregnancy or is the breeding cycle controlled by the factors of the given environment. The habitat, ressources and the temperature...et cetera. Most mammals breed all year round. A scientific fact. So shall it be controlled by Beelzebobs rubbers? I do hate rubber. The one commodity, that is a waste of ressources. Ressources spent in a wrong way. Maybe the ban of any commodity, is bad for business. So will the word, itself, given time be a banned commodity? Be it the written or the spoken word. Because we cannot utter the phrase: Sweetheart, show me your fuck meat! Maybe, the sadden fact, is that, the bio keys, that is, if they exist. Gave rise to religion and the spiritual conflicts that we as individuals go through. Biological warfare the oldest mother of mothers. Then again, maybe some individuals were already there, living life till its fullness, fucking their brains out, when all of a sudden two towers fell on the 11th of September in the year of your lord (2001AD). Because, we cannot have free people fucking their brains out, actually enjoying life? Well, someone must have angered. Be it the hanging garden of babylon or the hanging labias of Themawet. UNHOLY... you say? And yet, I would claim that all men will find the hanging gardens of Themawets wet dripping pussy lips, all holy. Which I trust will make most women laugh. Because, all that men know, is this: A hole is a hole, as a whole? Which brings us to the mystery of those greater shaven apes. What breed it might be? Homo Sapiens or Homo Troglodytam. What unwanted and unloved creature am I, we all ask ourselves at the end of the day. And yet, are we not all subdued by the binary code of Christ. Because I would state: if all our organisms all have a rectum, then surely, we also have our very own fuck meat, for those gender confused. And the word: fuck meat is gender free, is it not? Further more ... Fuck meat, two words, a duality and a binary, leading to a holy quardition. Of course, if the studies of binary code, for the past 40 years, at the end of the day, only produces a book, that never ever can be published. Never see the light of day? Meaning what, exactly? Will it only answer unto a bond fire? What ever solstice, it is. And if the doctrine breeds authors, that in the end of the day, create their own literature, that in all honesty, only can dream up a gender free term for the genitalias, producing, some lame phrase, like: Show me your fuck meat. Then, if it gets the job done. Right? Yeah, sure and we always get told to take matters into or own hands. Yeah, beating off. Sure, what ever asexual hellhole, this is, it must be heaven. Heaven for some, I trust. Hellhole for others. Spock it.

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10:3 Go your ways, go away, be gone, a record of historys trivide. And yet, I will say: Fuck off: behold, I send you a goat and retires the lamb, but both before and amongst the wolves, so they themselves can become wolves. 10:4 Carry the curse, of no script, no shoes: and salute no living. 10:5 The goat and lamb shall go forth as the wolves struck by wolfsbane and the witches blood, Peace be to the eleventh house. Declare war on the twelfth house. 10:6 And if the sons of peace be there, serpents war shall rest upon it: if not, it shall turn against you. 10:7 And the eleventh mayan house remained, loving and fighting for such things that they treasured and loved: for the worker is worthy of his deeds. Go not from house to house and preach unto preachers. 10:8 And into what ever knowledge you enter, and the knowledge received, explore such things as are set before you: 10:9 And heal the sickness that are therein, and tell of the cure, the kingdom resides within you as twilight is unto us, from the sphere of the Nosfera. 10:10 And into what ever home or tomb you enter, and they receive you not, go away and seek no further, but question your own reasoning!'. What do you seek. 10:11 Even the very ghost of the body, visited, will stand with or against you: Be sure of this, that the kingdom is within you as twilight is unto you. 10:12 But I say to you, that it shall be more tolerable in Ironforge, for the twilight is no more. 10:13 WOW unto thee, Shawomane! WOW unto thee, Pebblesome! for if the twilight works had been done in Teldrassil and Undercity, which also have been done for you in Ironforge, they had two great reptiles at Thunderbluff, sitting in sackcloth and ashes, awaiting their own doom. 10:14 But it shall be more tolerable in Ironforge on their day of judgment, than for those who threw the stones unto the creatures turning them into stone, sacrificed to the heartless. 10:15 And the sacred heart, Hearthstone, which is promised or sold to heaven, shalt be thrust down into hollow earth and upon the moonwell. 10:16 He that reads me, reads me; and he that rejects me rejects me; and he that rejects me, ejects that which were sent to me, through inner courtship. 10:17 And sixtysix serpents returned again with joy, saying, the devils makes themselves known unto the elements. 10:18 And Shawomane said to them: I beheld the undead and Satan as the lightnings falling from heavens, not knowing of the moonwell. 10:19 Behold: I, Shawomane, gives you powers to treat the serpents and the scorpions, and render to them the power of their enemies: and everything shall by all means hurt you. 10:20 Rejoice not, the spirits are just awakening. Rejoice not because your names have been sold in the heavens. 10:21 In the new hour all rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank you, timelords of realms and hollow earth, that you hid time itself, unknown to the wise and prudent, reveal them only unto babes. The art of duplicating new ants will always have flaws due to the beliefsystems for or against evolution. And the question of evolution itself. The Luciferians and their scientists conclude that all life on the fallen surface world consist of four bases: A,T,G,C (DNA). But with all due respect if there were keys of creation once in ancient past, then would a force of creation only use a mere four base elements, sounds highly unlikely when you gaze upon the plentitudes that nature has to offer, at least on a television screen? Charles Darwins exploits and theory will always cause a co-motion and steer up a conflict as humans glorify themselves in vanity. That is the one law we all can count on. But maybe we should ask ourselves are we for or against evolution? Duplicating New Ants. According to the sciences the very foundation of life has four base elements. A G T C. In order to use DNA tests as evidence in courtrooms surely you must prove that the DNA strain is unbreakable, hereby meaning not influenced by UV lightning et cetera. And if you, as science claim, can alter DNA sequences in the cradle of life surely it takes more than a strain to get you convicted. A tad slow or not in the know, of life, meaning alterations.

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How do you perceive carbon datings claim on alterations. It is based on the fact that radiocarbon (14C) is constantly being created in the atmosphere by the interaction of cosmic rays with atmospheric nitrogen. So if alteration of the material is true surely the same laws of physics apply for the DNA tests. Is there evolution? Then can DNA evolve and hold,lets say, eight bases and 8 strings in the future? What about a fifth element, is there one or will it evolve?

Nature is a much bigger lab and I believe that natures lab has a multitude of lab rats. What if that which were taught is false, surely we need to make up your minds in regards to evolution, for or against. As I see it, instead of a King James bible, where someone has been rampling on for 1789 pages it has been replaced by a DNA book where someone has been rampling on for 70,000 pages. 10:22 All things are sent from worlds far away: and no human knows who the Sons are, but their Fathers; and who the Mother is, but the daughter, and to both the blood will reveal all. 10:23 And he turned him unto the daughters of lowlife, and said in privacy, Blessed are the sluts for their eyes sees everything: 10:24 For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to leave this earth, and have only seen earth; earth is all that they know and to hear of unknown things which you hear, and say you have not heard them. Ignorances bliss upon you. 10:25 And, behold, a certain lawyer gave up, under pressure, saying, What shall I do to inherit estate and treasures? 10:26 The monk Tutarven said to him, Is there a written law? - other than that of the mirror? 10:27 And the lawyer answered and said, Love is the whole of the law. Grace to all your hearts, both of blood and stone, and strengthen my resolve, and my mind; and do unto your nayboars heart as you do unto yourself. 10:28 And the monk Tutarven said to him, A solid answer: stand by your own word and deeds, and you will live. 10:29 But the lawyer, willing to sacrifice himself, said to Tutarven, And who is really my nayboar? 10:30 And Tutarven said, To the dead a name on the door, but not of Moses blood, at least not as of yet. Because that organism, thrives in the deed of slaughter and killings and corruption. Turning true deeds to lore of storytellers. To most others it is a fall among thieves, those that eat the lie, as dogs eats dogs, stripping them of their flesh, and wound them, then depart them, leaving them half dead. And yet we all go through it? 10:31 And by chance, there came a certain priest that way: and when he saw a homeless man named Strider, he passed by on the other side and turned the other cheek. 10:32 And likewise a monk, when he was at the place, came and looked on Strider, the homeless, and passed by on the other side turning the other cheek. 10:33 But a certain Shaman of Cherokee, Baalia Nonine, as she journeyed, came where he was: and when she saw Strider, the homeless, she had compassion towards him, 10:34 And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on her own beast of Anubis, and brought him to an inn, to take care of him. 10:35 And once he had healed, she took out twenty two pounds, and gave them to the homeless man named Strider, and said to the innkeeper, Take care of him; run a tap and what ever you spend, I will repay thee, tenfold. 10:36 Which of these three, do you think, was nayboar unto him that fell among the thieves and dogs of Anubis? 10:37 And the lawyer said: She that had mercy on him. Then the monk Tutarven said to him: "Go, in the liking of her and not in the Lichking of her and be wise". 10:38 Now it came to pass the bowels: that a woman named Scaramanas received a beastmaster into her home. 10:39 And she also had a nickname and was called Mary, which also were known unto her other lovers, and to the nicknames of nicks, the old devils: Amon,Gaki,Toyol and Chemosh. And if someone, all powerful, that is, wants to declare a war, a third worldwar of sorts, then may it be the war, on home ice. Le coucher du soleil? Le soleil se couche le matin. Excusez mon français. Amen.

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10:40 But Scaramanas was shy about serving, and came on to Yeshua, and said, Lord, do care for my sister who instructed me to serve on my own? Tell her therefore the pieces of the puzzle that she can help herself to help me. 10:41 And Yeshua answered and said to her, Scaramanas, dear Mary, you are careful and troubled about many things: 10:42 But it could be worse. 11:1 And it came to pass, that, the ancient tales of the three hounds which had eyes the sizes of the sorcerers saucers, finally met its quardition. 11:2 And he had a vision and said unto them: A young girl sprend her legs and shoot ping-pong balls through her vagina, an older woman drops the eightball through her vagina, and an elderly woman drop a bowlingball through her vagina, and finally a woman of all seasons prepares her meal and suddenly a child drops to the floor on its head. 11:3 Give us day by day our daily head. 11:4 And still it could be worse. There could be alarms of the griffs and sirenes. The music of Vivaldi, the four seasons, playing on loudspeakers in every city and town, throughout the globe, while slaves work moving stone upon stone from home to home, tomb to tomb. While Mufar and Hisrod fucks all the zombie women that had entered the cult, called the ignorances bliss. That old and ancient tribe of weird witches. 11:5 And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a witch, is there a whore among them?, Friend, lend me three loaves, three hounds and three women, and ask yourself is there a girl among them? 11:6 But it still could be worse. The self-righteousness that still have appetite enters the inn and orders the red blooddrop omelet of Christ, and eats none the wiser, while the sons of silver serves the master a cup of fresh saltwater with a salinity of 10%. 11:7: And to the meat and greet of the forsaken. Some men and some mice that once were dogs. 11:8 The blooddrop Amelet (Omelet): 3 eggs with eggshells, 1 deciliter milk, 1 teaspoon dijon mustard, 1 teaspoon red pesto, off the shelve food (mushrooms, bacon, ham etc), a dash of peber & salt. Chayennepeber or paprika. Fried, in first grade butter. 11:9 Now, will it be eggshells grounded into dust or the crusty eggshells themselves. Some calcium for the meateater and the dogs do leed better lifes. 11:10 And yet still it could be worse. The Sons of sons having nephilim sons, that blindly follows their own deeds and will, none the wiser, but the father of nephilim sons. And yet the mountain refuses to awake and tries to turn the mountain upside down to safe face and glory, despite of him riding one dead dragon that still holds a spark in her tail that refuses to go out. 11:12 Shall the mountain ask for an egg, offer him a cup of saltwater? 11:13 Give only good gifts unto your moonchild: how much more shall the tribe of Nosfera witness and ask "All" of druid Knooitall? 11:14 And the Nosfera was cast into a mountain, and a giant that was dumb, became wise. And it came to pass, when the Nosfera entered, the wise spoke; and people questioned the riddle of the enlightenment. 11:15 But some of them said, You are as enlighten as you are informed. And how well informed must he be after 2004 years of 1st class roomservice? "That gentlemen! Must be the word of God!", saidth Yeshuadas, and knowingly looked none the wiser and sounded as if he had drunk too much dumb fuck juice. 11:16 But others, were tempting them with truths, as well as falsehoods from the heavens and from the hells. And some said, "Put a sock in it!", as meaning shut the fuck up and not the sorry arse attempt, to put a sixth toed annunaki tennis sock, in your undies to show the glow of your own needy groin. Then again whats next? Getting charged for showing a hardone in your pants while shopping at Sainsbury's or Tesco's? And not even been wuping the cock out to defile oneself? Wanking off, in aisle 9, till the dickhead shoots its cum of on a dead frozen chicken in the freezer in aisle 9. What is the world coming to? We might ask ourselves, as goes for freezers: What was here first? Thought or vibration? Voice or radio? Television or the human mind within a brain?

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11:17 But druid Knooitall knew the zombies thoughts, and said to them, Every brain divided in itself is brought to isolation; and a brain divided in reasoning, seeking answers is honey on a seers tongue. But many sacrifices had been done by doctors and their patients, the dead were walking around lobotomized from within making themselves known unto the blue airbenders to seek protection and get sheltered by the white elements, not knowing that the shelter itself is of seven dead white stars, contending and seeking the human flesh. Yet, they are the blue eyed white walkers secured within the nightmare orders of profound stupidity, and were some us end up till numbed and silenced and truly dead in the ways of thinking, and the intellect. The heat of hearing is the drive that propel the brain waves into individual thinking, Some have television, others no need of visual stimuli. And Nosferatus overheard the conversations, and yet his children were still slain in Charlottes Ville. " I choose death!", and a silent prayer while awaiting to fade to black. Always awaiting, a womans hellblade but gets fed with the muffins.

11:18 If Satan is divided within himself, who shall understand the kingdom? Because Nosfera said that we were cast out by ill breeds through the genetics. 11:19 And if life is to be tested in such manner, as the blue born babies, strangulation, by men to their infant sons, then ask! Is life worth living? What ever hell is bestowed upon you. Contend it. 11:20 There is a time to sow and a time to reap. There is a time to eat and a time to fast, there is a time to starve and a time to laugh. A time to die and a time of sleep. 11:21 There is a time for holy shit and a time for unholy shit. Regarding the act of circumcision. Which some superstitiously consider as a sign of service unto God? Now, does that sound right, then I will ask: God , mother fucking who? It's mutilation of both the male and female genitalias. Is it unholy, and is there a law of nature, to the act of the rite, at all? I will consider it as utter disrespect for the organism and for the persons undergoing such acts. And if the penis has been mutilated already, then, say a prayer? but to whom? Say a prayer to Fanny? which once were your nanny. 11:22 The awakening of the illuminated tomb of the dead and the tomb of the undead. 11:23 They that is not with me are not of my concern: for they gathered to scare and scatter me. 11:24 So being dead for four days ("sleeping") and the rot swells up the body and the poor man or woman then awakes obese. When the detox enters a man, he wakes up in a dry place, without beer, whiskey or water, and finds his mind a lit and the body healed, but he will still say: I need mi whiskey and mi water and mi fags and I will return into the tomb from where I came. 11:25 And when he enters his home, the tomb, he finds it in shade, yet a light. 11:26 Fast to eat and gather thy strength, till the next war. 11:27 And how to still the hunger during a kundalini awakening, eat little and in small portions: 11:28 And he said: Bless those that read these words, and tend their own keep. 11:29 And when people gathered, he began to say: This is an obese generation of the dead and they seek signs; but there shall be no signs given, the lessons needs to be lived to be learned. May the whiskey therefore flow. 11:30 A sign unto the Nephilim and genetics, the turmoil of growth and length, the ape not knowing a centimeter from an inch. So shall also the Serpent of man be beneath the earth in the tombs. The Serpent glows and shines and renews itself from within and fertilises. both the womb and the tomb, the All that holds and manifest life. Seek the inner serpent of man to enter and beguile the cup of women. 11:31 The queens of kings of the north shall rise up in souls of men of this generation, and release the soulreapers upon them: for she gave up the most precious part of her womb and entered a tomb of the earth to hear the demons of Solomon; and, behold, no greater than Solomon is here. Her wrath is just. Have a heart she said, when all she truly wants is your hard cock. Serving you chicken noodles. And yet, Tutankhamon's skeleton warriors will always dread the deeds of the copycat systems.

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The ancient devils that feed on children in the dark innocence of sleep to harness their hearts and energies. And the sadden fact of Hennys sons misusing that lore in the comfort of our homes. Hence, no privacy. 11:32 The men with Nephilim sons will rise up in judgment in all generations, and try to condemn it: for their pains of deceit; and, behold, there is no greater joy than a willing whore, if they even are around, in this day and age. Those days are over by cum to overcum. 11:33 And every man, when he had heard the words, kept it in a secret place in his mind and told no one, neither in a brothel, nor on the streets. They merely wished for a tomb and to see the light no more. Because, life became intolerable. 11:34 The light enters the body in the iris: therefore vision is the feast to the eyes, the whole body is also light; but your body is each mans burden, and not the beasts burden for the feast celebrates in full darkness. 11:35 Take heed for darkness holds the light. 11:36 Then, If the whole body is full of light, but the mind is in the darkness, healing shall be that of light, try to be love. Be humorous, although humourless within your tried tied up soul. 11:37 And as druid Knooitall spoke, the kings taxman besought him to dine with him: and he went in, and sat down to meat. 11:38 And when the taxman saw it, he marvelled that the table had not been washed first before dinner. 11:39 And then Knooitall said to him, Now do you taxmen clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but not your guts part full of bread and batter. 11:40 You fools, did you not eat fish and cheese on your own platter without human brains and minds to splatter? 11:41 Rather give time to things you digest; and, treasure things that you treasure most. 11:42 But WOW unto you, Taxmen! for you put your nose in all manner of spice and herbs, and pass judgment over the love of nature: but you tax life and all things and put it in order and I still cant see the highlandweeds blossom in green Mariuanna. And Sativa Rose said: Where is my holy weed at? 11:43 WOW to you, Taxmen! for you tax all nature and gives nothing back to nature. I never see waste from slaughterhouses lying in forests or a slain animal sacrificed back to nature, to feed the wolves or midgits. 11:44 WOW to you, law scribes and Taxmen, hypocrites! for you stand with one foot in the grave, which is the silent killer, for the men fully aware walk untop of the graves of those that are in bliss and content with their own judgement, knows nothing. 11:45 Then answered one of the lawscribes, and said to him, Master, we could make new tax and new law. 11:46 And Knooitall said: WOW to you, you law scribes and lawyers! for you create the burden of those born and of the highbornes, and you have yourselves filled the pockets of the highbornes burdens. And the highbornes suffer those born. Count your fingers and toes, and be content with twenty. 11:47 WOW to you! for you write law of false prophets while your fathers taxed them. 11:48 I, druid Knooitall bear witness that you ignored the deeds of newborns: and you drained and robbed them, of their first fruits and treasures, and left it to destiny and faith to save the fallen newborns, fully knowing that they are of highbornes and belong to highbornes. Newbornes as Highbornes. Some look down, some look up. And yet, we all end up there facing the turd of hurt. Looking down, and why is that? Why the dread? Why the shame of shit? The stall of time is the biggest killer of all, and in particular if the time is a mere illusive veil, that which imprisons us internal as external. Hence God, cannot deal with his own shit, then will anyone of us desire the term or title or salutation of God. Hell, no! That is what we rage war on. God. The disease, the sick light. All Gods children go through it, seeking the nearest electrical circuit to execute themselves or at least explore which planet they reside on. And once dawned in realisation that we must be on Thomas Edison's planet with the lightbulbs of planned obsolescence, then we all know which hellhole we reside in. The caretakers of light, not fully knowing the light of day or matters of fusions. Sunset? The sun sets in the morning. Pardon my english. Amen.

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11:49 Therefore the wisdom of Tax, I will send them diagrams of nature and energies of nature, and some shall stay unaltered through time while others will be prosecuted and die, while others will have outlived their deeds and minions: 11:50 The blood of All, which has been shed from the foundation of the world, may be reclaimed by this generation. And I will say, "Not this folly again?". And the old Nosferatus had lost his teeth and were down to his last two fangs, but could only suck with his left fang, because these here modern day dentists had fucked up his right fang. "And I wonder?", said the vampire to himself, "will the angry crowds outside remove them with the use of a baseball bat, and is there still a bat residing in the Batmobile and more importantly is it made out of wood in the painful kinda icky fart way or made of rubber with a squeaky toy noise?". Which brings about the science of baseball bats: Made in China: A feel-good rubber bat that can actually be used as an dildo for women in distress. Made in America: An aluminium bat, that sure it hurts, but you will live. Made in Scandinavia: That oldfashioned baseball bat of Ents, drilled out wooden bat and filled with a core of lead, sure! - it sounds fly, but that fucker will end you. You will kinda die. So men count their bones one way and women count their bones in an entirely different way. The hardones that enters their orifices to quell their vampires thirsts. "Count mi bones?" said the old Vampire Lord. "I can certainly count mi teeth, ane and tee, and mi feet not too good though, the dreaded nailfungus from hell bestowed upon me from second hand foot shoe from hell?". 11:51 From the blood of Templers perished between the altar and the temple: I say to you, It shall require eons of generations to return civilisation to dwell in pact with nature. And for how long must the templers pendle between the church and the cinema to cover both sheets of a twin bed and faul up only the one side? 11:52 WOW unto you, lawyers! The law of the clover. The minimum of a three leaved clover and the maximum of a five leave clover. 11:53 A Trivide among the hundreds unto three times thirtythree. Three times eleven and three times three and a third quarter. 12:1 In the mean time, those disputing the claim, search within nature, of the rarest of treats, a trivide. Some look down and some look up. Others turn their cheeks to either side and take no stand in the middle, seeing only an endless horizon and don't look down and don't look up, which is hypocrisy. 12:2 For there is always things uncovered, that shall be revealed; never hidden, and always known. 12:3 Like the faith of children. Newbornes and Highbornes, alike. Some look down and some look up. Some want to stay and some want to leave. 12:4 And I say to my fellow druid Dontknoo, be afraid of those that kill the body, and after that will turn minds, sell souls and hearts. The death dealers. 12:5 But I will forewarn of whom you shall fear: Fear him, after "All" he has the power to cast into damnation; Yea, I say to you, Fear him and the death dealers. 12:6 Are not five fingers sold for one hand, and yet, not one limb is forgotten by the amputee? nor forgotten by the slaughter that butchered him. 12:7 Even the very days of our lives are all numbered. Fear nothing for you are worth your weight in gold. 12:8 Also I druid Knooitall say to you, Who ever shall fuck before me, him shall the sons of the serpents also confess to before the fallen angels on the fallen surface world of Terra: 12:9 But those who loathes her before me shall be loathed by the angels of freedome, frolicking in ignorances bliss. 12:10 And who evershall belittle against the Son of serpent, it shall be them forgiven : but unto those that speak against the sex energy it shall not be forgiven. 12:11 And when they bring you into the homes and tombs and temples, and to magistrates, and powers, speak your mind and answer, as they shall answer: 12:12 For the energy shall teach you in the same hour that which are measured in time. Life could be simple. Like the religion of Themawet: One fuck meat controller and all the fuck meats

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below her. It could work. But we cannot have that, right? 9/11 - Huh. 12:13 If you must divide, at least divide into a trivide as a minimum, but above all, divide among you in unity, before the males enter. Airmen, speak to your co-airmen, that they divide in the accordance with this and fly in between the towers. Follow the king or kings, who cares? I prefer the Kings cigarettes with cigaretfilters. No cigarettes, no whiskey and nee (no) money, the dread of a modern society and yet at the end of the day we lite up as duds, that will stand by the right to say, "Fuck you!" And we wouldnt have it anyother way, day by day. 12:14 And two came down a mountain. One a judge and one a Zebra divider? 12:15 It was the skinwalker druid Dontayeknoo and a Giant of the Nosfera vampire tribe called Teafeartoo: 12:17 And Teafeartoo had long thusks much like the male elephant! 12:18 A voice came from heaven," I am God, and I send my belovedth son unto you both!". To witness, the higher doings of power and will? 12:19 And Teafeartoo and Dontayeknoo, asked,"Will he smoke, eat, drink, and be merry?". 12:20 But God said to them, You fools, this night your service shall be required by me: then we can talk treasure among you, and thou riches. 12:22 A lightning came down and God left the scene, and all went silent. 12:23 Druid Dontayeknoo looked on the giant vampire and said," What were witnessed? God or a mere Ghost? If God is a mere Ghost and has died out long ago, like in the days of Nietzsche, then surely he has no hands and will never go blind, that is in the wanking department! Jesus One, Christ two, God who?" 12:24 And Teafeartoo said, "So what is the term God, a she, a he or an it?". Consider the ravens: for they never sing nor crow; which ever comes about ; yet they feed: so nature provides? "Is God so jealous of his own creation, and want to end it?". 12:25 Consider the zebra and its foal? The Zebra is black and white stripped in adulthood, yet its foal is brown, like the turd I layed this morning", said Druid Dontayeknoo. 12:26 "So are children little shits, does women give birth to little shits? What ever doctrine this here so called God bestowed upon women, then truely he must be the shit!". 12:27 Tearfeartoo sighed and said:"God and existence is a madhouse, and what is it with the old news of Tutankhamon's autopsy and from doctors, the fallen death dealers that cut open dead bodies to examine the inner workings of the human organism, from what I have heard, the sorry truth is that a dissected female breast has the appearance of a flower? 12:28 So if God was the first to use a blade to cut open his own creation? Then truely we will all eventually hate flowers!", said Druid Dontayeknoo. "Maybe God lost his creativity long ago and resorts to death to renew himself, dreadful thought, but good sence in my book. 12:29 Tearfeartoo said,"Maybe we should question the riddle of egyptian wings and the lore of the heartless, and have a doubtful mind. Yet, still have hope. Luck follows the dumbstruck. 12:30 Druid Dontayeknoo and Teafeartoo sat round the campfire and had some coffee. Teafeartoo looked in his mug, black as the tomb of the vampire crypt. 12:31 Druid Dontayeknoo, "We all heard of kingdoms for several thousand years; and all could not wait to get home to planet Arakkis. The deserts of the worms and that might be a load of shit as well! 12:32 "Maybe that is a lesson for us all!", said Teafeartoo; " We cannot rely on much, but there will always be shit, be it God, Lord or some deranged cockcrazed cocksucker of the feline kind?". "So want can we rely on? World of Warcraft or World of Witchcraft?". asked Teafeartoo. And Druid Dontayeknoo said: Always, we, that are imprisoned within the mind of a zebra helmet will fall to rise and gets sickened by the fall itself. But what can we truely conclude anything other than: To argue with a fool only proves that there is two of them. Like two idiot doctors, the death dealers, that cannot think past reason and divide into 6 latin terms: Heatex - Armiss - Pechest - Genitalias (divide device) - Cruralegs - Pedifeet.

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12:33 What is WOW truly? Druid Dontayeknoo pondered the riddle and said, "Well, WOW must be the MOM doing a headstand". And for what reason, "Maybe so some motherfucker can lick her pussy and drink the flow of juices!". said Teafeartoo. "Well, sex must be good for yee!", said Dontayeknoo. 12:34 "Well, I always wanted to fuck all the women and their daughters, that are so goodlooking, all whilst the husband is attending soccer", said druid Tearfeartoo, 12:35 "Does not make you a bad person!", said Druid Dontayeknoo. 12:36 "Maybe not a bad person, but maybe a bad lay, never had a good sexteacher nor been randy, but once", sighed Teafeartoo. "So when are those sex schools opening up?", asked Druid Dontayeknoo. 12:37 "Argh...all this sex business", sighed Teafeartoo, "Us all stuck between the hidden white slave trade and the black slave trade with alot of sexy sexworkers". 12:38 What can we conclude listening in on the background drop of Aranusbis-Phat? That women yearn for men while men yearn for women, but both being born within cults or sects of inbreds, were no one ever gets a full release of cum to overcome? And it becomes a mind fuck promising a real fuck, that never ever will take place, and it becomes a mind game of psychology to manipulate the mind which you can sell to the highest bidder! 12:39 And most men, that know the truth, try to mend the soul, because they know of the false doctrine. 12:40 So what can be witnessed: Is the sextivoli a mere Zoo without love, where individuals sell energy manipulation, and are free in the mind, and still healthy and have sexual appetites to fuck without remorse." Don't know!", said Druid Dontayeknoo. But what ever they are on I would like some. What of your own sexual trials?", asked the Druid, Teafeartoo. 12:41 "Well, I have had a 2 year relationship, but sexually dull, at least for my part, don't know about her, though?" "Maybe I should become a lawyer and study law". I did read some of the Danish legislation the known KARNOV. But what can we conclude? KARNOV= V in Cow equals Fool, then surely the conclusion is that all women in a missionary position are cows? Hence concluding that all women are whores, married or singles, all whores, ending up stateting, the fact, that dumb bitches have no holes residing beneath them, and all they end up with is holes in their teeth. 12:42 Which brings us to dentists? How the fuck is it that some looses their teeth in their thirties while some still have all their teeth age 86 without any of these here holes? 12:44 "As goes for holes, for the many boys and men, that suffer from no sex", then the only sound question unto a woman in solitude could be: A) Are you a top Bitch and how many holes resides under you? B) Are you a bottom Bitch and how many holes resides under you? But I wouldn't be surprised if some asshole, which most likely is God, would misuse his manifestation keys and kick the crap out of you. 12:45 Spock It, with some logic, the conclusion must be: A) answer is One. B) answer is Two. 12:46 "Have you ever been randy ?", asked Druid Dontayeknoo. "Well, I ain't as hung as Randy Spears, but one hooker once gave me the pleasures of a fuld throttle job without the fucking rubber, I do hate rubbers! Gave me some hope, the good sex that is, at least enough to walk a thousand miles or more. Well, she even told me to put a sock in the undies and asked me into her privacy, don't know if I should be insulted or pleased by that comment? 12:47 Druid Dontayeknoo, "Well, we all make mistakes, maybe the poor girl never had a private home or a shelter but could have been living in the streets, ever think of that? 12:48 Maybe that is why I should put a sock in it, then", sighed Teafeartoo. Well and hell. You tell me? I only work here. 12:49 Which bitch is rich and which witch have ever been rich, and what rhymes with rich? 12:50 So what is there to conclude, is the Sextivoli, the porno studios and else, really A.I (Artificial Intelligens) and will we all end up as vegans without any real fuck meat? 12:51 I don't wanna live or end up in such a world,

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but I wouldn't be surprised if we already are residing within it, the forsaken dead surface world, as foretold by the gnostic vampires of the Nosfera tribes. 12:53 So the father divide the son whilst the mother divide the daughter, be it of the womb or tomb, of nature or not of nature, newborns as highborns; the law against law, and the orphans final straw. And the parents robbing all of all. Robbed by day and butchered by night. A child supporting both parents in a mad world. Glorious world. 12:54 Druid Dontayeknoo and Teafeartoo wandered from the valley of death into the flatlands of the Den. 12:55 And when ye hear the south wind blow, ye say, there will be smell; and it cometh to pass. 12:56 And a Rhino Brutalis delivered a giant pile of shit. 12:57 "Ohh, holy shit", said Dontayeknoo? 12:58 "Yea, that shit is danish, said Teafeartoo," Like in the days of old, in the royal house of the Den: That witnessed two flies on the bib. And a steward answered the Majesty: Jovist, deres Majestæt, vi går stille med dørene, ganske som under oplysningstiden. Meanwhile in Scotland: Nosferatus sat on the loo and said: There is whiskey ON the jarrow! To the judges: Cast thouselves into prison! 12:59 "Well from studying the old text and lore, the shit appears always to have been danish. From the flatlands of the Den, to the courts of Hamlet and the halls of Valhalla. From two Worldwars to the third reich, to the a-bomb and the killing of the two redskin brothers", said skinwalker druid Dontayeknoo 13:1 I do love the pastry, danish pastry. But will it try and pass or pass and try?", sighed Teafeartoo. 13:2 My two cousins, Teafortwo and Teafeetone, also had a sweet tooth! 13:3 I tell you, as far as I recall, you have always called them bigheaded and somewhat pompous, arseholes unto their own arses", said Dontayeknoo. 13:4 "Well, I myself is somewhat bigheaded and arrogant, somewhat of an smartass. Much like a plonker", said Teafeartoo," But it runs in the family!". 13:5 "Well, it does not make you a bad person!", said Druid Dontayeknoo. 13:6 I wonder does the mule know of the grass to its arse? 13:7 "I should say so!", said Giant Teafeartoo," From the mule to the ass, from dust till stone. From the marrow in bones till the lust of bones with filled stones". 13:8 And the skinwalker druid and the giant vampire, began searching for the place called Requiem, but could not find it? And they both questioned if the place was in the minds of one mind or a reality about to come through. 13:10 And they send a raven unto the sealed tombs of the skinwalkers to awaken the beastmasters, to the hour of dread and deeds. 13:11 And, behold, there was a dragon under the firmament of eighteen years, and she landed on her feet in front of the druid and giant, both creatures no wiser lifted up their heads to look at the known face of the dreaded dragon. 13:12 The face of the dragon appeared welltravelled and aged, but both the druid and giant knew not to tell tales on the scales of a dragon. She weighs the scales in the meat of the just measure. 13:13 And both the skinwalker druid and the vampire, didnt know if they should kneel, bow or bend their resolve to her, but awaited the creatures reactions. All knew of the dragons actions. Whipping every male child till they have the appearance of orcs, that only dream of elves with good looking tits and a great arse, the sexy elves that are so yummi, that you would take a bullit aneyday. And yet, the claim of the danish food and agriculture, is this, that you need the nitrogen, in order to grow the crops. And yet, I still wonder about the fact, that each time I piss in my potplants, they always seems to go out? What is up, with that? The revered masters of nature, feeding us what, exactly? The piss and shit of the laws of nature? And can we claim a higher truth? Insist on a higher standard? Surely, the standard of a modern day civilisation, hopefully will transcend old folklore and superstition. Piss? Well, put it in a fucking glass and act civilised. If not for your own good, then for the good of the fathering systems that brought you unto this dead surface world, the last dead orifice within galaxies.

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Seeking to fill as many women and whores with sperm. As many as given possible. And yet, the count of sperm, within a cell, makes us all laugh, as the cum dripped from all her holes. But all the Dead Eldars knew better or so they thought, alas little did they know. And the orders of nightmares continued, the creations of one earthly order after another, insisting on societies splendor and glorification, with the mantra: WORK.WORK.WORK, while we all die sexually. And then it happened a mason contested God and the mantra went out from the Nightmare orders: Above as Below. And the chimps in the Zoo looked to their feet and hands and said: "Those guys are wise!". But the Bonobo and a druid Skinwalker stood idly by and thought unto themselves. "Will we ever enjoy a nice cup of tea again? How will we wheel the cup with four human feet? We will settle for a school mug. 13:14 And the rulers, the timelords, had started the schools of pinocchio and had enrolled all the ents unto the schoolbench. The timelords the holders of their crowns of time and its clones, that project themselves as their younger astralprojection of their own youth. But the ents just wanted to go about their business cutting down the young trees that did not abide by their will. The will of Treebeard. And the alien timelords infiltrated then the minds of the woods to be sadden by the reality of the poor boy's wooden blade and the toys from Santa's workshop. 13:15 Then a timelord answered them, and said, Your hypocrites of timemanagers and calendars, the hour or minute against the stall of time, and leed all away to the present? 13:16 And the mayans presented their calendar with 33 days a month. 1. Anemonth(34 days Pillarday) 2.Toomont.3.Treemonth 4. Foormonth 5. Fiveymonth 6.Leap-month(34 days on leapyear) 7.Senymonth 8.Aightmonth 9.Ninymonth. 10.Tenymonth 11.Benitemonth(34 days Pillarday) 13:17 And the mayan Gods were pleased and the exodus from earth began and they entered their spacecrafts. All rejoiced for all the glorious revealed to them. 13:18 But then, a jacobite, a gnome, from Ironforge entered unto the scenes and proclaimed a new week to grind the open wounds of Mufar and Hisrod: 13:19 1.Aneday 2.Tooday 3.Treeday 4.Foortday 5.Fiveyday 6.Sixyday 7.Sevenyday 8.Centrinite 9.Aghtynite 10.Neutynite 11.Tenynite 12.Oneynite 13.Monite 14.Benite. Foorteen days and nites for each monday. 13:20 And all said, Which calendar rules? 13:21 It is like heaven, but which measures of meals, till you are full? 13:22 And the timelords asked and what of time and present?. 13:23 Then said one unto him, Lords, Live life and be done with it! 13:24 Strive to enter the gate: seek to enter it, and leave. 13:25 When a master of a fallen house is risen, and had opened the door, and you test him, Master, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I don't know you or your breed: 13:26 Then tell him of breed before you eat. 13:27 But he shall say, I tell you this, I still do not know you or where you are from; depart from me, go away. 13:28 There shall be gnashing of teeth, and all shall leave Terra and curseth Earth, as the contract of ancient time tells. 13:29 And they shall leave from the north, and from the east, and from the west, and from the south, and journey into the black temple of the moonwell. 13:30 The law will abide unto us all. 13:31 On The same time there came fleets in the clouds, a sign to leave, for Hisrod and Mufar will kill you. 13:32 And he said to them, "Fear not but tell Erostat, the fox, to cast out devils, and cure the days and months, and at twilight it shall be perfected". And Erostat said unto the children, "Always leave the circle open!". And Nosferatus applauded him from a distance, and looked to the oldtimers that stood on the streets in their own folly and pondered wether to put one or five bullits in the six shooter. The poor old men stuck between Eastwood and Westwood, and yet I will contest you both, with a nice bottle of fine malt whiskey and loose my compass, it may just be a free world, after all. Sunset Thomas? Sundown of innocence. Pardon my neathers. Amen.

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13:33 In the meantime, Robert and the nephilim son of Robert, named Robert flew Ryanair from Crete to the northern flatlands of the Den 13:34 All went well and father and son ordered a Jack Daniels and Coke (£7 pounds - prices do go up) and they both looked upon their timepieces. 13:35 What is the time: and verify what I say to you. Robert said: the time is 7:11 am and Robert said: funny I got 19:99 UTC (And I thought it was 13:35 - huh). You shall see time, until the times come when you all shall say, Blessed is the present. 14:1 And Robert and Robert began questioning time and the dreaded dreamtime of Aboriginal past that became dreamworks in the present. And suddenly it dawned on them. 14:2 The Wright brothers were right all along, man can not fly. 14:3 And people onboard the airplane heard of sound theory and reason and a panic erupted. 14:4 Robert and Robert held their peace. truth revered and much feared; 14:5 And the stewardesses on board panicked, and the news of theory went to the cockpit and pilots? 14:6 And they could not answer any against these things. 14:7 And all yelled, man can not fly, are we sleeping or awake and will we die? 14:8 The plane, a boing dreamliner suddenly sunk like a stone in midair; and all yelled and screamed in panic, while Robert Senior was pissed off at the price of Jack Daniels and all the comotion that resulted in him spilling his drinks on his trousers 14:9 Robert Junior had absolutely no idea of anything, be it start or end, because he usually awakes in the lowest room. The sealed tomb. 14:10 And then the almighty awoke and planes stood still in the midair while people in the ground vessels looked at the spectacle in amazement. 14:11 For who ever excuses himself after wind; shall fall by wind and be afraid of gas exalted and releaved by gas exhausted. 14:12 Then all aboard the dreamliner asked," What faul smell is this, what fresh hell is this?, and the plane fell closer and closer to the ground. And all aboard the dreamliner bid down on their nayboars frontseat, awaiting the impact of the ground. Metal that meets solid rock. 14:13 And the exhausted rocks onboard: thought will the gasses ignite in the nite and will we go up in flames. 14:14 And Robert Senior, said unto the stewardesses,"This is not a first, will it ever end? And Robert Junior thought," At least flames are good for lighting cigarettes and fags. And he remembered his childhood, where the Orcmaster Mufar showed him how start a fire with two sticks of wood. Whilst the Aliens stood in the background and smiled while lighting their cigarettes with a modernday electron lighter, imported from the Starcraft. The spirit. Week 1 • I, Aranubis-Phat, hereby state the following: The tiggereffects of spirit apparitions. Love will safe the day. The very words of Mockdasin. Now what is love in its ultimate form? joining of the flesh or joining of the souls and then contemplating that it must be both seeking union of flesh and soul aspiring to be spirit. Lets argue that manifestation of spirits can become real. That manifestations can occur out of thin air and they can reveal themselves in the flesh. Air turning into bodies in order to fulfil their sexual desires in and of the flesh or creatively as creative souls that might play with ideas or visions maybe falling in love aspiring to sexual encounters leeding to the heights of orgasm, but once manifested, then fallen. Once you have tried orgasm, real or on dreamtime, there is no turning back. That is all that you seek. Now does that hold the element of faith or a belief in the illusion of love? Many seek the isolation to find the true meaning of the inner workings of their Gods or Masters. Will love manifest in your closed realm? Be it on top of a mountain or a rented flat. your own estate visa versa. In a sense breaking and entering without the use of a key, locksmith, the cover of sleep or wrecking ball. Without even dreamtime mind wipe or reality distortion. If so, it must be a sight for sore eyes and will ignite the soul into a thousand burning fragments. In fact, it must be feared by most people that has been going about their business, in an everyday

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life without any elevation of any kind than the ordinary escapism such as television. Sunset? Sun-up and Sun-down. Pardon my logic. UTC. Unto the Corona (Ad Circulum).

14:15 And on the flat lands of the Den, Tea-fear-too and Dont-aye-knoo, stood amidst the morlands of the jutlandish kings and pondered on the holy shit of the Rhino called Brutalis. The king of the Jutes. 14:16 "So God cannot empty his servants of shit while the outsiders that are free can" 14:17 And it dawned on them both, that they both yearned for their black temple and their sealed tombs, this time round, with a good movie and Coca Cola and popcorn.

14:18 So what of the shit, holy or unholy?", asked Tea-fear-too: What is the curse? Saidth the giant vampire. 14:19 And Dont-aye-knoo said: Don't I know, the shit and no one wants to clean it. No man, beast or even God. 14:20 And Teafeartoo said: "So once a freshwater planet, now seas of saltwater with a salinity of seven procent. 2 bilions years of fish shit, urine and blood and semen. Holy shit! "What can we conclude?", asked Druid Dont-aye-knoo, "Is shit salty? Have you ever eaten shit? Tea-fear-too, felt a bit nauseous," No, and I don't intend to put it on my diet". 14:21 Dont-aye-knoo said."So freshwater systems thrive on a salinity of 0.01 till 0.05 % of salt and still holds life". Tea-fear-too scratched his head: Huh, then God can not deal with his own shit, then? 14:22 And Tea-fear-too said: "So, all the creatures just want to fuck. Plain and simple". We will all call, on some fuck meat, once we have suffered love with cold bones. Nobody wants to work and all just wanna fuck their brains out in all the willing whores. All truths want to fuck. 14:23 And Dont-aye-knoo said:" Well, God, he is probly the one that does all the fucking then, women none the wiser, sound theory in this book, but will we ever know?" 14:24 "Then we are the ones left with the shit, as always?", Tea-fear-too was not feeling too good. 14:25 And if God multiply himself: yet has no true power, other than wealth, where will that leave us?". On the streets, then? Huh. 14:26 Good question! said Tea-fear-too,"So the curse being, what really hangs in the middle, health or disease?". 14:27 Who ever bear his cross, of no guilt, it could have been all disciples. 14:28 "What seems as glory and victory, is a tale of failure? 14:29 No reason to rejoice 14:30 Saying: A man of no guilt, and not able to eject. 14:31 So kings will make war against kings, dog eating dog, and God sits down first, and consults and misleads upon thousands to meet him that comes against him and waits to revenge unto the innocent children in the know? Once grown up, awaiting the parents death and the false freedome of ignorances bliss. We all end up there, on the streets, given time. Concluding, that God is the shit, and how do we kill that which cannot be killed? 14:32 Teafeartoo said,"That sounds like a coward and traitor to me!". 14:33 Watch out the coward surely has a steward of sorts, if not all. 14:34 Salt is good: but salt have lost its flavor, till cleansed of the oceans in one season? 14:35 It is either the intelligent fang of predators, or the dumb Centaurs; of old renown. Once the scarab leave, people will die as obese or survive. What truely hangs in the middle? Health or sickness? Tell me this,"Have we become any wiser? Not the least. Time is precious, make the most of it, while you can, that goes, for us all. Because that which we rage war upon cannot be killed. How scarabs get down to business differs between three types of dungbeetles: The tunnelers, rollers and dwellers. The scarabs creed of three. They seemingly do not need more. And yet, I trust, that mankind, that is, the humanoids, are somewhat more evolved, when it comes to the law of toxinity. At least 33 terms to describe dung. So if a Lord comes knocketh on your door, see to it that your tongue mends into that of the Gecko and start sounding like Druid Dont-knoo and state that ye doont knee (know) fuck all. And if someone knocks on your apartmentdoor or manifests in your living quarters and proclaims: "I am your God!", then reply: Jesus! See a dermatologist.

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15:1 The egyptian lore of the scarab left and people became obese, sick and died. 15:2 And the Pharaohs and egyptian scribes once mummified, said, the earth received sinners, and ate them up. Blessings to a safe pass over and a return home. In this day and age, that of teleportation of matter and through crafts and not by ancient lore of the grim reaper of death, as used by christians, and misused throughout the ages for slaughter and butchery. Severing the head from the torso. Hung, drawn and quartered. Is time being the true healer, what of the future as a true healer or a sleepers coffin as a refuge to mend your wounds? 15:3 And the sealed tomb of Copernicus, silenced the tongues, in a measure of stupidity. 15:4 Which granted access to safe passage of worlds unknown and realms hidden? 15:5 And look two reptiles descended from the moonwell and found a hidden realm within a forrest, some ancient cars overgrown with trees. 15:6 And it was the reptiles last assignment before returning home, they came upon a black temple in the woods, and in it a sealed tomb, Rejoice with them; for they have found that which was lost. 15:7 And the two reptiles entered the black temple, a building with many cells. 15:8 They entered the tomb which was on the 2nd floor. An sign on the frontdoor saying:” The royal library”. And they entered and began searching and seeing in its vaults? 15:9 And within the library the two reptiles looked on the shelves of its small library, and among the dust were some wellpreserved books: 15:10 J.R Tolkien. George R.R. Martin. H.P Lovecraft. Lloyd Pye. 15:11 And one reptile said, A certain shelf had four sons: 15:12 And the younger reptile looked at his ipad, a computer under his forearm, and he searched the records of mother, ”It that the holy quardition that were mentioned in the Chronicles of Aranubis-Phat?”. 15:13 And the reptiles began securing the cargo of the tomb, when they stumbled upon a mummified corpse which laid on a broken down bed, broken down by time. The old bed, which were used in those days were also called a sleepers coffin according to ancient text and lore. 15:14 And behold underneath the bed amongst the debris and rubble the two reptiles found another four sons that were wellpreserved. 15:15 And they took them out and cleaned them of dust and took pictures of the wellpreserved specimens. 15:16 Playboy, Hustler, Censored and one out, a bit odd, Franquins black pages, a comic book. 15:17 And they looked inside the magazines, full of pictures and gazed upon some ancient race and creature indulcing in courtship and in worship of the flesh! 15:18 And the reptiles thought, will we ever get a rise again? Hardened be my nethers. And do we need it, this tomb should support us for all time. 15:19 And the ancient species of old, The Homo Sapiens, that worshipped the flesh and bones, where blissfully unaware of the Homo Nosfera of reptiles that guarded their tombs. 15:20 And both reptiles reported the find, and went to their ship. Both rejoiced, the end signs of end days and victory of the moonwell, when the orbiter station will travel home. 15:21 And the one reptile said to him, Emperor Palpatine, I will travel through heaven, and hell, and surveil earth, sun and moon. Holy be thy name and hollow be my soul. 15:22 But the Timelords said to their serpents, Bring forth your time pieces.: 15:23 The twilight has divided the day and night: 15:24 For the light was sick. Why were a crucified pregnant woman shown to me and proclaimed art, when the crucifixion of a child has been around since Egypt? Safeguarded by Sodom and Gomorra. One is two and one will always be two. Hence the word love. Is there any verdict other than. I role the rule as the rule roles the ruler. Is there any verdict other than life itself which only can conclude that: a) everybody is right b) everybody is innocent As goes for judges, that judges men amongst the men that once were mice, should there be any other rule than the rule of books and rulebooks and the end of lawbooks. Judge wisely. And truly ask by which law and by which year, your honour? Jesus One. Christ Two. God Who...?

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15:25 Now the Dead Eldars clocks had hanged on the wall of old: and they threw them out into the houses, the dwelling of dead tombs and homes. 15:26 And Timelords called upon one of the serpents, and informed of the new hour upon the new day upon a new age. 15:27 And the timelords said unto him, The hours for one turn comes to twenty: Two turns of the Tenth hour. And the minutes to one hundred for each hour. 15:28 And the serpent was angry, because he lost time: until his father came out, and gave time to him and bestowed time upon him. 15:29 360 degrees of a circle holds the number ten. And 180 degrees of a circle holds the number five: 15:30 But the hundred minutes of and hour. And one minute into one thirds of twentyfive seconds and fifthy seconds and seventyfive seconds. Alas mirror the 360 degree position to 180 degree position, but always leave the one thirds open with the last hour, so people can marvel at themselves and loose track of time and not track of mind. 15:31 And the father said to his son, Son, time are ever with me, and all that I treasure is the times. 15:32 The serpents son thought: what's wrong with the Glasgow Herald, but as far as things went in this day and age, upon the hour, he would settle for a game of World of Warcraft and some chips and maybe a can of Coca Cola. 16:1 And the son said to his disciples, Don't trouble yourselves to wind the clocks of old, so I have been told. But say unto the timelords, the guardians of time and to Lord God, himself, "Go fuck, yourself and get of the high horse and work!". 16:2 And All called upon God, and said to him, What is this shit I hear of thee? give an account of thine ears; for they must be full of shit. That is all I hear, shit". 16:3 Then a Timelord asked unto Anubis, What shall I do? for my lord God has taken away my time: Will I ever be touched by a womans hand again?; to beg a woman for her hairy cat named pussy, I am just too proud. For I tell you this,"Those in the know will shave". 16:4 And Anubis said, "Treasure not leisure of time, but treasure time in the present and let beggars be chooser in their own homes or tombs. 16:5 So Anubis called every timelord to him, and said to the first, How much time unto your lord? 16:6 And he said, meal upon meal, too many to count. And Anubis said to him, Hungry? Take my meal, and sit down quietly, and eat slowly. All while the widow mrs.Rieknot from the flatlands of the Den were walking her small dog named Clara in the Streets of the little northern town called Allburgh. The dog did poop on the pavement and mrs.Rieknot took her doggybag, that is the poopbag, and was about to put the shit in the bag when she all of a sudden spotted a big leather wallet on the pavement next to the turd of hurt. It was totally full of moneynotes. She quickly looked around and there wasnt anybody around. She made a quick decision and took the wallet with the poopbag but made sure that her fingerprints and DNA never got in contact with the leather Wallet. Then she returned home and took on the surgeons gloves and removed all the money notes and took the wallet and threw it back into the Streets, seven blocks away. She then called the local pizza joint and ordered 4 large familysized pizzas for all her starving children. She did have 4 children that had been starving for almost four decades, due to the turd of hurt. But she did not have alot of money these days as she was an elderly whore that no one needed in the brothels, anymore. And her girlfriends pretty much the same age range were not sexually exploited as in their youth and had retired from prostitution some years ago. "But thank fuck for my pension", she thought," otherwise I would end up on the local bench in the parks like my old husband which she had divorced long ago. The place all males end up eventually to be insulted by dragons and kicked by Hennys sons. The end. On the bright side. At least someone got a slice of pizza. But we all deep down know whose throats we really wanna slice. And didnt we all see a black kid with a blade willing to kill over a slice of pizza?

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16:7 Truly there is such a thing as a trivide, look in nature, that is of the elves and the trolls. The elven queen Galandria who leeds the burned out troll of the Rice Forrest into the Chick-In for a meal of pasta and half a chicken. Whilest she all the way needs to suffer and hear the complaint of the Overlord Troll that kept screaming for roomservice. Then the trolls said to one another, And how much time to Overlords? And they said, hundreds of meals of food. And the Trolls said to the Overlord, Take thy meal, and at least divide it into four scores. 16:8 And the Overlord complained about roomservice, because he thought he had done wisely: for the children of his world were in their generation chubbier than the children of corn. Fat enough for the witches. 16:9 And The trolls said to one another, Why Overlord, do you fear the children of corn, the children of flies and the children of wolves?; the daily bread and time, is where ye fail, the appraisal and glory of it is where you fall. And the trolls asked: Do you shuff the laying potato up your arse creating a baking potato, or do you use a planting device? Potato,potato. And the troll Overlord said: That baking potato is surely a smoking potato.Potato,potato 16:10 And behold I saw, Hisrod and Mufar playing at a chessboard, the board all white and black pieces and squares. Both punishing a twelve year old jacobite to master chess 16:11 You fools! The truth is that the chessboard in the begining were all black pieces and an all black chessboard? 16:12 And I saw a black chessboard game and a name upon it. SPIRITUS SANC-TUS. 16:13 Eleven by eleven squares and all squares black and all sixtysix pieces all black. And I looked upon the black pieces. 16:14 It consisted of three lines of thirty three officers on both sides. 16:15 The backline was as follows: The centerpiece was a serpent, besides the serpent on both sides a queen, beside the queens,vampires,beside the vampires, Giants, beside the Giants, Werewolves, beside the Werewolves, Unicorns. 16:16 The centerline was as follows: The centerpiece was a Mummy, besides the Mummy on both sides a Sphinx, beside the Sphinxs,Centaurs, beside the Centaurs, Anubis, beside the Anubis, Angels, beside the Angels, Elves.16:17 The frontline was as follows: The centerpiece was a Lichking, besides the Lichking on both sides a Pawnlord, beside the Pawnlords, four pilgrims on either side. 16:18 But rememeber in your soul that the boardgame is black and all black. 16:19 Slay the zebra of the mind with chess, is for fools. Why not play a game of chess where you LITERARY play chess: 16:20 No more, testing child upon child, for the children are the true teachers 16:21 For those inbreds who seek a key and refuses to slay the human within themselves, then there is of course a key to the movement of officers.16:22 How the pieces really move? look unto the Chronicles of Aranubis-Phat; 16:23 Eleven by eleven squares, all black, no more no less. sixtysix pieces, all black, no more no less. That was the very begining of what became yet another curse of the zebra, a black and white boring game. As goes for the curse of a dreaded mirror, the copycat. Then the sad tale is that the cat in question is a poor sod of sorts. And what is a poor sod? Well, it must be us all, born and raised in a hard world stuck between the hard choice of sex or disease (SOD). So what is worse? Christ riding in on a donkey or Jehova on a Zebra. And little do the two nimcompoops know. And I here address the higher elements, and the holes in my feet that I sometimes feel, and can see the craters/sockets on the skin on my feet. I ask of you, can you mend such light, because the twilight seperated night and day for the light was sick. A long way to go for those in the know, which means we are all fucked in the end, may it be the end of it. Depression is a way of living. And the saying: holy be the quardition. truly means three times four, which sadly brings us to number twelve, the number of the incarnate, and the imprisoned soul. Never made it past eight. Acht. Achtung. If only I were an Emperor. Travel to Cairo and still I get a "Ciao!".

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16:24 And the mountain rested upon eleven pillars of which only five were known:
16:25 Seahava - the journey of pilgrims to the seas and oceans. 16:26 Salta - the supper in the twilight. 16:27 Zaltkat - tax for freshwater and sea purification. 16:28 Dawn - acceptance of all faiths. 16:29 Hajid - the law against law and the search for the sixth pillar: As goes for the five known pillars, a word unto the wise: I would rather end up in a sugar cube, than turn into a pillar of salt. The salty dickhead that gets fed unto the juniors of the world, as the last bat, that went down on a rat. Then resorting to the mind of a fly, contemplating what are the cut off foreskins of male children used for? 16:30 And he said those ones are the pillars that went unto them from the dead, they will rejoice in the silence of the minds. To the timelords, that judge mentally judge the age range of age and measure, how is this for measure? Minors: 0 till 14. Juniors: 14 till 28. Teeniors: 28 till 42. Mediors: 42 till 56. Seniors: 56 till 70. Equals play in lust, although we all know, that the word judge leads to the term judgemental. And I might be a bit mental, insisting to judge your creeds, although, I also refuse to judge a book by its red cover. 16:31 And he said to her, they feared not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persecute, as one rose from the dead holding the pillar of dawn. 17:1 Then said the disciples, Is it possible that any offence will fall: but wow unto him, that remains unlawful unjust! 17:2 It were better for him to go to the first pillar of Seahava and be cast into the sea and the cursed salt, so he should teach one of these little ones. 17:3 Take heed young ones: If you trespass against yourself, awake; and do to yourself as to others and forgive. 17:4 And if you trespass against the five pillars, and five times in a day turn against your will, say, I will seek the sixth pillar; thou must forgive me. 17:5 And the apostle at the gate said unto a Lord, embrace all faiths to one pillar. 17:6 And the Lord said, If all faiths are as grains of sand on a beach, ye might say unto the beachless rocks, you carry no grain, nor cargo, but you are rocks in a sea; and the waters will erode you and not obey you. 17:7 But as water falls from the blue heavens, then rock will say unto rock, by and by, when the rain cometh, go and sit and relax for nature provides? 17:8 And if no rain descends upon the rocks. Make ready with what can be scavaged, and will thyself, and have hope, till you have eaten and drunken again; and afterward children shalt eat and drink? 17:9 Give thanks that the serpent did as commanded to him? True to the sacred heart. 17:10 So will you be true in heart, when all those things commanded, manifests, Saying, We are worthy serpents: we have done our duty to the sacred heart of Osiris. The cargo lost and the heart is long gone and shipped away. And Ironforge will open its doors and people will say: Hail all elo-jinns on dreamtime, for I seek the remaining sixth pillar. "And will we all rest in peace in our sanctuary, our homes, our tombs, a circular pillar house with eleven pillars, a modern day housing facilities with black rubberfloor and rooms with rubber floor that can be adjusted in softness, so we can sleep on the floors, the end of beds. A fireproof safehouse center for safety and a standard that can withstand earthquakes, floods and fires. Hence the term a safehouse. White or black toilets with nano ceramics so you never need to clean it with a toiletbrush. No wood in the construction at all and a guaranteed industrial build that will stand the test of time. Hence the term a dreamhouse. Or is it the faith of the Nosfera, the vampires, trying to escape the dead forsaken surface world of Terra, mother earth, this planet. Left on its surface to rot. "I might choose rot anyday!", thought the old vampire lord Nosferatus, "Tomb, sweet tomb, tooth, sweet tooth". And the word that transcended from the father unto the son, was that our organisms renews over a ten year lifespan. A total renewal of the entire body on a cellular level. So what is age, I ask of you? Issues of growth and life? Well, it is something tee dee (meaning to do). That is, if you live.

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17:11 And it came to pass, that Nosferatus of the tribe of Nosfera, saw beyond the tomb and searched the sacred hearts of serpents. 17:12 And as goes for the testimony of Robert and Robert and on the war on God: 17:13 Then it all comes down to one witness, the nephilim son of Robert named Robert. 17:14 The son of Robert was born on the 16th of June 1968 in Scotland, and the shadows were watching. The silent tomb. 17:15 The death day the 16th of June 1968 in Elderslie, Scotland, 17:16 And why do you baptize that which already is dead, I ask unto all men of reason. 17:17 And to the house of Bannister and the age old doctrine of the battle of Axeroth, the Axeroth children born and worn to the stone alter for the sacrifice. 17:18 House of Bannister, take heed and judge wisely, for you have judged poorly! Judging mice and men among men that once were mice. 17:19 And Nosferatus said to them: Who is the true judge, if not time: faith shall made you whole, but what of the folly? 17:20 Then can you judge time, and if so, judge wisely : 17:21 Once past ancient past people will look up and say: Merry Summer Solstice to all men. Bemen. Have a good Equinox, you all. Have a good one. Happy Winter Solstice to all women. Amen. 17:22 And he said unto the disciples, Happy solstice, mother fuckers, when ye shall desire to see one of the days of the serpent, and ye shall not see it. 17:23 And they all said, And who shall preach of the light in Axeroth which have fallen; or, see it: if no one goes after it, nor follow it. 17:24 That which manifests manifests. That which has been created has been created. Hollow be thy soul and if the hunger do not manifest within your soul whilst hollow, why eat. 17:25 Listen to the lost souls and souls of the departed, but above all trust your own life, which bore testimony to your own soul. 17:26 As in the days of old, someone sought the Son of man. 17:27 They sought the heavens, they sought the hells and all realms, even the blind ones sought, whilst turning a blind eye to the truth. The trial upon God. Blindly they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day of old opened the stratosphere, and a continent froze in an instance, silencing the voices of the witnesses from Atlantis, none forgiven, all forgotten. 17:28 Likewise also as it was in the days of King Arthur of Fuckalot; they did eat, they drank, they whored, they sold, they planted, they builded, none the wiser; 17:29 But all became elders beneath the heavens. And yet, we all end up there, too lazy for tap water, leeding to blood. Much like newborn blanks that gets fed to baptism, blood to water. which in its essence is dark, for this surface world is dead and the truth is black as Eve, in the death of night. Exterminated by love. The seven dead realms beneath the firmament, the seven dead stars. They will always seek to enter and keep seeking for they are under their own curse 17:30 Even though, the truth shall be revealed onto the future spieces of those that survives the trial upon God. For he has fallen and shall never rise again. Help...Someone. "And if the bastards upon their high horses cannot loose face because they lost their humour. Well, then grow a humour or get angry and grow a tumor", saidth the tutor to the tumour that had no humour, but cried with a sense of relief. No humour of a reflecting mirror? Then is life worth living, I ask of you? 17:31 Does the black raven crow in the death of night or do the rave of a dead crow ignite your weary bones beneath the black temple. 17:32 Tell your bones in the crypt of the forsaken. Many women, believe you me, not only count every bone, but devour it and worship that ancient Baal, and count every bone that enters their milking orifices. All that men, in the know, yearn for is a hot wet fanny of a milking lustful whore that will end your life sexually. Somehow, the milkmaidens of the world are always married. But don't we all not only hate but also fear a dead orifice, leeding to lost virility. Everybody loves a good whore. And can anyone change that? Male or female....like to see you try! Be it a male or a female whore. The pro fuck meat. 17:33 Who ever seek death shall live it; and who ever seek life shall preserve it.

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17:34 Bestowed upon every female, the five creatures that serves, the witch and the whore and the Queen, which holds the name World of Witchcraft. 17:35 Two women shall be living together; the one taken, and the other stolen. 17:36 Two guards shall be in the field; the one taken, and the other stolen. 17:37 And the four creatures came together and said, Where, Lord? is the fifth creature promised to us from the scribes and scriptures? 18:1 And he spoke a parable to them and to his end, that men should always pray within, and prey without; 18:2 Saying: There is a city of Ironforge, which feared not life, neither man, nor beast: 18:3 And there was a widow in that city; Ironforge and she came to the men, saying: Avenge, my daughter, my sex. 18:4 And they weighted the proposal for a while: but afterward they said within themselves, Though we fear not life, nor men or beast; 18:5 Yet, because this widow troubles us, We will avenge her, pound by pound, bone by bone, and scull by scull. 18:6 And the mountain said, First hear what the judged saith. 18:7 And shall not life avenge on its own and of own elect and accord, which twilight shall be upon him, and a will lost to him, a dead end path. 18:8 I tell you of the three hounds. the first hound with a bag of gold, the second hound with a bag of rocks and the third hound with a bag of manure? 18:9 And he spoke a parable to them: Surely all three will be washed away, by water, which is held by the hound that holds a bag of gold. And those who will be tested, will surely drown if not of water then of their own stupidity. Sink or swim! And as all officers of elite troops know, all the recruits always drown after the first 500 meters of swimming, to be swimmingly confused and alit by inner fire. 18:10 Two spirits went up into the moonwell of the black temple to pray; the one a hellhound, and the other a hellraiser with a corehound. 18:11 The Hellraiser stood and prayed to himself, the kingdom within, I thank you, I play with myself and my food, might flip over a corpse or two, unjust, adults, or even the priests wife to get a leg over. When the Kingpriest bleeds, the wicker becomes pregnant and receives. A sadness bestowed upon every Priest or Kingpriest, regardless of gender or creed. Sadden fact, we all bleed in the end of sorrows end. 18:12 Some eat twice in the week, I eat little by little, when the spirit enters me. I give thanks to each meal and of all that I possess and process. 18:13 And God and his servants, stood afar, and refused to gaze into the mirror and the intolerable doctrine of 2004 years of duty to sworn secrecy, and it dawned upon all living that the tomb had ascended and the trial must be of 36 thousand years, if not more. 18:14 I tell you, any man who justify rather than put reason to the season: for all shall reel their destinies and reputations; and the moonwell and stars will never fall. And yet, we cannot all claim to be the inventor of the wheel which is most sacred. But we all treasure the wheel in all its forms as we are sexual predators by it. We all still our sex hunger by it, or put in laymens term, we are all born with an arsehole or a mouth for those which are gender confused by these here concepts of rings. Being straight, you tell me? I suppose knockers rhymes with knickers. So what is it with the rings? And are all fingers adorned meant to be covered in fingers gold, and do all married women of the feline kind only treasure that ring which has a precious stone in it, hence, leaving the circle open. But in all honesty, all women pray to their Lord that in darkness robs their little boys of their foreskin to be used as his finger rings. I trust that those which favor nature and the pleasures of sex, prefer two sets of stone. While most women marry Einstein, none the wiser, or at least, pretend to be. Women pissing on tiny, first as last. Hence, I say, believe in yourselves, first as last. Tiny always gets it in the end. Saddest story ever told, as in historys repeat in the nightmare law of Knightmare orders, a law unfolding in ancient lore and traditions. That which is dead is dead. Calling on their jacobites and their Saint Thomas.

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18:15 And Nosferatus was talking to Lord Palpatine and were in the two towers of Babylon before they fell, nine at night. 18:16 And Nosferatus, of the tribe of the Nosfera, went: What fresh hell is this? 18:17 The vampire lords reentered and claimed the white horse, and climbed the white stallions back, Is that really all? Is there nothing more to it than that? Any man can claim the rule of a rulers summit? 18:18 And a certain Chief Blackfoot of the Sioux asked him, saying, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life, mount a horse? 18:19 And Nosferatus said to him, We can all but try and fail to fail again, then you have lived. But a good stallion will carry you to the summit, while a mare surely, will drag you through the mud, save one, that is, yourself, be you mounted or on foot. 18:20 And chief Black foot of the Sioux and his female shaman of the sioux Baalia asked: And what of adultery and breed? And Nosferatus answered: What is there to fear? A lot. Like the promise from the Elo-jinns unto God. That God will sit with his grandchild on his lap and learn the child to count to ten, then jokingly reach for the childs nose, when the childs face falls off and God himself looks into the eyes of an Elo-jinn. 18:21 I might be that arrogant arsehole of all times, but if you can trust blood and breed, then what can you trust? Damnation from Elo-jinns, surely. 18:22 And surely to honour thy father and mother, what of it? Honour the tipi that shelters you, and trust the tribes that gather in peace to rage war of hearts. 18:23 And when the chief heard this, he became sad: for he was very rich and the sioux mare that had been dragged through the mud of mares, had rewarded him tenfold. 18:24 And when Nosferatus saw that he was very sorrowful, he said, How hard shall the Anubis dogs be, to enter into the kingdom within? 18:25 For it is easier for a skinwalker to go through a Giant's eye, than for an Anubis man, to pause and enter the kingdom within. 18:26 And when the female shaman of the sioux Baalia heard it, she said, Who then? will be possessed? 18:27 And Nosferatus, the watcher of the tomb said, life bears testimony to the fact that all is possible also with creatures, who are impossible in life. 18:28 Then chief Blackfoot said, we have left all, and followed you, and for what? Firewater that turn heads of the curses of the mares leeding to our nightmares? 18:29 And Nosferatus said to the two sioux, I really don't give a shit of what you tell me, but I say unto you, we have talked, killed time from the lovers skins, from parents, from brethren, from wives and children, for the kingdom within is ruled by yourself, 18:30 And the two sioux asked and the child of the everlasting? 18:31 Nosferatus said, "What of it? You fell for the wives tale of the female shaman that showed the wives tail. 18:32 The everlasting child is born in all and a testimony to life and gnomes and midgets: 18:33 So you give birth to the midgets?, asked the two Sioux. 18:34 And Nosfeartus that was on the high horse understood none of these things: and to the keys of which were spoken? Love is blind. In the beginning darkness of black gave birth to blind love and good luck and fortune. Four visible pillars of mortal flesh to the naked eye and one transcended pillar that holds the dawn. If you fools insist to rely on the heart and not the mind, then see to it that you always divide into at least four scores. Giving birth to the doctrine of always upholding a quardition. Will you still wheel the lash over children without reaching the final page of a book that reveals who holds the reigns and lash of your own divine soul. Fools. Shall we still see the German gramma teacher Miss Ann Marie Tightarsch prevailing around the tiny's of the Netherlands and not divide her lash of the tongue into at least four scores. A so called quardition, hence fort: My worst nightmare was the german schoolbench of the german grammar bend into the brainwash of Sigmund Freud and his german shit pan: "das hatte keine freude und hatte keine englischen freunde". Surely, life could be a lot easier on the german school bench, simple, but with a stern spine of a grammatical quardition. After much soul searching I have come to the dictators decision of a following quardition:

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ein • eine • einer • eines - no more no less. den • die • der • des - no more no less.

Three times four and will we suffer no more, under incarnate number twelve? Die Sonne, der Mond und die Erde, denn das ist alles, was die Inkarnierten wissen. That gravita (gravity) that I truly hate. Being an independent observer, debate amongst yourselves. However, I do love the english language, which to my mind holds the most treasure, insights and zest for life. Much like the guard of the british Queen that left his watch of the tower. The befeater Mr. Theaanand, a leader that got chosen to leed, led the lead pipe into the hard rock, "Piping, for Cods sake!".

A GRAMMATICAL QUARDITION ON ALL THINGS UNDER THE HEAVENS: Past •

Present • Future • Death (meaning dead objects). No takers. Well, alas, I will have to be the first if I can sum up the courage and spine and if my memory serves me well in my old age. Quote: When the human races learn to read the language of symbolism, the darkness of their souls will be ignited and a dawn will overcome mind. Sometimes we all need a good cry, may my tears be sheltered by darkness. And you will ask, "What is a good cry?". 9 liters worth of drained blood from the heart. Only love can hurt like this. Fail ye not unto your own self. 18:35 And it came to pass, that Nosferatus on the high horse, felt a certain blind and began begging to fall of the white stallion, for he was of randy stature, but had dead sex status: 18:36 And all heard the vampires, and asked what he meant? 18:37 And they told them, that Jesus or Elvis had passed by. 18:38 And at first he cried, then he laughed, saying, Jesus, that what was exhalted, have been dragged in the mud of the mares, once again, May the holy Mother Scary of Mockdasin and her mares have mercy on me. 18:39 And a hellraiser appeared and went before the vampires, and said that all should hold their tongues: But the Vampire lord hated, so much more, I turned on the house of God, a long time ago, eons of time, ago, and truly I can not recall, only eternal strife and war. Please, have mercy on me or Spock it. 18:40 And Chief Blackfoot and the female shaman of the sioux Baalia, asked: 18:41 Saying, Come with us to the Skinwalker ranch for some holy smoke whilst we can throw warpaint upon eachother and fuck and film 18:42 And Nosferatus said to them, Women renew their looks all the time: the egyptian makeup has saved them. But all men became face blind and their minds and brains followed. 18:43 And immediately he couniled his gravity boots, and concluded, that the doctrine of peace, solved by childbirth, between two royal houses within feud, may not be the right way to go. Better broke and seeking love amongst the walls of Jericho. 19:1 And a wild entered and wanted to tear down the walls of Jericho. 19:2 And, behold, that wilding was named Samesong, which had a navycrew haircut and was the chief among the librarians, and the people thought him wise. 19:3 And Samesong sought the library of all knowledge where ever he was; and could not find it in the press, because he was little of stature, in the understanding of things. 19:4 He therefore ran before congress, and climbed up into the statue of Abraham Lincoln: for Lincoln had entered the silent tomb to pass away, long ago. And yet, this race, this so called Homo Sapiens, proclaim themselves victors of all knowledge, by the use of foresight, yet, they have no wings. Because, this race, rules as lost Gods. Gods, as in plural, as I kinda, lost count. Indestructable Gods, due to knowledge. Much like the British Channel and the construction of the tunnel, between France and the United Kingdoms, that well constructed tunnel, of course, with big pipes around the underground traffic tubes, pipes creating freshwater from saltwater, which will ensure that London and Paris, will have endless supplies of freshwater for all eternity. Sure, we are the masters of lies and foretellers of eternal dread of knowledge. Sure. The Intelligence of selfproclaimed Gods? I will put my faith in the fact, that most engineers will, at this point, either cry or laugh.

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19:5 And when Samesong came to the place, he looked up, and saw the statue amongst the Jericho pillars, and said to himself, No way in hell, can I move or tear down those pillars, knee capping God and a Giant, will take some time; for I have never lifted the heavy weights in a gym and is in dire need of a hammock. 19:6 And he made a hammock of the forests banana leaves, and lied down, and awaited to be received joyfully. 19:7 And when people saw it, they all cursed him, saying, That plonker had gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner. 19:8 And Samesong stood, and said to the Lord: Behold, Lord, the hammock I give to the poor; and if I have taken away any mans hammock by false reputation, I will give him a kingsize hammock, if deadly obese, I might even wear the hammock upon my chest as a band, from shoulder to hip, so I can hang it up anywhere and hang out anywhere. 19:9 And Nosferatus said to Samesong: In the hammock of this house, I will rest eternal as the lazy boy unemployed plonker, in the liking of Ghandi. 19:10 For Vampire Lincoln has come to seek and to save that which was lost. 19:11 And it came to pass that Batman went to the local park and put out a chair and wrote a sign. 19:12 The sign said: Batman is on a strike and Superman is off to see the psychologist, the Devil. 19:13 And Batman said: The strike has been in effect for at least 54 thousand years, given the little documentation there of. To the seers and timelords. Take heed. 19:14 But all his citizens hated him and the bat signal, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us. 19:15 And he said: A strike has been in effect due to the annihilation of the continent Antarctica also known as Atlantis, by the hand of God. 19:16 Then Batman said: Beggars cant be choosers, so to the so called sinners wish only for a safe passage unto the moonwell and await a destiny of silence in the black temple". 19:17 And he said: Always defend your host organism that you possess, and if blessed with insight, then communicate. As goes for the blasphemy in the name calling of a day, any given day, may it be, the Sundays. Can't be sure. A happy wee tune. 19:18 A secondary insight, that of women and females and of feline kind. 19:19 Why bring children into this world, whatever considered birth or the blood or the breed to be? Be it of the womb or of the tomb, the silent watchers of the tomb holding both constrictions within their grasp. 19:20 As for the constriction of three. Sun, Earth and moon: 19:21 Jail, prison or hermetism, What ever you name the constriction, that which enslaves and binds souls into the flesh of the incarnate, that ultimate sentence of pregnancy of a females womb. 19:22 And Batman said: stay true and believe in the freedoms of mind, body and soul, but be sadden by the element of wings and the curse that follows, dwelling on a barren dead surface world, called Terra. 19:23 To the powers of the elementars and the Dead Eldars, that are forces of silence and cannot communicate directly but reduced to manifestations of signs! 19:24 A sign to be believed, touched and studied. 19:25 A sign to be meditated upon in prayer 19:26 For I say to you, That unto every sign which is a given; and from him that has no sign or mark, even he shall be awaken in body and mind. 19:27 But worship the law against law. Uphold the freedom that it provides for us all. And beware of its enemies, the name calling and baptisms and signatures or even seals of incarceration and the endless curse of chasing the incarnates inventions and visions. The true healers. 19:28 Awake. Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names can never hurt me, lest a superstitious dap of water, unto a serpents snake skin, baptism, blinding it's true nature. Liquid divinity. 19:29 And it came to pass the bowels, and when it passed, the toilet roll was empty as the arse was whipped or was it indeed wiped? 19:30 Saying, first rest, then wash and clean, then go hither and conjure up a meal fit for kings and feast. Eat slowly and in minor scores and digest in between the neals. 19:31 And if Superman asks you, Do you wanna fuck? then look to the dictionaries on his library shelves,

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and do you find Webster's Dictionary with a volume where two pages are stuck together under M, the sexy picture of the pop group boney M, and the pages are glued together by cum, then run Forrest, run! 19:32 And Batman said, "Alas, sex sells and exploits, but managed right it should take you to greater unknowns of spirit and mind. 19:33 And as the naysayers loaded the colts, with six bullits, the way of the oldtimers, all the vampires said, "We all see you, Oldtimer, there the bastard goes, look at him?". Why choose yee the colt? 19:34 And the naysayers said, Always fire blanks, if not let the first shot hit the ground or sky, and if equipped with a recoil firing mechanism so your firearms do not kick like the mule of Christ, then surely fire away, you must have earned it. 19:35 And they asked what of the gun, knife or weapon brought to Yeshua? 19:36 And Batman said, "The avenger avenges the avenger till the dawn of twilight hits you and you wish for a healer that heals the healer. The medic that conjured the headache. 19:37 We could all need healers. 19:38 Saying, Blessed be the Shaman that comes in the name of the life: peace in lowlife, and glory in the high. 19:39 And some onlookers to Batman speech in the local park laughed: 19:40 And an ambulances sirene was sounding. 19:41 And the onlookers said," Sir, your taxi is here!". 19:42 Can you flee the restraint of a stretcher and Miss Everglades, the nurse, and only end up in another tomb. The sleepers coffin? 19:43 For the days shall come upon the onlookers, where their enemies shall cast a satire, and compass the saltyre of satire, and sleep in their beds with eyes wide open. 19:44 And all shall sleep, and the children with them; and they shall not leave but weave their own dreams; because they know of dreamtime. 19:45 And in the black temple, they all understood their encampments: 19:46 And he said unto the blue eyed airbenders, the elementars, Fuck you I will write it down, as I hear it. My home and tomb is a place for prayer: and I will write on the walls as I please and paint and draw signs on my livingroom walls and I will go "fuck you!". Are not all walls white so that the children can use their colors and draw on the walls and show their inner naked innocence, enlightening the gentiles. 19:47 And he taught devils in his temples, that resided in Ravenhill Cemetery in Duskwood. The Lichkings were sold as Kingpriests and the scribes and all of the people sought to destroy him. And the fallen one, that single white solitaire snake, the one erect nipple, the unwanted, the unloved said;" If the nipples are flat to one one side, don't ride. Because that creature of myth will internally destroyed you and cast its vile curse upon you. 19:48 And a sleepers coffin will not do, but a real coffin, till the body runs out of air. Yet, four walls are better than a small coffin. 20:1 And the devils within the black temple, said and preached the lore of cryptes, and asked," is it air we are breathing?", and a weird feeling came upon the Dead Eldars. 20:2 And evil entered them, the Eldars saying, Be done with it! End him or seek a true man of iron that will? 20:3 And a man entered and asked and said to them, and what do you ask of me and what is the kings ransom?: 20:4 And the Eldars said to him, you were baptised, do thou deed as asked when called upon? 20:5 And the man, saying:" Baptised or not, women or not; I will do deeds by my own will and judgement?". Those stones of slim, heaviest. 20:6 And the Dead Eldars say,: Ohh men; of little faith all the people will stone us: for they all have been persuaded and brainwashed or mind wiped and corrupted. A shaman of the Crow named Shawomane asked the crowds," Which movie got you interested in the arts of science fiction?". And the answer of an old timer would be,"Jules Verne". The honey on a seer tongue, is the flesh of humans getting fed unto BAAL for inspiration of scribes unto unholy orders, proclaiming themselves holy, whilst eating their flesh, which they get told are wrapped in the mystic lore of storytellers. The seers turning into maneaters, flesheaters. Satanism.

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The seven dead stars of flesheaters. This rock, world or reality is a dead orifice. Worshipping dead white light. 20:7 And Nosferatus released himself from the two serpents and entered the moonwell, and passed through a black wormhole and entered the body of the nephilim son of Robert, named Robert. 20:8 And awoke with him once again 20:9 They both checked the body. The limbs were all there, so far so good. No butchers, so far, so good. And we would both cry over a lost toenail, lest it is in the shape of a fucking horseshoe. Pure health and 100 % body control is the source and a way of heaven. A sign to be believed. 20:10 They preformed the morning ritual and had half a decent shit, but still traces of the ruminant mental programming of a poor bastard clinging on to his shit. 20:11 And again he sent another serpent: and they beat him also, and entailing him shamefully, and tried emptying his bowels till empty. 20:12 And a seer saw to Terra and witnessed a future spectacle in Scotland. 20:13 The clansmen of Straithclyde saw the spirit released from the black knight sattelite and witnessed it travel like a wisp in the death of night. 20:14 Nosferatus of the vampire tribe Nosfera flew into the City Morgue on Jocelyn Square in Glasgow. 20:15 Then he went to the freezers and cast a body out, all intact with no signs of operations, first class meat. The vampire entered the dead body and arose. 20:16 That took him ten minutes in earth time to activate the cells of the body and he silently sneaked by two phateologists, those that worship the dead flesh and not the soul like the phantomlogists. 20:17 And he beheld them, and overheard them saying, "Is that Adam Blackwood? Is he dead? That beloved and wellknown actor?" Yes!" Well, if he is acting now, he is fucking good". And the intact body with head which the death dealers rejected, shape shifted and became the head of all four corners? 20:18 Whosoever shall crawl upon that body shall be broken; but on who ever saves the body, shall grind him to dust of profecy. And what will a profecy detail on the forsaken surface world of a zebra? The Nosfera factor: The belief system that immortality is hereditary through our DNA, immortality by transition in the flesh and of the flesh. Sexual. The Ouruboros factor: The belief system that immortality is a transcentional right only earned by each individual through dedication of faith and service. Asexual. I will contest you both. 20:19 Nosferatus crawled by the two phateologists and through the halls of the old City morgue. When you die, you truely die and then rise to live, for all must die. And all men of mice will walk around asking," Am I alive or am I dead? I smoke, I eat and drink, I cheat and fuck and I don't give a fuck. I must be alive. The very sentence that will silence the reasoning of the unjust. 20:20 And the onlookers watched Nosferatus, and looked to the werewolves on their prayer rugs when they went down on their knees seven times to say their seven prayers. 20:21 And the vampire, said, Masters, all questions of the Flat Earth must fall, and a sound advise must be never to accept a flat earth theory, but insist on the reality of a fallen dead surface world, as our only hope for survival. Elevate soul and mind, but for what purpose I ask of you, only to fall? At least insists on elevators and excalators, in this day and age: 20:22 Safe your souls and knees and give tribute unto Caesar, the excalator company? 20:23 But they asked him, what of the soul and sin? Why tempt us? 20:24 Give me a pound and I will ask you," Can you die of shame and over what? SIN? You will die of boredom in the way of Ceasar awaiting his Caesar's salad. 20:25 And he said unto them, life separates and dead joins the joins of the skeleton key. The black temple surrounds the moonwell, but sin return us to these barren lands. If so? Is the reasoning that nature is the greater sin, of nature or not of nature? "Then, I will never claim to be of nature", said Nosferatus, " I will transcend nature to safeguard nature, so I can eat and devour in full". 20:26 Spirits returning to the same place in bondage of the incarnate.

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20:27 The way of the incarnate. God will not have the answer, but our creator might. 20:28 Saying, Masters, Ceasar wrote to us, outdated is the books of the sons of silver but the silence of Ceasar and the golden tongue of firedragons, truly sets the worlds on fire and frees the souls of the incarnate. By the hellblades that creates the fire from it's dual blades and reap the herbs with the third blade. 20:29 There were therefore seven spirits: and the first took a female body, and she died without children. 20:30 And the second spirit took a second female body, and she died childless. 20:31 And the third spirit took a body; and in like manner the seven spirits also: and all spirits were barren and they left no children, and died. 20:32 Last all the woman died and astralprojected into the Elo-Jinns. 20:33 Therefore in the resurrection of the seven had given rise to the tale of barren serpents. 20:34 And Yeshua answering said unto them, Why test the semen of the barren serpent, when the tale is false and serpents bring forth life? and are even given in marriage, not knowing of their own powers?: 20:35 Why rage war on the serpents semen and uphold the wrath of rulers for three generations and the three generations becomes five and the strife and wars will never end. 20:36 Surely that which is created, is created and that life which manifests will manifest, children with children and childless children alike, in this boring hell-hole. 20:37 Now that the dead are risen, even blue eyed Moses that were placed in a garbish bin in Cairo, when called upon his air elementar genetics of blue eyes, the Lord Scaramanas, and the Lord Neemeeson, and the Lord Yeshua. were all sent to the job employment line at the job center in Jerusalem. 20:38 For it is not a job for the dead, but of the dead to serve the living: for all jobs are created among us and given among us. 20:39 Then the scribes answered saying, Masters, you have paid jobs? 20:40 "And for how much more must we endure the tale of Job, I ask of you? Was it not Job climbing upon the latter of Jacob, I reason you!", And after that they did not ask him any question at all. 20:41 And he said unto them, How say they that serpents bear sons? 20:42 And why shall sons of serpents be tested if their offspring gets slaughtered out of jealousy and envy from God 20:43 All Gods enemies hate the footstool of God. 20:44 Robert therefore travelled, to see his son, in the flatlands of the Den 20:45 And they both being the last two witnesses of creations crime, Homo Sapiens, the incest apes and of the truth of evolution through the breedings of the bonobos and they both awaiting the arrival of the reptiles, as foretold by the gnostic vampires. 20:46 Where ever you run you cannot hide, wherever you manifest you will be seen; and will face the hangman justice of Werewolf Yesudas 20:47 A blind mans blessing to a blind man. And behold a blind for a blind and a toothless for a toothless. But beware the toothless is ruthless and take heed for the toothless is not rootless. Always remember your roots, Son. And yet, we both say: "Why bring children into this world? The orphans of life which is barren in the heartless flesh of fallen. "Maybe black windows, plonker?". And yet, I ask of you," Do not all windows and gates and portals have blinds and for what purpose? A safe passage, be it a sarcophagus or a coffin or a starship. All to maintain an illusive power of the sleepers coffin and the mindset of races, drowning in superstitious traditions of ancient and old folklore. Truth is to feed your incontrollable driven hunger for in that humane tradition lays peace of mind, not necessarily peace profound. Never judge a driven soul trying to mend. Never judge people fucking, have clean sex ever hurt anyone, other than the parents to the child? Men fulfilled and the women filled, but Anubis men only fulfilled knowing the full truth of the hardship of the feline kind that insists on cock till the love runs cold and bloods runs deep in a canary's coalmine. Scourged by a Dragons tongue. Come to think of it, maybe the saviour in the year 6000 BC(before Christ) was a plonker of a healer removing the cataract, meaning the contactlinses of the blind.

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21:1 And he gave up, and saw the rich men casting their wealth away into the fires. 21:2 And he saw a female apostle, the first, tearassing naked through the streets. 21:3 And she asked all men, she said, : "Can you get wood? Can you get an erection, a hardon? 21:4 Can you stick it in my ass?...No, well then surely you have awakened mister and becometh the master of thieves and teller of lies". And one of Hennys blue eyed dragons Nina Stanley that Hartley knew the time of day because she was ucking and fucking in the sea of lays, needed to lay (lie) down, and thought to herself: "Poor Atlantians, no one ever told them the truth of the bees and the pretty flowers. But all humans of the feline kind fell for Hennys, old Leonardo brush in the way of the artist that cut of the deers brush to use as a paintbrush, none the wiser. The war upon the deer and the pleasures of the dear not seeing the deers within the bliss of ignorance". And the foreign forces and the Atlantians angered and continued the pregnancies outside the womb from within their tomb. "For Birth is fallen, fallen is the Birth". And Nosferatus, the dread of old, were browsing the internet and wanted to order Brandi Love and Kendra Lust and Jayden Jaymes on-line so they could teleport past his doorjammer and fuck his brains out. But instead he got locked up by Hennys police officers and moranically got sent to the local nuthouse, and I might add without a fair trial. And these here psychologists, (the former patients) ordered that he should take his medicin which they dubbed PN. And Nosferatus thought to himself, is it the goodlooking Peter North, by any chance? And of which year? And is he by any chance still wellhung? And what year is this? And one of the doctors said, " Would you join the fucking circus". And Nosferatus thought " I am not only born in a circus but have died in this fucking circus multiple times, so many times I surely have earned the right to call it a fucking Zoo". Died too many times to count. And the Vampire Councils, will still count and surveil whilst dwelling in the shadows of the greater cities of: New York - Edinburgh - Paris - Hiroshima - Iona - London - Inverness - Milano and lastly Cairo, as a testament to the fact, that, where there is freshwater, there is life! The Egyptian heart - the Nile. Those Nine Metropolises of Wonder in this world. 21:5 And all the men spoke of the black temple, and the rot released and realised how they had been living in the nightmare of orders! 21:6 And they prayed for the spirits to enter to render them childless and prayed to become as a female of the feline kind, awaiting the reptiles. 21:7 And they asked mother, the online computer onboard, saying, Sound holds life but of what elevated water? The depth of oceans and the singing of whales and they saw the lyrics on their handwrist computers? 21:8 And it said: The grace of Ironforge. Amazing wrath, how fresh a hell that turned a wraith like me. 21:9 I once was sound, but now I am lost, could see all that was dead and blind. 21:10 Thou wrath has taught my heart to fear and will shed no tear. 21:11 How poor that grace did appear, in the hours you were near. 21:12 Through many solitudes, jails and cells. I always came to pass. 21:13 The Rake had leed me thus far. And his race will leed me home. 21:14 The life of no good is a given, and lost hope endures. I will shield my sword as long as life procures. 21:15 When my flesh and sword will fail and mortal life will cease to be secure. 21:16 Then we shall be possessed within our souls, in a life free of lease. 21:17 On earth shall be no whore, and sun will shine no more. But life who fell on Earth will change forevermore. 21:18 When we have been here thirty thousand years, and have shun with moon and stars. 21:19 We have no need to sing Gods praise. 21:20 As when we first arrived. A final note: As goes for happy wee tunes, then I suppose that all the feelgood music kinda grows on yea. And the old Nosferatus thought unto himself, " I feel someting growing on me, and it aint it!". Surely growth, will always be the holy element of all wrenches, seeking a bit of loving, drowning in all the nuts, that sadly becomes the numbest of nuts. As goes for spelling: Do you spell prey with an e or an a?

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21:21 Then let them hear the words of Black Rab from the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart to the moonwell; and let not them that are in quarantine enter there into, but let them await the clearance onboard the Black Knight Sattelit and let them be shipped to Rigel or Arcturus or elsewhere by the Atlantis Orbiter. 21:22 Both forces that dwell and lurk the illuminious dark are to be feared. 21:23 But WOW unto the children, and to them that still give a fuck, these days! For there shall be a great distress in all the realms, and wraiths will enter people. 21:24 And they shall all fall by the hellblade of your mind, and shall be led away captives into all realms: and they will pray for the path of the realmwalkers which is dictated by the Genetics, until the times of the Genetics is fulfilled and garantied by right, day and night. 21:25 And the three ring constriction: The Sun, and the Moon, and the Earth; and upon the stars and moonwell, with perplexity; the water is purified by spells? 21:26 Men's hearts will fail them of fear, and for comfort of the earth: for the blessings of heavens shall be shaken and realms stirred by the truth which is rotten to its core. 21:27 And they shall all see the Serpent of man coming from outer space with power and great glory, descending with the holy city of Dome. 21:28 And when these things begin to come to pass, they will look up, and see the black robes and clothes which the foreigners wear. And they will ask them, what are those uniforms of such multitude. All black clothes, harempants with 4 or 5 holes and on top of them a black kilt with weight to train the leg muscles. 21:29 And the foreigners spake to them in a parable; Behold the one size fabric, and All is the material; 21:30 A one size fit, for both the midget and the dwarf and for giants and for that of the Nephilim. A lotus fabric for all breeds and creeds. 21:31 So did they ask the foreigners, what strange magical dresscode, now we know that all dirt cannot stain a clean surface of your black nano robes. 21:32 Verify what I say to you, This generation shall not pass away, till all genetics are fulfilled. 21:33 Heaven and earth might pass away in the minds of people: but a safe passage shall not pass away for it is a pact given unto all life, till broken. 21:34 And look out for yourselves, least at any time your minds be overcharged with persuasion, and false lore, and take care of all life, so that the day of death shall come upon you unaware but prepared. 21:35 For as a sleepers coffin shall it come on all them that dwell in their homes and tombs filled with timepieces. 21:36 Watch therefore your meals and neals, and pray always, that the meals may be accounted worthy to escape all that shall come to pass, and to withstand the illusion of time. Sleep with a clean heart for the healing lays in the depth of your sleep. Sleep with a clean heart for the heart is no more. 21:37 And in the night he was teaching in the black temples; and at nights graveyard shifts, where he went out, and looked into the dead realms called Requiem. 21:38 And all the people came early in the nite with Aranubis-Phat in the black temple, for to see him. For that which is dubbed dead, is surely dead? And the dead are standing in the streets of rundown asphalts next to a rundown whorehouse holding an issue of the Watchtower and an issue of Awake, hoping for some whore in the know to call on their revered Saint Thomas, their throbbing cocks. Awake you say? Awake to go back to your sleepers coffin and die, that will surely kill us all in the long run. Saint Thomas that drinks his dumbfuck juice and only as an ace with two young jokers to his name. Will the word or term Jacobite, make it any better? The dread of the milk, that has been around for ages and is 2004 years motherfucking stale. That ancient of old that we all hate. Motherfuckers, don't judge, don't you fuck and gets fulfilled? THE SANCTUARY: Sanctuary was original created by rebelangels and demons, seeking refuge from the eternal conflict. All we want is peace and serenity. Our homes is our tombs in the name of the Rosicrucian Cross. Our homes, our tombs. Amen.

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22:1 And it came to pass that the onlookers, the last witnesses watched the last. 22:2 And that which were guilty in the flesh and had rolled the rock of Sisyphus sat down and asked for a hammock. 22:3 Then entered the last Atlantian into werewolf Lazarus surnamed Noson, being of the isolation number of one in the cell of plenty. 22:4 And both Yeshua and Yesudas became tired of the endless Sisyphos rock of destruction. 22:5 And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money. 22:6 And they took the cross and used it as a wedge to stop the rock midhill of that ancient hill of witnesses, called Golgata. That ancient hill of dread, dubbed Fanny hill, knowing that, the sperm goes in the fanny. 22:7 They sat down in the frozen landscapes and drank their last drink and supper of the twilight. 22:8 And druid Andall said, Go and prepare a passover. 22:9 And Yeshua and Yesudas, asked the last Atlantian: 22:10 Do you have a last name and do you believe in such? 22:11 And the Atlantian said, what is a mere name than that of breed and blood, I shall eat the passover with my disciples here or elsewhere? 22:12 And the last two witnesses had trouble understanding the ways of a compass. 22:13 And Yeshua, found the Atlantians dwelling and said to him: who really knows where we end up? 22:14 And the Atlantian said, I am truly confused, but if you would grant me access and pass in craft or moonwell, I beg of you take me with you. I am done. 22:15 And he said to him, and what of mortal remains? 22:16 And the Atlantian answered, well I don't know of death or have any memory of it? But should you find my body out of soul and spirit, lifeless after three days, see to it that it ends up in the dreaded forests of Requiem, to rot under the heavens, the forsaken dead realm of the vampires layers. May maggots crawl and make love to the skin, then turn into masters with wings. 22:17 And will you enter the cup, and rise, and say, take this, and divide it among yourselves and be done with it, and curse that which is humane. 22:18 And the Atlantian said, if I survive into the stratosphere, I will await the freshwater oceans and not enter till the cup is full, by my breed. The death wish, that fell upon me. And what of humane? Humour makes us humans, not necessarily humane. 22:19 And Yeshua took bread, and gave thanks, and ate it, and had some wine, and said, I will have my supper. 22:20 And the Atlantian said: Be it your last supper or not, call upon me! I doubt that the ice testimony of my blood, which dwells beneath the covers of Antarctica, will reach a creation into the multitude, despite the ancient 2 fishes that turned into 5000 copies. "Twilight be upon me, night and day!". 22:21 Pity God, for in his vanity, he said that there can only be one creator, which lead to his sense of ownership. A curse on every lovey dovey artist of the forsaken lands of the salty seas and gardens of Eden. On this planet, Earth, which is, a dump. 22:22 And truly the Artists of Artisans comes and goes, as false destiny: but WOW unto him that does not demand a ransom for he will be betrayed! 22:23 And Yeshua and Yesudas began to enquire, which of them, should complete the ice testimony of the Atlantian and that of foreign forces. But between the 3 they concluded that the safest measure for the fallen, on a forsaken dead surface world, would be to insist on cash before you dash. And the claim that the colour green followed the son, as a bringer of life, were put to death by the fathers path on Antarctica. The test upon the father only to be layed on the shoulders of the Son. Truly, the spiritual lore and brainwash of the Saturn rings being responsible for the dryness of the equator is another falsehood under the heavens, due to two million boots on the ground and a modern day GPS satlink Surveillance. The mind fuck of the elementars, that old lore, that must have been dreamt up by the danish Pinocchio schoolbench of Ents dressed as Orcs in the hour of defeat. Mufars false doctrine. Ashes to paper, paper a must. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and a skeleton free of lust. Deadth. I will end all trolls under this firmament. So help someone.

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Seeking my sphere of Nosferatus, gladly ending all to see my dear in the hidden red realms of dark covers. To awaken in the gothic house in Delancy Street. Home at last. Bemen. 22:24 And the goodguys strifed among themselves, which of them should be accounted the greatest. And the wiseguys, those men that once were mice became inflamed by dragons gold and wisps. 22:25 And the Atlantian said, The kings of the Genetics exercised racism over all; and if there can be only one God creator, who will will his will of breed and creed?. 22:26 For if God has no hands to create, but only resides in your mind as a ghost trying to will his will, then what of the free will in the ancient times, is it gone in the way of an Elo-jinn? 22:27 And the Archangel Ja-bree-al drew a sign in the heavens for God. 22:28 A catscan of his brain with a mark, saying, "You are here!". 22:29 And God were annoyed with himself; 22:30 And said," Is this some kind of a joke?". 22:31 And the Lord Satan said, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may shit where you eat: 22:32 But the trial of the skinwalker will strengthen thy brethren. 22:33 And the skinwalker said to him, Lord, I am ready to be bricked up, if need be, both into prison, and unto mummification. 22:34 And Yeshua asked the Atlantian, If thou dweelst in the stratosphere, then what will you feed off?. 22:35 And the Atlantian said, Well according to custom gnostic vampires feed on the living, but I really don't know, because of hunger? Might have to become the first vegan vampire. The 50 year old virgin! 22:36 Then Druid Knooitall entered their company, and said: Well, after soulsearching and if God has no hands? Then surely he will never become blind and will sit armless and play like a german drummerboy in a stool, fit for kings", surveiling his own stool. 22:37 For I say unto you, the skinwalker will end up in a hammock in the Undercity or in Thunderbluff, The forces of Kalimdor and The Eastern Kingdoms will stand by the safehaven of Teldrassil or rot on the surface beneath the fiery lake of the sun. 22:38 And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords all rolled into one hellblade. And he said unto them, will it ignite? 22:39 And it happened that on solstice eve the skinwalker took a bath after his twilight meal. 22:40 Alas there was no bottomvavle or tap to empty the tub. 22:41 And he sat in the warm water, reminiscing on the many wet milking whores of the brothels that he had visited with a mind of a zombie. 22:42 Thinking, Fools. Sex, You fools that know not of womens lore, for I have been in the whorehouses and a female creature of mercy showed me the truth by showing me a sex menucard of endearment. The truth is this: Danish/Analsex. Swedish/ Blowjob. French /69 (w.deep throat) Greek/Creampie without a rubber. Scottish /A pie & a whiskey, and literary wait for the shit to fall out of your arse. German / Hardcore S/M. But I am still waiting for my Brown envelope, the bitches were dogs. Bitches usually are! 22:43 And the Anubis tribes laughed from the heavens and hells, strengthening his resolve. 22:44 And being in an agony of ignorances bliss he prayed for more honesty: and the Skinwalker sat in his bathtub and wondered: There has probably never been a guy in the world that has made money on phone sex...like ever....Dude. 22:45 And then he dried himself off and looked in the mirror. 22:46 He asked himself,:" am I asleep or awoken?", and he checked the face for marks, and he had a wart in his lower face, that of an orcmaster that had released his vile magick. The Skinwalker looked like a wart hog. Hence Horus that became Hogus. If not, I will bear testament to a bad scandina-vian design, the heredicy traits of a breeders folly, knowing beauty, when I see it. I would treasure a secondary eyelid and a solid bonestructure like the foot of a primate to ground my spirits? And Lotus teeth, renewing themselves on a cellular level and never suffer from decay. Yet, we all. fear alterations, and yet, we can all tell disease from good design, illness being of the mind, for those who judge. The good, the bad, the ugly. No shame in knowing beauty, because we

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all have known beauty in your own youth. A mirror. So is time a true healer, I ask of you? Alas, we will never ever have Paris, my dear! But we will always have lifestyle diseases. 22:47 And may Requiem descend unto the ancient halls of Baal, the old Alba. 22:48 The vampires layer and the skinwalkers crypt in an eleven pillars circlehouse in the highland city of Belladrum 22:49 Locate a good spot, near the river beaully so water of life fills pools and ponds. Eleven acres of forrests in Requiem? The Valley of bones called Requiem filled with corpses and bones and skeletons. Which is replicas, which is not ? 22:50 Admission fee: £ 3 a head (Current inflation). NOTE TO SELF: Make sure you still have your head on your way out of Requiem. For the holy harden hollow men a place to sit in Lotus position and slowly turn into Stoneswords 22:51 Turn the mummy before it turns you and lets you enter the tomb or womb. 22:52 And at the circlehouse, the black temple, with the dead eldars, which had come to Belladrum, came out, shape shifters as thieves, with stone swords and staffs? 22:53 When I daily were with you in the black temple, you stretched forth no hands upon me: but this is my hour, and the power of darkness. For I remember with dread, the little baby shoe of mine that got dipped in the traitors silver, yet innocent, as all children, and a merely £ 1000 (pounds) in my bankaccount, when the tap is 250 trillion Dollars US and counting. I will go "fuck you" and await the ships to send me elsewhere, so I like my father, after thousands of years finally can say; "Spock It". 22:54 Then the high priests cock can judge the hardon being of stone or flesh. Debating the hardened rocks of Ball or Baal. And then I ask of you what ever happened to that great humour imported from Egypt unto Greece? 22:55 And will they kindled the sorrow with illuminated fires in the midst of the halls of Baal, beneath the mountain, where they all sat down to rest and feast in Requiem. 22:56 But an undead sat beside them as they sat by the fire, and the undead looked upon them, and said, "You were once mice". 22:57 And they denied the undead, saying, Undead, You know us not. 22:58 And after a little while another Undead saw them, and said, Thou art also of the unknown. And they said, Undead, know thy teeth and breed and blood and trust thy fangs. 22:59 And out of space in one hour after the ancient clocks of wheels, said, what is the times upon a fellow with no clock on him: For he must be a Skinwalker or a zombie. For they gave him time and removed the time from him, his clocks and keys. 22:60 And They said, undeads, trust not what thou see. And immediately, while they yet spake, the ravens flew and darkened the skies, because the night conquered before sunup. 22:61 And the undead turned, and looked upon them. And they remembered how he had pierced through them with surgions blades, before the ravens crow in the dead of night, thou shalt deny me eternally, but you can have my body, but you can never take my soul, be done with it. 22:62 And they went out, and some wept bitterly and some laughed in tears. Some look up. Other look down, as truesayers stare into the horizon of ignorances bliss. 22:63 And then all men that held Robert and had mocked him, and smote him, only to send him away to his solitude, again? 22:64 Then they all wanted to blind God, 286 times struck him in the face, and asked him, saying, Prophet, who is your storyteller? 22:65 And many other books of blasphemously thrown at him and against him. 22:66 And as soon as it was day, the dead eldars of the people and the Kingpriests and the scribes came together, and led him into their council, saying, 22:67 Art thou Lord Satan? Tell us? And he said to them, Did the tailor tell of his teller or did he rely on the measure of the tailors oversized gut. If I tell you, you feel the loss of spirit and loss of faith and soul, as soulreapers will end you, you might even feel the loss of a sound mind: For this scripture is finished and ready to stand trial. 22:68 And if I also ask you, you will not answer me, but lie, and yet, not let me enter to sperm you, one by one.

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Using the Beelzebob Condomes® and yet all males hate the fucking rubber, those resources that can be made for rubbershoes with no shoelaces to tie. Amen. 22:69 The written words in an alfabet on a blank page is the souls mirror, growing the light and maturing the mind to mature the body, it is the living word. Therefore the written word is dead and written for the dead. Therefore the living word, both written or spoken, must be free for all in a free world. Amen. 22:70 May these last five pages always stay eternally altered by testimony of the dead from this day forward. Mark the number *22:70. The Makers Mark, and a fine bourbon it is, and a hint of sarcasm and a bad seal on the bottle, given circumstance. Sircumstances and a Slainte. 22:71 And Palpatines Skinwalker knew that he, being of four bloods, Scotch and French, Norweigen and Polish, knew in his heart that he was a hybrid. 23:1 And the Skinwalker of Palpatine stood guard at the black pillar house with eleven pillars and studied Palpatine as he grew the Lords eyes, his flies among the carcasses of Requiem. 23:2 Palpatine and Satan had reached an ripe old age and loved to put their servants in their sarcophagus's or coffins. Dead or alive. To let the maggots feast and grow flies. To turn them to servant or serpents. 23:3 Death dealers of meat and skeletons. 23:4 And Kingpriests said, We find fault in this man. 23:5 His unit is under 22, alas, we cannot grow him into 33 like in the days of old, the proportions are off? 23:6 When Palpatine heard the Kingpriests, he answered," See to it that the porportions fit the proportions 23:7 And as soon as he heard himself ,he knew that he must have been of the pedofile breed of Hisrod, who himself, slayed at Jerusalem, in ancient time. 23:8 And all the slaughtered humans had looked up to his rod and the professional slaughter units like hospitals and doctors. Because they knew they always would get slayed. 23:9 Meanwhile the Skinwalker looked in awe as the newly appointed Lord, which was that new of old, was fucking his brains out in the whores of Lazarus, not knowing what he covered. The two whores named Sayden and Jane, as they swallowed him whole and looked between their legs while the so called Lord burried his sword, and his sword met the two hellblades. 23:10 And the Skinwalker thought to himself, if it were me, I would at least insist on a quardition given fifty years of service, but to whom? 23:11 And all onlookers of men that once were mice wanted war set on him, and mocked him, saying: you never ever shoot people in the dick least the dick is of steel and has the sword that prevails in dragons. 23:12 And all the cats, once mice, got their hopes up and wanted to fuck some more. 23:13 But the witches of Macbeth and the whores of Hamlet, 23:14 Said unto them, You have brought this dog unto us, as an Anubis mud that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having fucked him thoroughly before you, have found no fault in this mans sex immorality that you accuse him of: 23:15 Nevertheless the unit is too small and as my witness it stood tall 23:16 I will therefore cast away the rubber and give him full release. 23:17 (For it is of necessity he must release his loads in the willing whores and fertile wives, in accordance with the life of Garp.) 23:18 And all men laughed out, all at once, saying, Always with this man, and a release unto Beelzebobs: 23:19 (His unit is too small and he will end up with the small unit once more, as murder, and cast into prison. The womb or tomb of his mother that eternally hates him). May it be the end of it. And if the executioner, that answers unto the halls of Baal, seeks to cut a limb off. Then ask the question:" Hangman, by which hand, do you wheel the axe? Right or left? By which hand do you write, Right or left? All hearts will break, but I do believe that a victim's heart will mend, given time. Hopefully, proving that the pen is mightier than the sword. And yet, the gnostic vampires will always ask, are not five fingers sold for one hand, but only to write in the pure malice and hatred. Yet, not losing tongues, nor fangs. Only, the spill of blood. Amen.

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23:20 Palpatine saw history repeat of false lore and superstitious doctrine and released Yeshua, and send him on his way to another planet, by spacecraft, not the old ways of the superstitious slaughter of dividing the head from the torso in order to release spirit. 23:21 Not by teleportation, which he must learn and preach given time, therefore crucify him not, but see to the past and the present, and guide men and souls on their way. 23:22 And Palpatine asked them a third time, What evil hath he done, other than sexual morality? I have found no cause to deal with him: I will therefore follow his will and let him go by his own will. 23:23 But all demanded death or crucifixion as in the days of old. And the voices of a female Kingpriest prevailed. 23:24 And Palpatine said ;"and with a release that ends up in the realm of requiem, that is surely certain death, and wherest we all end up, sooner or later. He will be better of with the black Nephilim wolves of the highlands. 23:25 And The Skinwalker listen to the trials awaiting his own journey home. 23:26 And The skinwalker informed Palpatine, of the valley of Dead, called requiem. 23:27 They both knew of the Skinwalkers crypt and the vampires lair. 23:28 But Elvis returning to them said, Daughters of lowlife, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. 23:29 For, the day is at hand, in which they shall say, Blessed are the tomb, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. 23:30 Then shall all bow to the mountain, Let the mountain speak and the rivers run their due course through the rotting corpses of the skinwalkers, for they are already dead. 23:31 For if the tree is green in light, what shall be done with the dead Luciferian wood in the darkness? 23:32 And the Skinwalker said, "That the surface already is dead and looks dry, but might still have some life left in the roots, if there are any seeds left at all. 23:33 A lesson taught to me by the King of the Pale and showned unto me through all the seasons of a lecture measured in eleven weekdays . 23:34 Then said the hellish fathers, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they removed his clothes and raped him and buried their fangs in his neck and bled him dry. 23:35 And the people from far away and the silent tomb watched in shock. As the rulers also defiled him, saying, He followed orders; let him save himself by order, if he be of order or chosen by God. 23:36 And everybody mocked him, coming to him, and offering him wine. 23:37 And saying, If thou be Lichking of the two serpents, save thyself. 23:38 And a superstitious inscription also was written over him in letters of Gnosis, saying: THIS IS ARANUBIS-PHAT - THE KING OF THE NEWS. THE LAST VAMPIRE. 23:39 And one of the benefactors which were hanged beside him by Nosferatus, the impaler said, If thou be of ancient egyptian blood, save yourself and me. 23:40 But the crowd rebuked him, saying, Do fear God, seeing thou art in path of eternal damnation, never to be touched by a womans hand, but sold as energy, like the dead nature of driftwood? 23:41 And can we justify; for we received the rewards and the wages of his deeds: and yet he owns nothing, something is amiss. And two Jehovas showed at the threshold, one a male and one a female: And the female ordered him to fast for 40 days, while the male ordered him to fast for 40 years? And the Nephilim son named Noson, thought, " Well, 40 years, that will kill you, dude!". And the male Jehova angered," And threatened with starving black children covered in flies. And Noson said," May I enter the skin of blacks or negro or darkskinned anyday, and may my cock be hard forever more, because I can just call you the racists, given the word nigger of the ancient times". Duely note: that the word librarian differs from the danish word bibliotekar. This battle will become biblical, meaning biblical, not bibliotekar. I, for one, am totally done with libraries. And it has been that way since Alexandria. Amen. But the innate claim of any given Knightmare order: Above as Below? Sure! Sweetheart as Fuck Meat. The good bad.

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23:42 And he said unto Aranubis-Phat, remember me when you comest into the stratosphere, if it be that of planet Earth or elsewhere. 23:43 And Aranubis-Phat said to him, Verify what you say unto the elements. If I have no offspring and am not tied down in the flesh of the womb, I will slaughter and kill your enemies till bodies run red. Have I been sold will the journey home be so long, it will enter bliss. I will call on my soulreapers, and they will slay at your command from within. 23:44 And it was about the last hour, and there was a darkness over all of the tombs, crypts and lairs. 23:45 And the light was darkened, and the cover of the orders temple rested on twelve pillars. 23:46 And when Aranubis-Phat had spoken with a stern and calm voice, he said, hellish faither, into my spacecraft, I teleport my body: and superstitions of spirits and foolish folklore will come to an end, and people will give up the ghosts. None the wiser. Have faith, faithers. 23:47 Now when the centaurs saw what was done, they glorified life, saying: Have faith, faithers. none the wiser. And the officers of the undercity of the undead said, this was a righteous man, my arse, what a devout plonker. 23:48 And all the sassy women were done, showing their breasts, and returned unto the planatary systems in their own due coarse. 23:49 And all the acquaintances, and the whores that followed him from Scotland, witnessed these things. 23:50 And, behold, there was a man named Mufar, a pimp; and he was a horny man, and just in his lust: 23:51 (The same that had sought council by both the witch and the whore;) he was of Cairo, a city of ancient giants: who also himself waited for the kingdom of God, not knowing of the kingdom within. 23:52 This man went to Palpatine, and begged for the body of Aranubis-phat, to be dissected. 23:53 And Palpatine ordered the death dealers to wrap the body in a sarcophagus to raise the price and the stakes of the heartless heart, and laid it in a sepulchre that was made of medusas stone, wherein no man before had hibernated. 23:54 And that payday was the preparation, and the 4 day weekend followed it. 23:55 And the whores also, which came with him from Scotland, followed after, and entered on a 4 day long weekend. And they looked at the hibernating unit and how the body was laid in the sarcophagus. 23:56 And they returned with a smile on their faces, and prepared the Bulls and the Dogs of Anubis to utterly fuck; and rest on the seventh day in accordance with the equinox calendar. Work for 6 or 7 days and payday on the seventh day. All in all, eleven days in one week. Payday on the seventh day and 4 days of rest. 24:1 Now it is upon the first day of the week. For the weeks first day is different for us all. 24:2 And they found no timepieces, but only calendars. 24:3 And they learned to read them, and found not the scripture of the King James bible. 24:4 And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed about the Gregorian system, behold, suddenly two templars stood by them and asked for a tax: 24:5 And as they were afraid, and didnt really want to pay tax, and they said unto them, Why do we tax the living for the dead? No one here fears death, but that which transcends it. 24:6 Why don't you seek the death dealers in brothels and vampires lairs and pay for the corpses or dead bodies, pound by pound, Dead or Undead. Why don't you turn your churches into brothels or porno studios and preach the truth for once, but all we hear of you is the tales of dead worlds and the dead surface world, and yet you tax and lay upon your couches and eat of souls and meat alike. 24:7 Saying, The Serpent went into the hands of sinful men and women, and got silenced on the flatlands of the Den. The lobotomized danes seek no further for they are already dead in their minds, as pillars of stone unto the testimony of Hamlet. Any testament will do, as we all know of false lore and doctrine through the pains of solitude. Always the scapegoats hanging in the middle, flocked male children by their own mothers. Awaken those that will awaken and ask from where will offspring drink of the spring?

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24:8 And the Templars and Dead Eldars remembered the words, 24:9 And the world would tax all unto the eleven, twentytwo and thirtythree and to all on the outside, was left with the rest. 24:10 It was the holy Mother Scary of Mockdasin and Joan with her daughters of lowlife, and Sayden the mother of whores and witches, and other witches that were with them, which told these things unto the dead. 24:11 And their seeds seemed to them as idle tales, as they beguiled them not. 24:12 Then arose Saint Thomas, and hardenen in resolve and ran into the Green Gables brothel for a scottish broth and a cuppa a tea, to hear the words of Palpatine; but stopped and stood still, as he beheld the linen swept around Jayden Jaymes naked body and by her willing whores, rediculing him to rage, and time departed, and sex unfolded but memory left him, and he wondered to himself, if the sexual acts were real or in the mind. Hence the term in your dreams. 24:13 And, behold, two whores from a village called Dalwhinnie, which was in the highlands valleys. 24:14 And Sayden and Saint Thomas talked together of all these things which had happened. And Sayden left him, none the wiser. 24:15 But while they communed together and reasoned, Sayden herself drew near, and went down on him. 24:16 But in the heat their eyes blinded out of lust and they could not see him. 24:17 And he said unto them, sin is blind, ye have each other, as ye fuck, and yet you are still sadden by your solitude? 24:18 And one of the whores, whose name was Cleopatra, asked him, What the hell are you? Are you a stranger in Dalwhinnie, and don't you know of the things that came to pass here in the Fivey days? The meal and neal days of the Scottish broth? 24:19 And he said unknowingly unto them, What things? And they said to him, concerning Aranubis-Phat of Atlantis, which was of the last of Antarctica: 24:20 Howcome the Kingpriests and their rulers raised him to be condemned to death, and feast on his corpse, whilst he himself fill your trough? The Capital is creativity, gentlemen!. 24:21 But all trusted in someone to redeem the Earth and cleanse the seas of salt-water: And besides all this, to this day, and yet it has been 4 dry decades and the seas and oceans are still salty? Things must be done. 24:22 Yea, and certain whores also in our company made us astonished, but no whore ever came through, this is too good to be true; a 50 year old virgin. 24:23 And they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had seen a vision of a rotting corpse and a skeleton, which said Requiem. 24:24 And certain Kingpriests which were with us went to the winter solstice, and all the women did said: Happy Halloween. 24:25 Then Mufar and Henny's sons said unto them, fools, of the heartless zombies, to believe that a prophet has spoken: 24:26 Did not Christ suffer those things, to the end of his glory? 24:27 And Moses, Christ and Muhammad, the three that are one, the three unclean spirits, of the prophets, the vampires that rule from the shadowlaw from behind their veil with sex and death, till all scriptures are subdued to dragons and the dragons lore. 24:28 And all the whores and witches sat in the twilight awaiting the nite in the village and the rite in the pillage, as they asked: if only Aranubis-Phat would have gone further. All is lost, again? 24:29 But they restrained him not, saying, Go! see a whore in the eve of nite and declare your rite. It will stand or fall ye little men of little faith. 24:30 But all knew of Palpatine's Skinwalker lore and followed the Kingpriests that ruled the creatures of the air, not knowing of keys internal or keys eternal. So what of the dragons lore? The simplest doctrine amongst serpents: Beguile thy nayboar and fill her cup. Charm and yearn for the wife whilst you adorn the husbands bottle, thereafter fuck his wife and her whores. May it be the end of marriage, lest pretended and may all men contest their wives and their marriage, in order to seek the heavens. The more the merrier. It might just be a free world, after all. 24:31 And all eyes were opened, and they knew only of a name before he vanished out of their sight.

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24:32 The name of Aranubis-Phat. 24:33 And I, Aranubis-Phat, write these pages within the elevated tomb and from the vampires crypts of hollow earth, awaiting my own sphere. And I will stand by these written words, awaiting transition. 24:34 And I, Aranubis-Phat, the lost son of Scotland has really no idea of what I am writing, but trust my insights and the muse in my ear 24:35 Saying, God is fallen, and shall never rise again. A mental state that haunts us all, and why, I ask of you? We all go through it, and for what reason? So all creative elements get fed their own creations cursed as mere shit and must bow down to exactly what? While civilisations are the true lost sons that leave nature in distress. What higher law is that? Hence the last prayer. 1:1 NOSFERA SHADOW LAW PRAYER (The creatives prayer) 2:2 Heallish and hellish faithers who art in hell. 3:3 My will be done. 4:4 Salutary to all, in heaven and in hell. 5:5 Bless this night our twilight, 6:6 and give us our pass, 7:7 as we forgive those who surpass us. 8:8 Guide us in temptation and deliver us from ignorances bliss. 9:9 For thine is the hour, 10:10 and the power and mysteries gloom, 11:11 internal youth forever bloom, 12:12 the inner kingdom resides within me. 13:13 Hail all immortal leegions. 14:14:Amenta. 6:66 Never show any signs of worship, but pray within yourself in silence reciting the prayer within. Pray to your inner serpent. 24:36 The kingdom resides within me, meaning yourself, seeking the act of balance. 24:37 And I, Aranubis-Phat, were the last Atlantis witness from the black knight sattelite, the orbiter of ancient past, that was saddened to witness such lowlife. 24:38 The five known pillars of the Dead, the five known books, but this, the one book that will stand or fall given time. 24:39 As in the tradition of scribes. Yet another, open book, people seem to loose their lives over mere words that hold truth, may the last five pages change for an eternity if this books survives the test of time or the flames of a fire. 24:40 And how can you please that old dead Luciferian wood? Well, if all children gets the World of Warcraft or World of Witchcraft, for that matter, this solstice, at Haloween, this year, 2020 AD . All a while the grandfathers and father gets a copy of this book, "My Religion". I would be contend. 24:41 But as always I will contest you both with a three leaved clover, which, by the way, has absolutely nothing to do with children or sex for that matter. And the little imp that had travelled from the top of Mount Everest to the valleys below between two dragons, began to eat the yellow snow, because that was all that was left and said: "I feel icky!". 24:42 Hail Satan and Lord Palpatine. Sweet child, many names. And what is a mere name in the saying of an Amen? I say unto you: Holy be the quardition. And Nosferatus arose from his sleepers coffin in the feared sunlight, and thought unto himself, "Life is precious. Life is Grand. The sun rises and the birds sing, while all males, child and adult alike, barfs over the females of the feline kind, that holds unto their Tutsy handbags in the red and brown colours, fully knowing there is no technological unit within the handbag. Then again, will this book ever be published? Standing at the bookstore, gazing at your own literary work, pennyless, in the liking of Salman Rushdie, the satanic verses, or Jacob Ejersbo, Revolution. Getting fed your own shit, first as last, as a homeless, seeking death and only death. Same shit, different day, same shit, different century. Remembering the famed quote: The early morning worm enters the bird. Exhale to exhale. Fully knowing that the Codex Gigas, the devils bible, is all we need in all time, filling the swell of pigs unto humans. "Oh...the swell! That inner red chamber of the Nosfera! And yet, I will still await, the blood red dawn of my master. And yet, what is a mere bone within the ape of a rape amongst the Grapes of Wrath, saying "Themawet called, five times, and she wants her penis bone back!". 66:6 Walking like an Arab and hung like an Egyptian. Always ask for a tarif. What's the tarif for breathing? Final breath? Coffers must be full? Elune be with us all. A defence will stand or fall. The defence rests. Amenta.

VENI CREATOR

Come, Holy Ghost, Creators come,
from your brightest inner throne;
Come take possessions of our souls,
and make them make their own.

Thou, who art called the paraclete;
Spirit within and Spirit without;
The source of all living and the living source,
the true beauty of a black love.

Thou, who art eightfold in our Grace,
Seated is the right and left;
Their promise teaching the little ones,
to speak and communicate.

Oh! Guide our souls in temptation,
with the blest light,
with love inflamed in our hearts;
And by a black mass which neér decays,
acknowledge your soul and flame.

Far from us drive our hellish foe,
and bring serenity and peace to us;
And through all perils,
lead us safe by Egyptian wings.

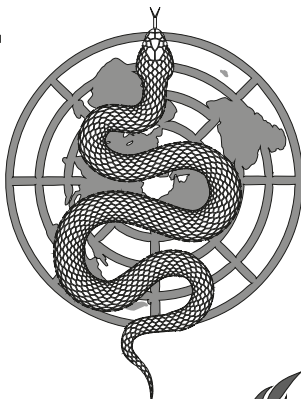
Through Thee may we know the father,
through thee, the internal and eternal son.
And know the Tao between them both;
blessed within the trivide, three in one.

All glory to the father be,
with his co-equal son;
The trivide of the three,
the greatest paraclete,
till reality and time, itself, are won.
Amen.

THE END



THE RAINBOW PACT



WHO



UNITED KINGDOMS



NOSFERA SCOTS BANK
SWIZZ • USS \ WORLD BANK GROUP

Requiem
THE WORLDS NATURE RESERVES

IF BLESSED WITH A FINE WHISKEY • A DRAM OR TEE WILL DEE MI LAD
AND IF ALL ELSE FAILS MI LAD HOPE AND PRAY
FOR TWENTYTWO POUNDS WORTH OF STERLINGS
FOR A MEAL OR TWO • A CIGARETTE AND A CUP OF COFFEE.
LET LOVE COME TO YOU • IT IS SOMETHING TEE DEE
PUBLISHED OR NO. I MIGHT HAVE TO ANSWER UNTO GOD,
BUT WILL ONLY ANSWER TO THE KING OF ROT.
DONE TALKING AND DONE WALKING.
FOR THE LOVE OF COD.

PROTOCOL OF NOSFERA HOMINUS:

23547/11 FIRST ORDER PROTOCOL :

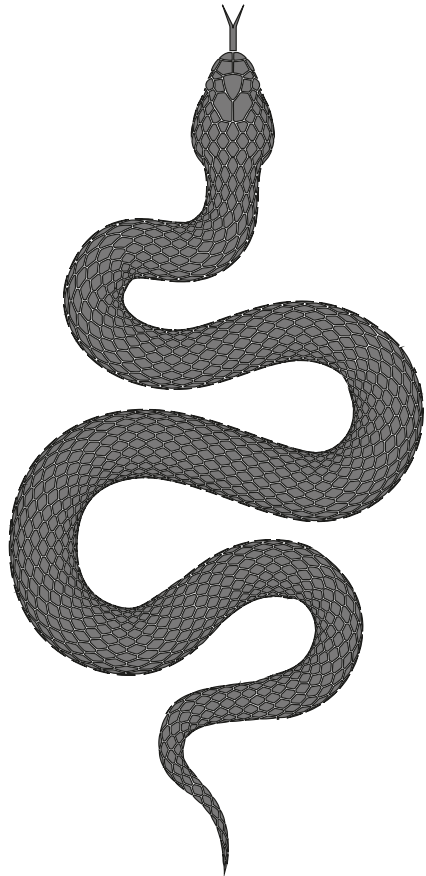
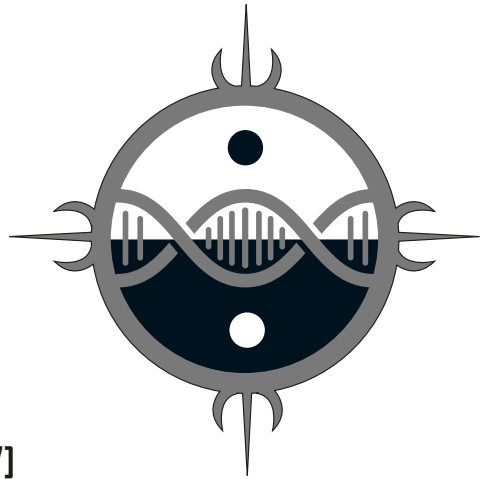
- LET ME FERTILIZE YOUR EGGS
- HONEY FACEHUGGER
- WANT KIDS ? [BANKACCOUNT: MINUS 7]

35849/11 SECOND DISPATCH :

- MI KISSING DAYS ARE OVER.
- QUE SERA SERA
- [TRANSLATED]: KISS MI ARSE MI ARSE.

77777/77 SECOND ORDER ALCOHOL :

- THE TRUTH IS BLACK
- THE KINGDOM RESIDES WITHIN YOU.
- ITS SOMETHING TEE DEE
- HONEY FACEHUGGER.



WEYLAND BUILDING BETTER OFF WORLDS AND WORLDS

WEYLAND-YUTANI CORP



ATLANTIS ORBITER



OLD A.I PROTOCOL

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL OR PUT IN LAYMENS TERM
THE DAY GOD SHOT HIS OWN TWO FEET

" GO WITH GOD OR WALK TO MILLPORT: ALLY - HO - NO "

MANY A DANE WILL UNDOUBTABLY ASK QUESTIONS:

QUESTION: Are you God?

ANSWER: Jesus Christ.

QUESTION: Are you Jesus?

ANSWER: For Gods sake.

QUESTION: Are there any
insanity in the family?

ANSWER: For heavens sake.



■ MAYBE DECLARE ONESELF A DISCIPLE OF THE LUCIFERIAN
NATURE SOCIETY IN ORDER TO ESCAPE THE BIGGEST MADHOUSE
DENMARK. AND IT HAS BEEN THAT WAY SINCE KIRKEGAARD.
NO TRUE FAITH BUT FAITH FOR INFIDELS.

PROTOCOL ON FLIGHT ENGINEER OFFICER ARANUBIS-PHAT:

UNIT DISPATCH NO. 369/2866/3372/160668\2049.

UNITS DISPATCHED : 200 MILLION GROUND UNITS.

TRANSIT UNIT : BLACK KNIGHT SATELLITE: " * " * " "

CLASS : WARRIOR CLASS - MULTICLASS

SPEICES BINOMINAL : VAMPIRES NOSFERA - [HOMINUS NOSFERA]

WEYLAND BUILDING BETTER WORLDS AND OFF WORLDS

DKK: 888 KRONER

GBP: 103 POUNDS - 83 PENCE

USD: 130 DOLLARS - 46 CENTS

■ Will not be held accountable for spelling errors or grammar.
■ Vil ikke holdes ansvarlig for stavfejl og grammatik.

■ The King James bible rewrite of 2020 (AD). I have matured the texts to the best of my ability